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THE NEW YORKER

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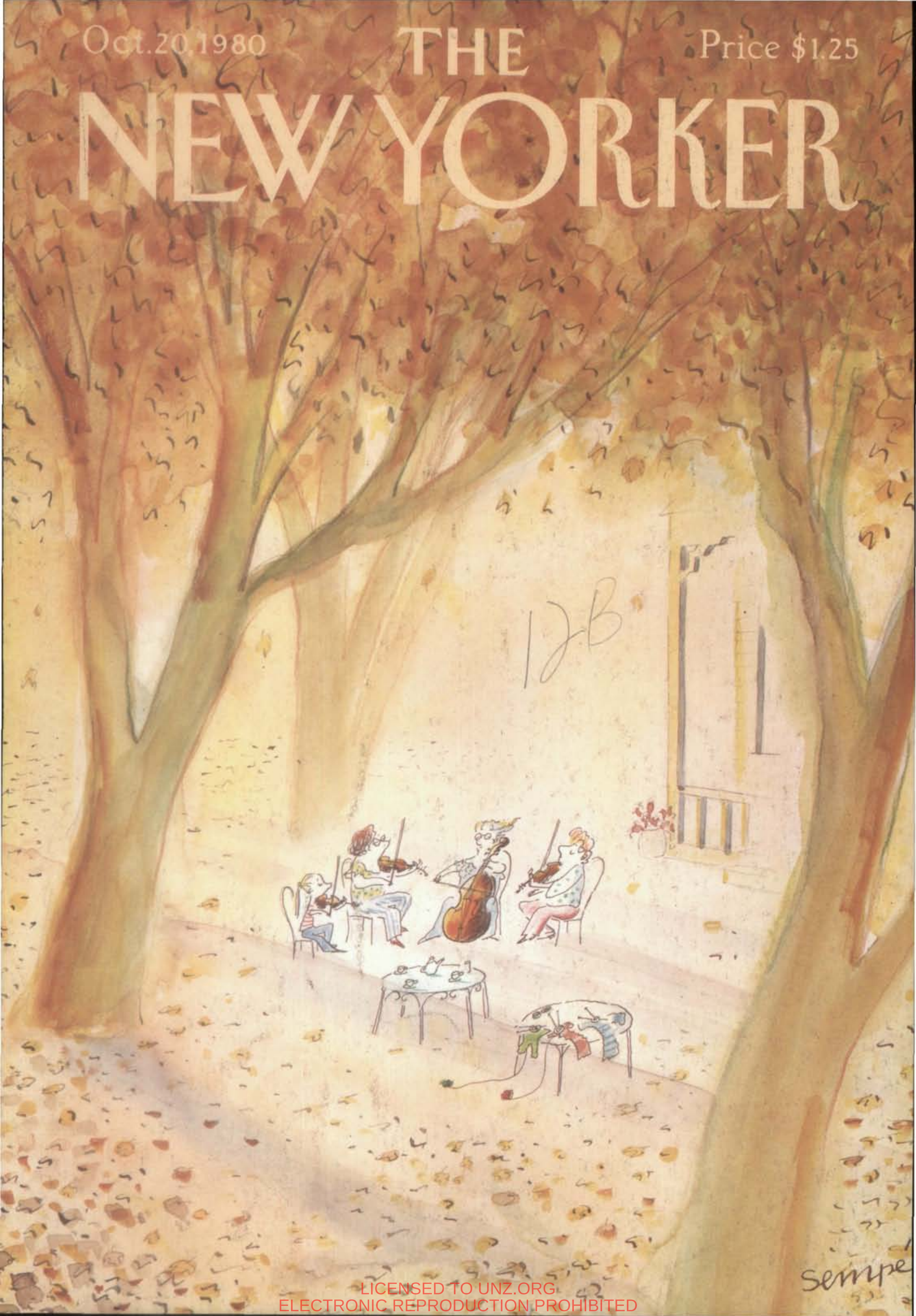

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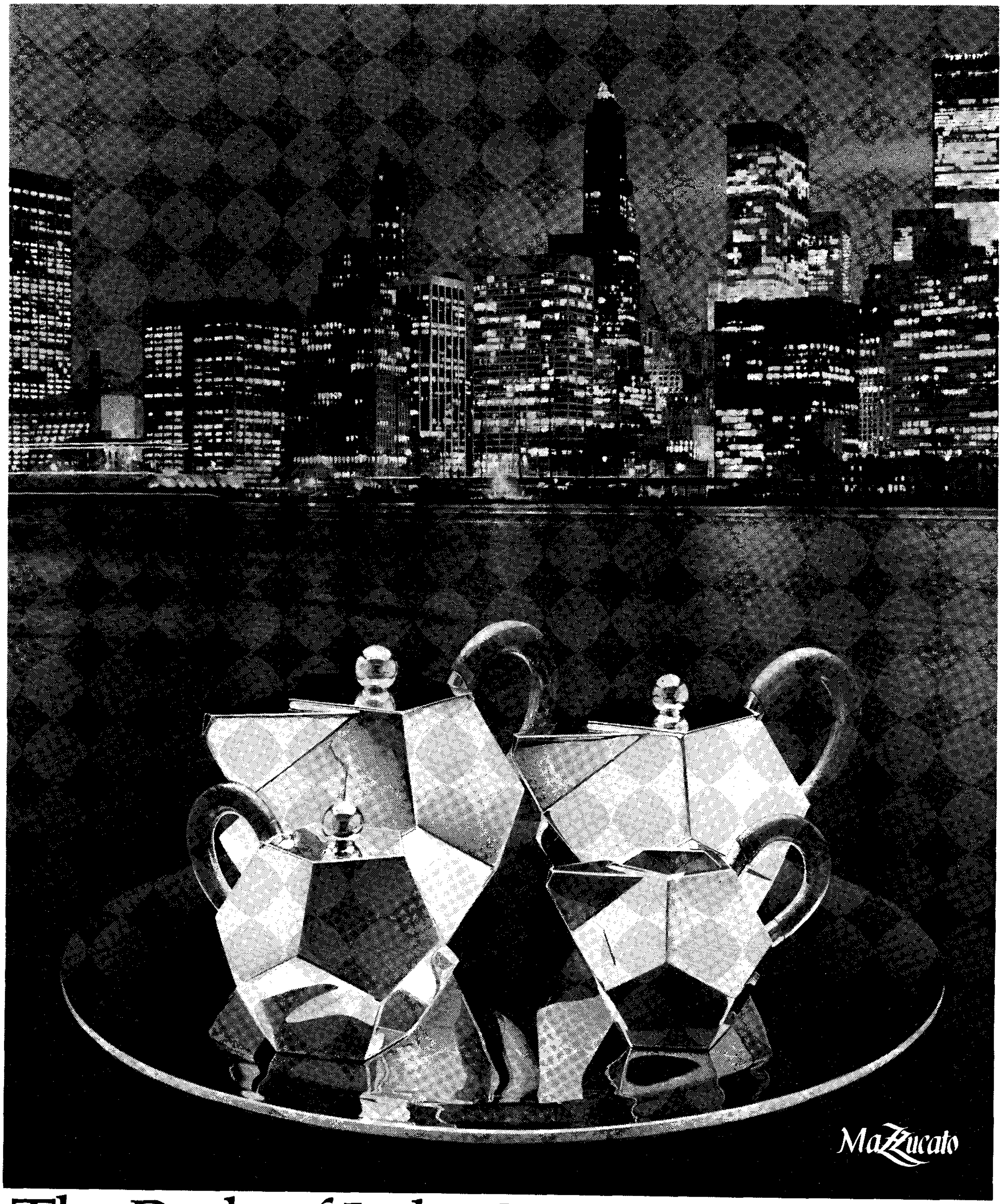

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Bacchae—Euripides was writing in the fifth century before Christ, and it is difficult to do justice to him on Broadway in 1980. Irene Papas and Philip Bosco are the stars of this production, which was directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (10/13/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Banjo Dancing; or, the 48th Annual Squitters' Mountain Song Dance Folklore Convention and Banjo Contest and How I Lost—A one-man show devised and titled (at length) by Stephen Wade (who also stars) and Milton Kramer (who also directs). Previews through Sunday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Century 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Between Two Worlds—A musical adaptation of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," with an English narration. Opens Thursday, Oct. 16. (Yiddish National Theatre, 30 W. 68th St. 362-0707. Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Brigadoon—A revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical of 1947. Martin Vidnovic, Meg Bussert, and John Curry head the cast. Agnes de Mille is responsible for a re-creation of the choreography. Vivian Matalon directed. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 16, at 6:15. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 15, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Casualties—Stephen McHattie appears as a badly troubled veteran of the First World War in Karolyn Nelke's somewhat nebulous and wordy but seldom boring play, which is set in upper New York State in 1919. The actors perform well, under Norman René's direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., **the diviners**, with Jacqueline Brookes, Jack Davidson, and Elizabeth Sturges. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 16, at 7, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 16. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Division Street—An assortment of preposterous hooligans in a seedy Chicago apartment assault one another with both speech and weapons, to implausible and hilarious effect. A ramshackle farce of considerable merit, written by Steve Tesich and directed by Tom Moore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Insideoutsideandallaround Shelley Berman—A one-man show by a comedian who is surely more at home in night clubs than in theatres. (10/13/80) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Mati-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 25.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospect. With Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Oct. 19: Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Oct. 22, a five-week engagement of Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Phoenix Theatre—Michel Tremblay's distinguished play **BONJOUR, LÀ, BONJOUR**—about a young Quebecois who returns to his tangled family in Montreal—is given the distinguished production it deserves by the Phoenix, under the direction of Steven Robman. William Katt is the hero, and Dianne Wiest, Veronica Castang, Judith Drake, Fred Stuthman, and Cara Duff-MacCormick are some of his relatives. Marjorie Kellogg designed the beautiful setting. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Really Rosie—A musical based on the stories of Maurice Sendak. The book and lyrics are by Mr. Sendak and the music by Carole King. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Richie—A play by Robert Somerfeld. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

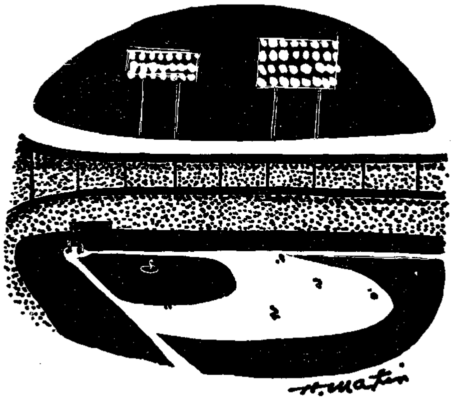
The Suicide—A Russian play never put on in Russia, about a hapless individual who struggles to assert himself against the bureaucracy of the state. Derek Jacobi gives a stunning performance, but the play itself is likely to survive mainly in libraries. (Reviewed in this issue.) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald in a special return-engagement of her one-woman show. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26.)

Summer—Hugh Leonard's tale of three couples at two picnics—six years apart—on a hill above Dublin. Mr. Leonard, as he did in "Da," subtly combines wry humor and sympathy that is never sentimental, and the performance, under Brian Murray's direction, is all any dramatist could wish for. Swoosie Kurtz, Mia Dillon, Pauline Flanagan, James Greene, and Thomas A. Carlin are among the good actors. (10/13/80) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 19.)

Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. With Judd Hirsch and Debra Mooney. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—A musical collaboration of Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. The cast: Carolyn Mignini, Lynne Thigpen, Trey Wilson, Mary Catherine Wright, and Jerry Zaks, all of whom appeared in this production when it played Off Broadway last season. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 23. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

You Know Al He's a Funny Guy—A one-man show: Jerry Mayer portraying Albert Einstein. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 6:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is now the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. Starting Monday, Oct. 20, James Stein and David Cryer will replace the Messrs. Patinkin and Gunton. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,512 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** A cheerful revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ROMANTIC COMEDY:** A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Karen Valentine and Keith Baxter. The author is Bernard Slade. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 18.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 23-24, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2 and

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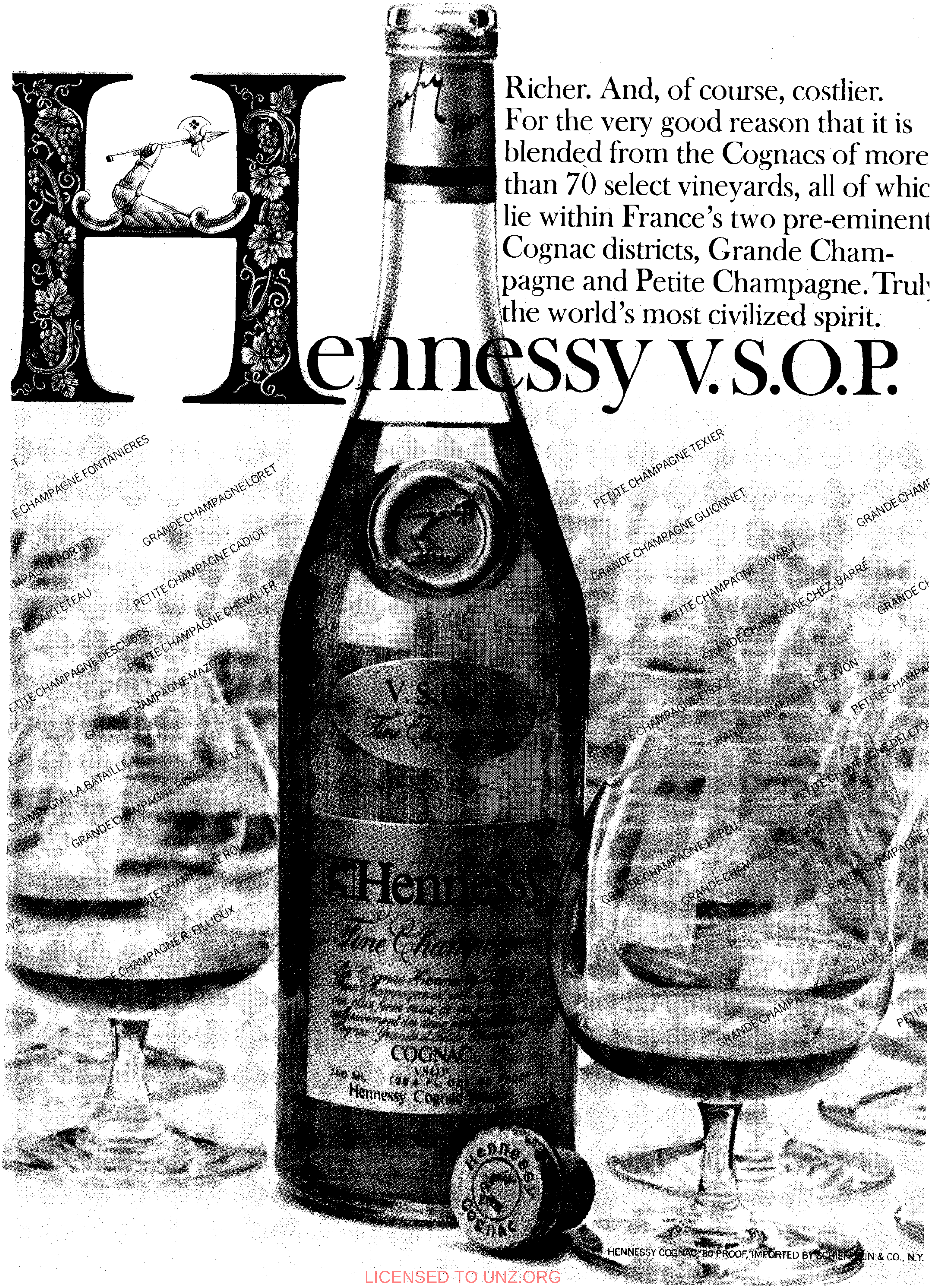
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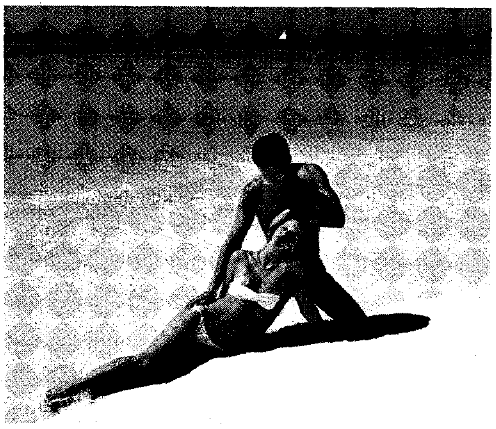

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7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

Worksong—A musical entertainment by a group that calls itself the Talking Band, with music by Elizabeth Swados. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 989-4953.)

DANCE

Makarova and Company—A four-week engagement by Natalia Makarova and her new company—Through Sunday, Oct. 19: Act II of "Paquita," "Ondine," and "Raymonda Pas de Dix." . . . ¶ *Tuesday through Sunday, Oct.* 21-26: "Studies," "Sonata No. 5," and "Raymonda Pas de Dix." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—"Proximities," "Déjà Vu," "Index . . . (to necessary neuroses)," and "Junk Dances": Wednesday evening, Oct. 15; Friday evening, Oct. 17; and Saturday matinée, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ "Porcelain Dialogues," "New Duet," "Chimera," and "The City": Thursday evening, Oct. 16; Saturday evening, Oct. 18; *and Sunday matinée*, Oct. 19. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Bhaskar—With assisting artists, in dances of India. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 15-18, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2 and 8.)

Jean Erdman—With her company, presenting "The Shining House." (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

San Francisco Ballet—A one-week engagement. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 15-17, at 8: "Scarlatti Portfolio," "A Song for Dead Warriors," "Duettino," "Psalms," and "Introduction and Allegro." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2: "Mozart's C Minor Mass," "The Tempest Pas de Deux," "Nothin' Doin' Bar," and "Quanta." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, will be devoted to composer and trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** and his quintet; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 19-20, percussionist and new-music composer **STEVE REICH** will appear; Tuesday, Oct. 21, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL,** a Texas septet, will be on hand; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, will be given over to jazz flutist Herbie Mann & Percussion Theatre. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most famous pianists, bassists, and guitarists in the world work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant. The duo of pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **SAM JONES** is here through Saturday, Oct. 18, and the **DAVE FRISHBERG** duo will take over on Monday, Oct. 20. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** has moved in to play hot chord solos on his full-bodied, resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar and guide his trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** does enthusiastic interpretations of the kinds of songs they just don't write anymore. He is assisted by his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** and his *drummer*, **ROBBY SCOTT,** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Singer **SYLVIA SYMS** will fill in for Short for one night on Saturday, Oct. 18. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant with a variety (alive and plastic) of hanging plants. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Spit, Scrambled X, and Flicks Wednesday, Oct. 15; Size Five, 911, and Front Street Runners Thursday, Oct. 16; **NONA HENDRYX** & Zero Cool and the Windows Friday, Oct. 17; and Shrapnel and Minors Aloud Saturday, Oct. 18. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you enjoy watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply dig gazing at the Park trees. Farther inside the room, **RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing and playing obscure and well-known popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Terry Waldo, a piano-rag wizard from Columbus, Ohio, performs Sundays and Mondays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Oct. 19, pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** trumpeter **TOM HARRELL,** saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY,** bassist Bill Pemberton, and drummer **CONNIE KAY** will play from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which crams in many more jazz patrons than will fit on the head of a pin. Saxophonist Eric Kloss and his quartet will play through Sunday, Oct. 19; on Tuesday, Oct. 21, saxophonist Richie Cole will bring in his band, Alto Madness. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

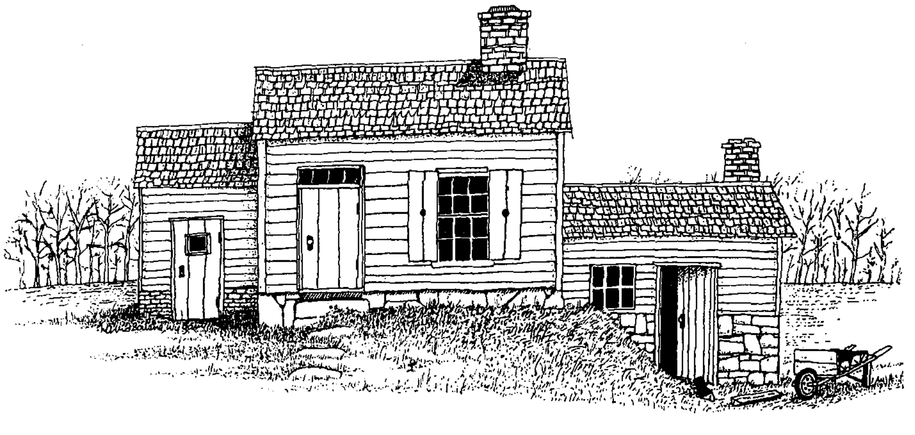
Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. **TOOTS THIELEMANS,** a jazz-harmonica player, guitarist, and composer, will lead a combo through Sunday, Oct. 19; pop singer Don Paul Yowell will perform on Tuesday, Oct. 21; and Raw Sugar, a pop-soul group, will arrive on Thursday, Oct. 23. Mondays, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** are the musicians; on Oct. 20, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON** will sit in with them. Music from ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Mondays from ten; Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and on Sundays, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. The main performer is stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who is on the premises through Saturday, Oct. 18; on Tuesday, Oct. 21, **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will claim the keyboard. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall play for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. Wednesday, Oct. 15, Necessaries and Hurricane Jones; Thursday, Oct. 16, **MATERIAL** and Noise R Us; Friday, Oct. 17, Mutants and Bound & Gagged; and Saturday, Oct. 18, dB's and Individuals. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed air-conditioned surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. The guest musicians will be alto saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS** and his quartet on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, and saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and *his band on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25.* Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and their combo. On Sundays, from nine to one, percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO** appears with his Brazilian band, Amazon.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. The resident legend is **ROY ELDRIDGE,** who plays trumpet in front of a sextet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA,** are two of the good reasons. They play Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** hold down the Sunday and Monday positions.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The rock, country, rockabilly, blues, and jazz schedule includes: bassist and singer **RICK DANKO** on Wednesday, Oct. 15; veteran folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN** and Teedfox Springs on Thursday, Oct. 16; **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS,** two fine second-generation Chicago-blues musicians, Sunday and Monday, Oct. 19-20; blues fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH** on Tuesday, Oct. 21; composer-singer Ray Wylie Hubbard on Wednesday, Oct. 22; and Hubbard and country singer Jeanne Pruett on Thursday, Oct. 23. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**CARMEN MC RAE** is singing here through Saturday, Oct. 18. On Monday, Oct. 20, **JOHNNY HARTMAN,** the last of the luxuriant, big-voiced black singers who came along in the forties, will move in for three weeks. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 15, Susan Springfield and Elodie Lauten; Thursday, Oct. 16, Gina Harlow & the Cutthroats and Panic Squad; Friday, Oct. 17, Snakefinger and Science; Saturday, Oct. 18, Snakefinger and Rubber Rodeo; Sunday, Oct. 19, D.Z., Groceries, and Ribiton; Monday, Oct. 20, WTFK, Strokes, and Symbols; and Tuesday, Oct. 21, Intruders, Alibis, and Hardbeats. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—George Melly, an English television and movie critic, sings music-hall numbers with trumpeter John Chilton's Feetwarmers Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

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Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Guitarist Van Gibbs will appear on Thursday, Oct. 16; African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** and his quintet will be here Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18; and R. & B. singer George Flame will be onstage Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 20-21. Music from about ten until two.

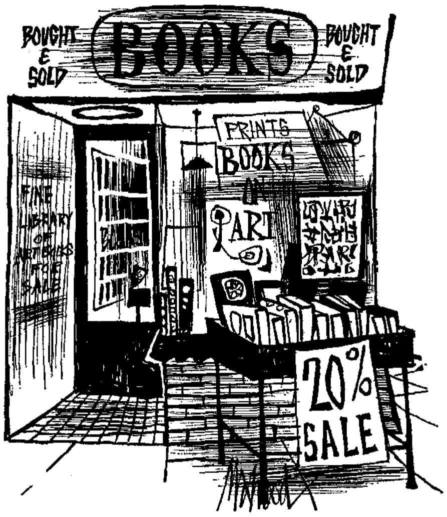
One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. On Wednesday, Oct. 15, folksinger **HAPPY TRAUM** alternates with English guitarist John James; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 16-18, will be given over to singer Maxene Andrews; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, are reserved for local rock-and-roller Elliott Murphy and comedian Chris Rush. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! What dance music, what a dance band! The **SY OLIVER** septet plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 15, XTC and Skafish; Thursday, Oct. 16, Ultravox; Friday, Oct. 17, the Kings and Spider; Saturday, Oct. 18, the Kings and Billy Burnett; Monday, Oct. 20, the Hooks and Bones; Wednesday, Oct. 22, the Psychedelic Furs; and Friday and Saturday, Oct 24-25, **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS.** Show tend to begin sometime after midnight Dancing.



Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St (431-6044)—Named for a tune by Dizz Gillespie and located in the far wester reaches of Tribeca, where many of the loft are still used by business and industry. A jazz band headed by singer **SHEILA JORDAN** and pianist **STEVE KUHN** will be on view throug Saturday, Oct. 18, and tenor saxophonis Houston Person's quartet and singer Ett Jones will join forces Monday through Saturday, Oct. 20-25. Music from ten. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., a Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second *floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nic* view of the street from the window tables Raw Sugar will have the floor on Wednesday Oct. 15; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 16 19, flutist and saxophonist (and occasiona singer, too) **YUSEF LATEEF** will lead his foursome singer Sybil Thomas and tenor saxophonis **GARY BARTZ'S** combo will work Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 21-22; and beginning Thursday, Oct. 23, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** wil direct a sextet, featuring trumpeter **TERUMAS HINO.** Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixt Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to sit-in bentwood chairs, and mostly jazz duos Pianist **JOHN LEWIS,** who spends a lot of hi time teaching at City College, will be her through Saturday, Oct. 18; singer and pianis **NINA SHELDON** will head a trio on Tuesday, Oct 21; and singer **DAKOTA STATON** and the **BROS TOWNSEND** trio will occupy the bandstand Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 22-25 Mondays are showcase nights. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St (242-1785)—Through Saturday, Oct. 18 pianist **MAL WALDRON** heads a group, featurin tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE;** on Sunday Oct. 19, **CHRIS CONNOR** sings; Mondays are th property of four-string tenor-guitar solois **TINY GRIMES;** and on Tuesday, Oct. 21, teno saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** will move in with hi group. Music from about ten. Dining.

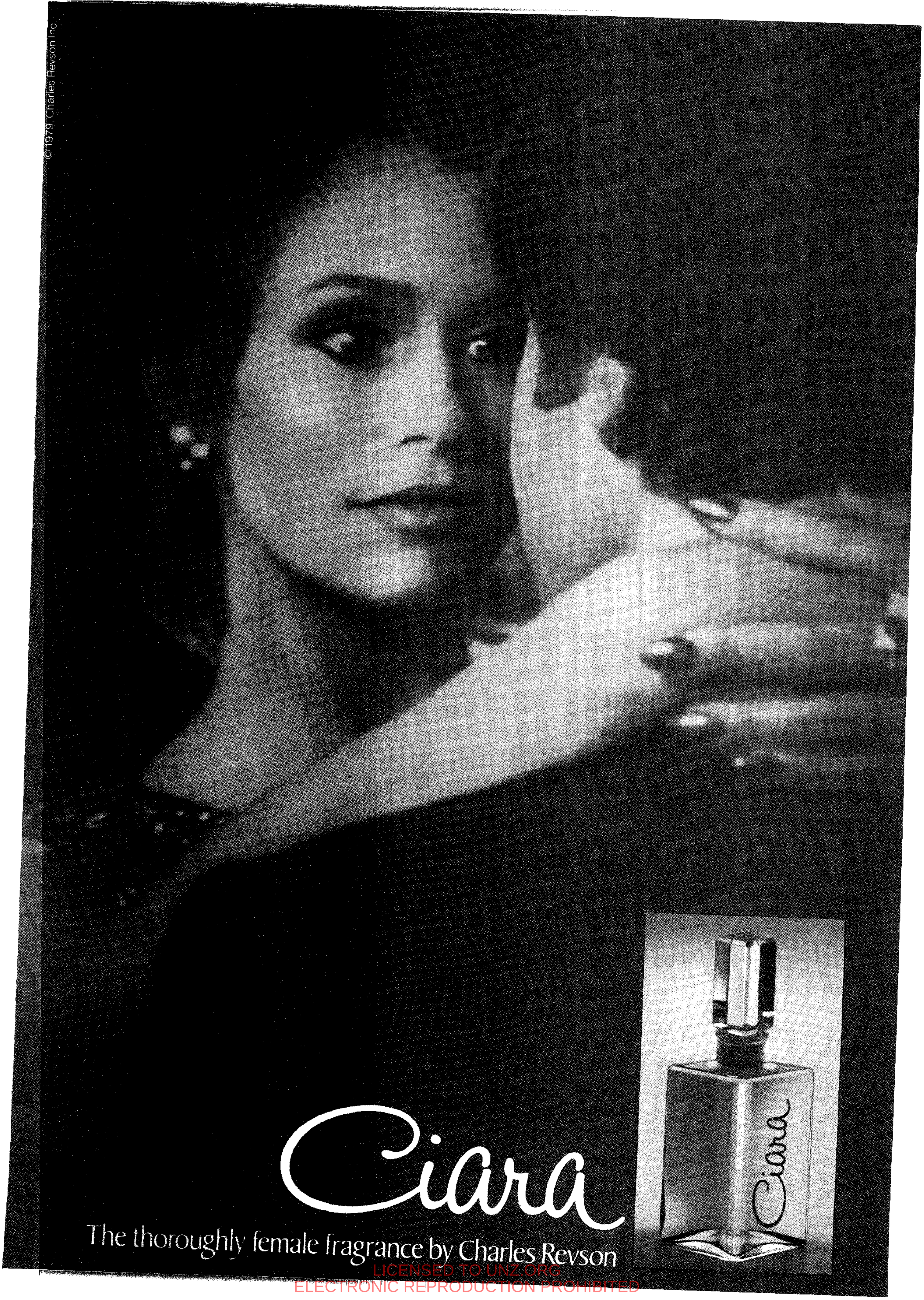
Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the ol Five Spot. Drummer and proprietor **JOH LEWIS** guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sunday nights are given over to drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bo trio—bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROL MABERN;** and Mondays belong to guitaris **CHUCK WAYNE,** vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **RICK LAIRD.** Music Sundays from eight-thirty, and weeknights from nine-thirty. In addition, **DWIKE MITCHELL** plays solo pian Thursdays through Saturdays, alternatin with the Lewis band after ten-fifteen.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777 5077)—The lineup: Soul singer **OTIS CLAY** and the **REALTONES** through Thursday, Oct. 16 Chicago-blues saxophonist and singer **EDDI SHAW** and his band, the Wolf Gang, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18; soul singer **O. V WRIGHT** and the **REALTONES** Tuesday throug Thursday, Oct. 21-23; and the **JIMMY JOHNSO** Blues Band Saturday, Oct. 25. Shows mos nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club tha occasionally draws established musicians a well as unknown ones. Wednesday, Oct. 15 the Kings; Thursday, Oct. 16, Rob Hegel Friday, Oct. 17, Stiff Little Fingers; and Saturday, Oct. 18, the Shirts. Music every nigh but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting tenor saxophonis **PHAROAH SANDERS'** quartet through Sunday Oct. 19. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, trumpeter **RE RODNEY** will join forces with **IRA SULLIVAN,** wh plays soprano sax, flugelhorn, and flute. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St


Ciara
The thoroughly female fragrance by Charles Revson
Ciara

© 1979, Charles Revson Inc.

(929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regasus has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who spent many years in the Ellington reed section, now leads a quartet that steeps itself in Ellington and Strayhorn music. The quartet, which is called Ellingtonia, is present through Tuesday, Oct. 21; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will perform with his band; and Friday through Sunday, Oct. 24-26, guitarist Al Casey will provide the music. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

An Evening with Poland—The Warsaw Mime Theatre and Michal Urbaniak & Urszula Dudziak. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Jean-Luc Ponty—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Big Apple String Band Festival—The lineup: Bill Harrell and the Virginians, the Tony Trishka Band, Fly by Night, and Tom Paley. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 860-0865.)

Royal New York Doo Wopp Show—Beacon Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 8.

Sahib Sarbib Multinational Band—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Oct. 17, at 9.

Black Sabbath & Blue Oyster Cult—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.

String Band Festival—The participants: Tex Logan & Friends, the Wretched Refuse String Band, Ten Years Late, and Andy Statman's Jazz Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 929-4638.)

World Bass Violin Ensemble—Public Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 9.

Pori Big Band—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7. No tickets necessary.

Peter, Paul & Mary—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8.

Gary Numan—Palladium. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8.

Fred Waring and the Young Pennsylvanians—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.

Dave Burrell and **Jemeel Moondoc & Ensemble Muntu**—Public Theatre. Friday, Oct. 24, at 9.

Grateful Dead—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday through Monday, Oct. 25-27, and Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31, at 7:30.

James (Blood) Ulmer and **Roberta Baum**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 9 and 11:30.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesdays, Oct. 15 and 22: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16: Jim McNeely quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18: John Scofield trio. . . . ¶ Sundays, Oct. 19 and 26: A musical revue of Cole Porter works. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23: Craig Purpura quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25: Clifford Jordan-Barry Harris quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Oct. 16: Fred Van Hove. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17: Karen Borca Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18: Mandingo Griot Society, with Foday Musa Suso. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23: Derek Bailey and Toshinori Kondo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24: Evan Parker and Jimmy Lyons. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25: Derek Bailey and Evan Parker. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All performances at 8:30.)

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Jazz Films—"Last of the Blue Devils," with Count Basie. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Friday, Oct. 17, at 10, and Saturday, Oct. 18, at midnight.). . . ¶ A program of Duke Ellington short films and excerpts from feature films covering five decades. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 740-3423.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Ten paintings and ten steel sculptures influenced by Hopi Indian symbolism. Through Nov. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Joachim Berthold—Bronze figures, matrixes of figures, and pieces in which figures seem to be pulling themselves out of matrixes. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marcelo Bonevardi—Large, precisely crafted constructions by an artist who draws on the concepts of Joseph Cornell, except that Bonevardi makes everything himself—nothing found. Through Sunday, Oct. 19. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Louise Bourgeois—Marble and bronze sculptures, nearly all of them either egg-shaped or phallic in form, in a show that covers her work between 1955 and 1970. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Harvey Breverman—Two male figures, seen in different settings but always from the back, serve as subjects in all these curious paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Gandy Brodie (1925-75)—Abstract Expressionist paintings with sources in nature—"Emerald Lichen," for example. Through Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jack Bush (*1909-77*)—*Early paintings by a* Canadian artist. Through Nov. 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Daniel Dallmann—Skilled draftsmanship and handling of paint characterize these oils and drawings of conventional subjects—a man in a chair, a nude posed before an easel, a man preparing to prune a tree. Through Oct. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Rebecca Davenport—Large oil paintings of interiors, done with unusual exactitude by a Washington, D.C., artist, who seems attracted by rumpled beds, stacks of old newspaper and magazines, antique dolls. Through Nov 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Works done in th twenties and never shown before, most o them still-lifes. Through Thursday, Oct. 2 (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

Peter Dean / Marty J. Kalb—Fantasy landscape —tropical marshes, smoking volcanoes patches of exotic flowers in the deep forest— all reflecting what the artist reads into plai old upstate scenery. / Abstract paintings i which flashy streaks of acrylics are laid ont more or less matte backgrounds. Throug Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Sonja Eisenberg—Small watercolors, most o them postcard size, in which the artis *catches atmospheric phenomena—mist* dawns, mountaintop sunsets, sunlight diffuse in a fog. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Bodley 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—A small memoria show of paintings and drawings culled from the works he did in the fifties, sixties, an seventies. Through Nov. 12. (McKee, 140 E 63rd St.)

John Hartell—Paintings of architectural form seen under a soft, diffused light. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Addie Herder—Shadow-box constructions i which a stylish assortment of the customary collage odds and ends are assembled int striking architectural façades and other conceits. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Jan Holcomb—Ceramic figures, three or fou feet high and mostly grotesqueries, plus a few ceramic wall pieces in relief. Through Nov. 1 (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Georges Jeanclos—Small, fragile-looking terra cotta sculptures in which a sleeping figure i seen wrapped in a sort of cocoon of heavy fabrics. Through Oct. 30. (Forum, 101 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Susan Kahn—Paintings of dancers, studi *models, and other figures by an artist wh* shows the marked influence of her teacher the late Moses Soyer. Through Saturday, Oct 25. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

György Kepes—Recent works—oil and sand i abstract patterns. Through Nov. 1. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open at 1 on Saturdays.)

Roger Mühl—Landscapes of France. Through Nov. 5. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Michael Price—Seated male figures, a couple o female nudes, and several busts cast in bronze; the works are given various patinas some of them oddly stonelike. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave. at 80th St.)

John Sennhauser (1907-78)—Nonobjectiv paintings of the thirties and forties. Through Oct. 31. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., a 78th St.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Portraits of Michelle Stuart and Maureen Connor, a series of tondo portrait of men, and other works. Through Nov. 8 (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Bob Stanley—Carnival sideshow banners seen to have inspired this punk-school painter' works, which advertise medical research (man at microscope, magnified myoglobin and hemoglobin) and Florida (alligators and palms), among other subjects. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

Donald Sultan—Abstract works in some o which tar is used as a medium for drawing and in others linoleum tiles are cut out and applied to painted board. Through Oct. 30 (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Randall Timmons—Two sculptural pieces made of found objects, finished and polished and painted. There are also colored abstrac drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Lerner-Heller 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945)—About thirty paintings (plus photographs and drawings) the artist made after several trips out West, the firs one in 1904, when he was a cowhand at the Hashknife Ranch, in Colorado. Through Nov 28. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th

Now At Earth Stores!...

SCRABBLE® BRAND

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COMPUTER WORD GAME

LIGHT YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME

Travel through time into a galaxy where computers challenge your mind. Leave your ordinary electronic games behind and brace yourself for SCRABBLE® Brand LEXOR™ Computer Word Game.

Game 1: Flash. Faster than the speed of sound, LEXOR™ flashes 7 letters on the alphanumeric screen. As many as 4 people race against the electronic timer. Object: to punch in the most words possible before the clock runs out. The computer keeps score.

Game 2: Solo. LEXOR™ displays a series of scrambled letters on the screen, 7 at a time. Your mission: to find the highest scoring single word with each set of letters. LEXOR™ automatically tallies scores for up to 4 players.

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2
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J K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
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Computer Word Game

FREE AC ADAPTOR OFFER! $7.95 VALUE.
Look for your free 4-way universal adaptor offer inside each LEXOR™ box. This valuable adaptor also fits calculators, radios and other small electronic appliances.

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Another name for fun and games.

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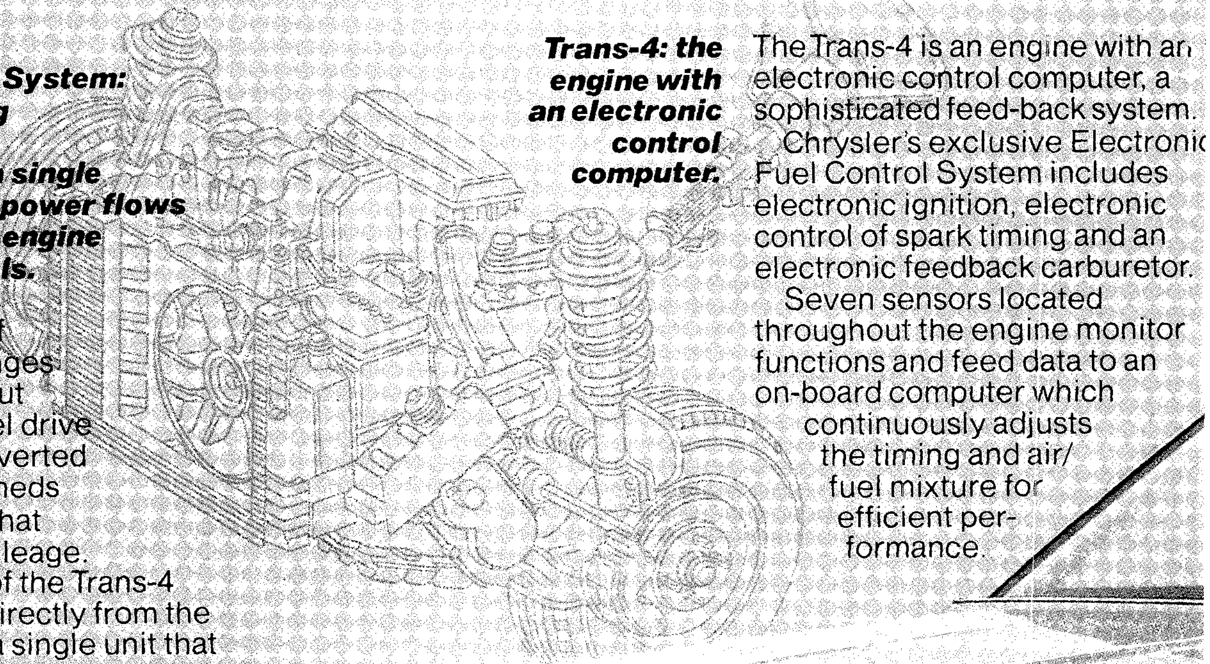
Dodge ARIES K

Dodge Aries-K is the first automobile to deliver both 6-passenger room and gas mileage ratings of 25 EPA est. mpg./41 est. Hwy.* A combination that no other car can match. How did Chrysler do it? With advanced front-wheel-drive technology. Solidly based on over 11 billion estimated miles of owner experience with Chrysler Corporation's highly successful small cars, including Dodge Omni, Dodge 024 and Colt. More small-car front-wheel-drive experience in America than Datsun, Toyota, GM or Ford. With all that experience, Chrysler engineers designed Aries-K as a total system—a *Direct Power System* of front-wheel-drive that puts the weight of the engine and transaxle directly over the front driving wheels. This gives you excellent traction in rain and snow. The car is *pulled* through turns, rather than pushed. So you get sure control and maneuverability. And with the engine, transaxle and entire power-train in front of the passenger compartment, Aries-K offers mid-size room—6-passenger room—in a neat, efficient package. The heart of Aries' Direct Power System is a remarkable new engine, designed especially for front-wheel-drive, the new Chrysler 2.2 liter Trans-4.

11284963742

America's only front-wheel-d



The Aries-K Direct Power System: All the driving machinery is combined in a single unit up front; power flows directly from engine to drive wheels.

Aries-K makes efficient use of energy. It changes the round-about way rear-wheel drive cars have converted energy. And sheds extra weight that can cut into mileage.

The power of the Trans-4 engine goes directly from the crankshaft to a single unit that combines transmission and front axle. This transaxle turns the front wheels of the car. That's all there is to it.

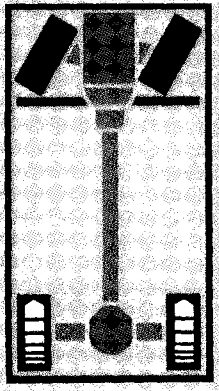
Trans-4: the engine with an electronic control computer.

The Trans-4 is an engine with an electronic control computer, a sophisticated feed-back system.

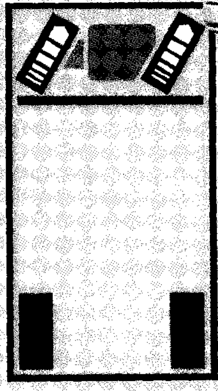
Chrysler's exclusive Electronic Fuel Control System includes electronic ignition, electronic control of spark timing and an electronic feedback carburetor.

Seven sensors located throughout the engine monitor functions and feed data to an on-board computer which continuously adjusts the timing and air/fuel mixture for efficient performance.

Rear-drive cars transmit engine power thru drive shaft & rear-axle differential.



In Dodge Aries-K Trans-4 engine power flows directly to the front drive wheels.



*Use est mpg for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip lengths. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. est lower.
Buy or lease at your Dodge dealer.

High mileage. And room for 6. There are other cars on the road today that have mileage ratings as high as Aries-K. But *none* of them have the 6-passenger room Aries-K delivers. The reason: Chrysler front-wheel-drive.

Keeping the drive-train completely forward of the passenger compartment has a number of benefits. Without a huge transmission hump, Aries-K has plenty of front leg-room. And without the clumsy drive-shaft hump that runs the length of rear-drive cars, middle seat passengers in Aries-K don't have to sit with their knees tucked up under their chins.

Because the drive-train is out of the way, the entire passenger compartment is designed for lots of head room, shoulder room and hip room. And without a transmission, drive shaft and rear-axle differential churning away underneath, you'll enjoy a smooth, quiet ride.

25 41

EPA EST. MPG EST. HWY*

In recent years, Americans have turned to small cars from Japan and Germany for the fuel-efficiency they needed.

6-passengers

But they often had to sacrifice the room, ride and comfort they wanted. Now with Aries-K pulling for you, America's not going to be pushed around anymore.

e 6-passenger car rated 25 41.

EPA EST. MPG EST. HWY*

'Service-Engineered" Aries-K. Simple to service. Designed inexpensive to maintain. Look under the hood of Aries-K. Many components requiring scheduled maintenance are right up front. Spark plugs, distributor, oil filter and dipstick and transaxle fluid dipstick have been placed in easy-to-reach locations. The Trans-4 engine was designed for Aries-K. And a Serviceability Committee was part of the design team. Easy servicing is built right into Aries-K.

In some other front-wheel-drive cars, so-called "transverse" engines are actually old front-to-back designs. They've just been turned sideways. And this can make components hard to get at, requiring extra time, effort and cost to service.

Aries-K performs automatically many service functions other cars still require. The clutch linkage is self-adjusting; so are the hydraulic lifters. And scheduled maintenance intervals have been extended. The oil filter should be changed every 15,000 miles; the air cleaner every 52,500 miles.

AMERICA'S NOT GOING TO BE PUSHED AROUND ANYMORE.

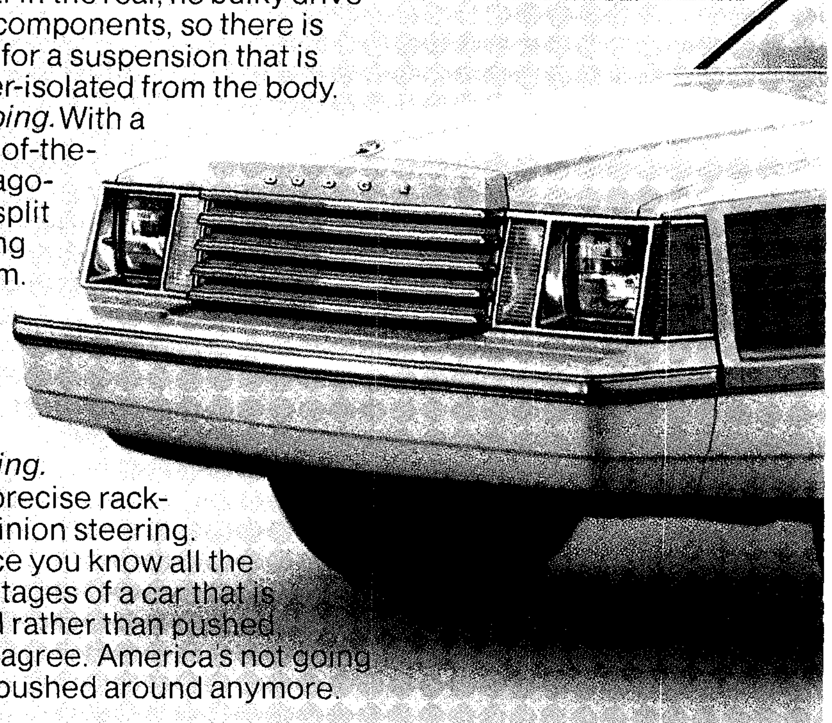
Dodge ARIES K

There's only one 6-passenger wagon with EPA mileage ratings of $\boxed{24}$ est. mpg./40 est. Hwy.* There's only one station wagon with mid-size room and front-wheel-drive performance. Dodge Aries-K wagon.

The Aries-K wagon has an outstanding ability to hold the road and respond instantly to your driving needs. Chrysler front-wheel-drive makes it all possible.

Aries' *Power.* From the Trans-4. Enough to tow a 1000 lb. trailer with a 30 sq. ft. frontal area. *Traction.* Because the transverse-mounted engine and transaxle put most of their weight over the front driving wheels. Enough traction for most road and weather conditions. *Ride.* From the Aries-K suspension. Up front, an Iso-Strut system.

And a front sway bar that's designed for use with low-rate springs, to create a cushioning effect. In the rear, no bulky drive train components, so there is room for a suspension that is rubber-isolated from the body. *Stopping.* With a state-of-the-art diagonally split braking system.



Steering. With precise rack-and-pinion steering.

Once you know all the advantages of a car that is pulled rather than pushed, you'll agree. America's not going to be pushed around anymore.

America's only front-wheel-dri

Aries-K is assembled in one of the most advanced factories in the world, using some of the strictest quality assurance procedures. Our engineering goal was to build the highest quality car in its class in America. To help achieve that goal, Chrysler set up one of the most technologically-advanced plants in the world with the most sophisticated assembly techniques.

Each Aries-K unitized body is welded by computerized, automatic Unimate Robots. The door hinges are welded on, not bolted on, to insure precise alignment. Door panels and frames are precision-stamped out of a *single* piece of galvanized sheet steel to insure a perfect fit. Aries-K bumpers are made from a new, titanium-enriched, ultra-high strength steel. The Trans-4 engine is assembled in an environment that would rival the cleanliness of a hospital operating room. All ai entering the assembly area must pass through a series of 14 huge dust collectors. Even "white glove test" isn't permitted, for fear of leaving lint.

Computers match pistons ar cylinder bores within 1000th o a millimeter tolerance. Each a sembled engine is "hot-tested for 15 minutes and must pass 54 different computer-analyze tests before it is allowed to go in a car. Critical care is taken ir every phase.

From assembly tc shipment, every Aries-K must pass more than 2000 quality checks.

The manufacturin technology of The New Chrysler Corporation has creat a car that is the envy of the automotive world.

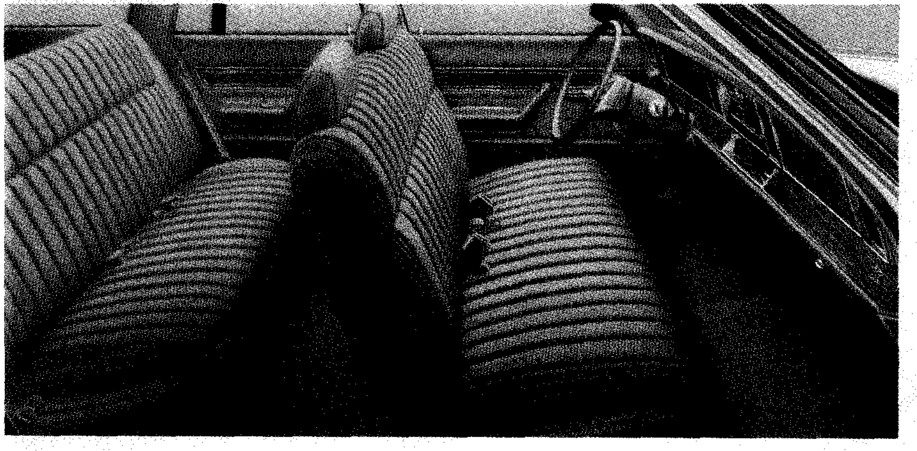
*See asterisk on previous pages.

130.8 [FEET] ***Interior Room***

The Aries-K wagon has a full 130.8 cubic feet of space. The kind of people and cargo space you want. With the rear seat down, there's 69.2 cubic feet of easy-to-get-at cargo volume.

passenger wagon rated 24 40.

EPA EST. MPG EST. HWY*



ries-K is designed to trans-
ort the American body. And is
quipped for American tastes.
ne Aries-K interior is de-
gned for the proportions of
e American body. And Aries-K
ustom comes standard-
quipped with features like
djustable head restraints,
olor-keyed seat belts, deluxe
eering wheel, AM radio,
garette lighter, day/night inside mirror and full carpeting.

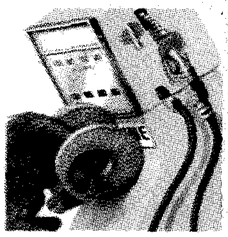
Styling and performance features include bumper rub strips, wide vinyl body side moldings and fiberglass-belted radials.

And there is a full range of options available, including power seat, power deck lid release, power door locks, tilt steering column and a choice of 6 audio systems.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

If you're not satisfied with your new Dodge Aries-K, purchased for personal use from a participating dealer, bring it back in good condition and with no metal damage within 30 days or 1000 miles, whichever comes first. When the dealer gets clear title, you'll get your money back, excluding finance and insurance charges. Trade-in refund may differ from trade-in allowance on retail sales contract. Ask participating dealer for details.

With Aries-K pulling for you, America's not going to be pushed around anymore.

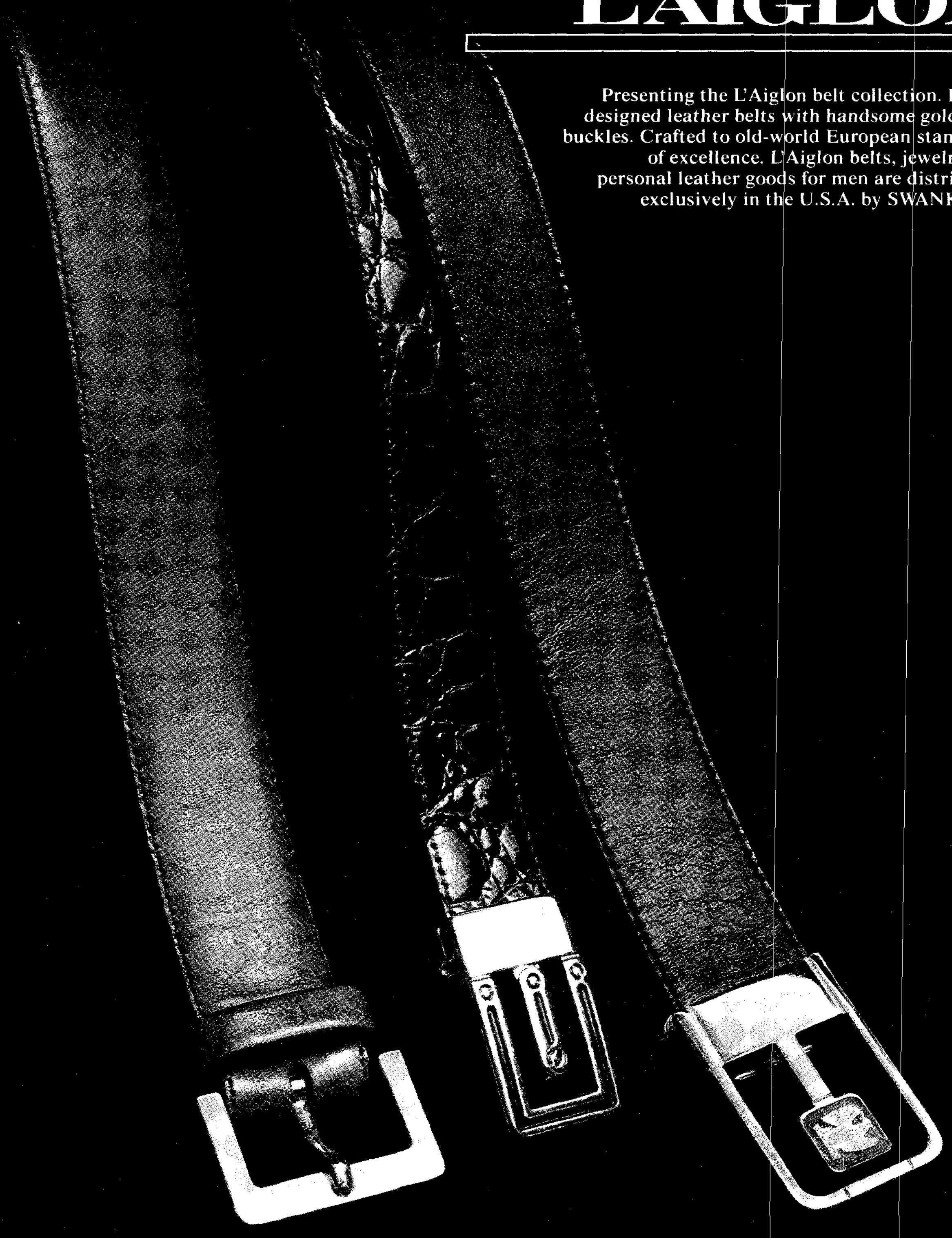


THE NEW CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE AMERICAN WAY TO BEAT THE PUMP.

L'AIGLON

Presenting the L'Aiglon belt collection. Finely designed leather belts *with handsome gold-tone* buckles. Crafted to old-world European standards of excellence. L'Aiglon belts, jewelry and personal leather goods for men are distributed exclusively in the U.S.A. by SWANK, Inc.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Paintings and drawings by Matisse, Picasso, Magritte, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ERICSON,** 23 E. 74th St.: A single work apiece (paintings, drawings, sculptures) by twenty-one Americans, including Sharon Gold, Richard Francisco, and Thornton Willis. Through Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . **GOETHE HOUSE,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Forty-four prints and watercolors by German Expressionists (Böckstiegel, Dix, Heckel, Rohlfs, and others), from a private collection. Through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Abstract geometric paintings by Fritz Glarner, Carl Holty, and Albert Swinden. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: The season's opening show here offers paintings representing a broad stylistic and chronological range: e.g., John Trumbull's portrait of Alexander Hamilton (1792); two portraits by the folk artist Ammi Phillips (1814); and a flower still-life by Georgia O'Keeffe (1939). Through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **KNOWLTON,** 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings of interiors by five gallery artists: Frank Holmes, Frances Cohen Gillespie, Helen Miranda Wilson, Christin Couture, and Tommasi Ferroni. Through Nov. 1. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A recently acquired Braque, dated 1926, is among the sparkling works in the current exhibition—Léger, Dufy, Vlaminck, and so on. Through Nov. 8. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, and Schiele. Through Nov. 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures from Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum. The museum, which collects European art exclusively, has loaned such twentieth-century works as Paul Klee's "Earth Spirits," Max Beckmann's "Self-Portrait in Tuxedo," and Ernst Barlach's "The Avenger." Through Friday, Oct. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

AVIGDOR ARIKHA—Accomplished paintings and drawings by an Israeli artist who depicts everything around him—his sleeping wife, slices of bread, the landscape out the window, himself. Through Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES BISHOP—Minimalist paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RICHARD BOSMAN—Desperate situations depicted in an elementary style and bright, thickly painted oils—a sailor who is trying to unfurl the one mainsail while the next one above him burns, e.g. Through Nov. 1. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GARY BOWER / EMILIO AMBASZ—Paintings. Through Nov. 1. / Architectural drawings. Through Nov. 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

JON CARSMAN—Landscapes of small-town America, showing towering trees in black shadow and solid white houses gleaming in almost blinding sunlight. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

FRANCO CIARLO—New work in his established style: patterns from frescoes transferred to canvas. Through Nov. 8. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES CLOUGH—Collages by an artist who glues clipped reproductions (of de Kooning, Delacroix, Courbet) to paper in random patterns, paints abstract swirls of enamel over them with his fingers, and cuts out the result for hanging on a wall. Also paintings based on these works. Through Nov. 1. (Pam Adler, in a new location at 37 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH DRAPELL—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—Abstract paintings dating from the thirties to the end of the fifties. Through Oct. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Life in Tunisia depicted in watercolors and oils. Through Oct. 31. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—Abstract paintings; acrylic and pencil on paper. Through Nov. 22. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

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JOSEP GRAU-GARRIGA—Tapestries, collages, and large shaggy, three-dimensional wall hangings made of wool, jute, silk, cotton, wire, screening, and other materials. Through Oct. 30. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

MANUEL HUGHES—Tightly controlled pastels on dark-gray paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

KYOHEI INUKAI—Landscapes, most of them done with special attention to the sky. Through Nov. 1. (Suzuki, 38 E. 57th St.)

ARISTODEMOS KALDIS (1899-1979)—Small crayon drawings and oils of Grecian hillsides studded with churches and inviting villages. Through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD KALINA / MARIANN LOVELAND MILLER—Decorative paintings whose central figures range from sea horses and lighthouses to tornadoes. Through Nov. 6. / Graphite drawings and oil paintings, allegorical in mood, all depicting a female nude seated in a cane chair and covered with voile netting. Through Oct. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

LILA KATZEN—Sculptural pieces of various sizes done in curled sheets of aluminum, steel, and brass. Through Oct. 28. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ELLEN LANYON—Gently surrealist drawings and paintings on avian and nature themes. Through Nov. 1. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BRICE MARDEN—Large abstract paintings (the largest is eight feet by fifteen) made up of dark, solid-color rectangular panels grouped together. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Recent sculptures, plus prints, many on view in New York for the first time. Through Nov. 29. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

NABIL NAHAS / DON BACHARDY—Large paintings in which countless strips of prismatic color are assembled in a kind of chaotic geometry. / Watercolor portrait heads—caricatures, really—done in vivid shades. Christopher Isherwood is prominent among the subjects. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

DOMENICO PALADINO—A member of a prominent group of Italian painters who both rebel against and make use of their aesthetic tradition. These works—paintings and drawings—are mostly abstract. Through Nov. 1. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BEVERLY PEPPER—Cast-steel columns seven to ten feet tall. Through Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES RISSER—Collages on paper reflecting the artist's travels in Europe, Mexico, and Japan. Several of the works incorporate Japanese maps upon which a child's arithmetic lesson is superimposed by a transfer process. Through Nov. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—A show of new works includes the controversial "Gay Liberation," which looks unexceptionable enough in this setting. Among other figures are two steel puddlers standing before the door of a white-hot blast furnace. Through Nov. 1. (Janis, in new quarters at 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MILLARD SHEETS—Oils and watercolors. Through Oct. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

DOROTHY TABAK—Landscapes and abstracts done in collages made up of dyed cheesecloth and burlap, plus various found materials. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM TILLYER—Abstract collages and watercolors based on architectural elements. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOHN WILLENBECHER—Constructions. Through Nov. 8. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

SUSAN WILMARTH—Dark-toned encaustic paintings. Through Nov. 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

ZUKA / OLIVER STEINDECKER—Huge, dazzling paper collages involving California Indians; the artist, a California woman now resident in Paris, is a student of West Coast Indian history. / Paintings in which discrete geometric forms are seen against a muted, solid-color background. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO,** 30 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Frank Metz, Lionel Gilbert, Jean Zaleski, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: German portrait drawings that date from the late nineteenth century to the thirties by Corinth, Klimt, Modersohn-Becker, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **HAMMER,** 33 W. 57th St.: Examples of French painting from Impressionism through 1910, with works by Renoir, van Dongen, Dufy, and Utrillo. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, William Palmer, Richard Mayhew, Robert Vickrey, and Emlen Etting. Through Nov. 1.

GALLERIES—SoHo

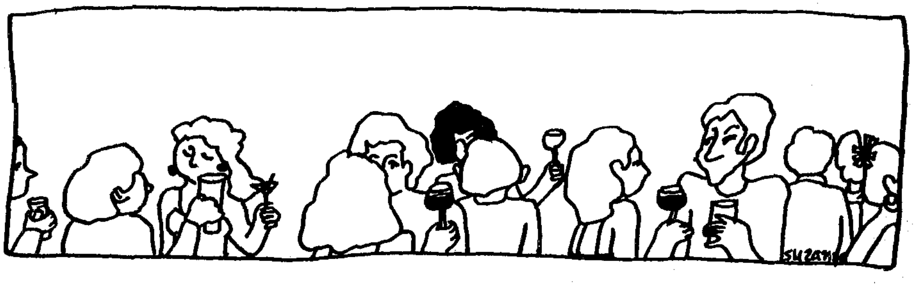
ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Two huge murals, reconstructed for this show by the artist from the original sketches done for two W.P.A. projects, are seen to advantage on the walls of this new SoHo branch of the Washburn gallery, at 113 Greene St. Other Bolotowsky works, dated 1935-45, are on view at the uptown gallery, at 42 E. 57th St. Through Nov. 1.

EUGENIO CARMI—Abstract works done in embroidery on quilted cloth or in acrylics on canvas. Through Oct. 26. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

MURIEL CASTANIS / DUANE HANSON—In these ghostly sculptures, clearly outlined classical figures seem to be present under voluminous shrouds, but there is nothing there at all except the drapery, which is made of cloth stiffened with resin. / A new group of this artist's life-size, super-lifelike painted sculptures—a seated man with his leg in an autographed cast, a cleaning woman with all her paraphernalia. . . . ¶ In the front gallery are three massive sculptures by Jay Wholley—oak tree trunks sawed down the middle and supported on Corten-steel frames. Through Nov. 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

SANDRO CHIA, FRANCESCO CLEMENTE, AND ENZO CUCCHI—Three maverick Italian painters who seem to be in violent revolt against their cultural heritage. Their paintings have a deliberate ugliness and bawdiness, as well as unusual vigor and strength. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

DIANE CHURCHILL—Drawings of flowers and birds, mostly owls, shown together with



decorative arrangements of dried twigs, leaves, and branches. Through Oct. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Joe Goode / David Hatchett—Pairs of solid-color panels (blue and green, say) framed as diptychs and accented by the artist with a 20-gauge shotgun, which he fires at the works from about forty feet away, using No. 8 birdshot. The resulting perforations reveal layers of other colors underneath. / Abstract sculptures, some freestanding and some suspended, made of wood and found objects. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Fragments from architectural elements enlarged in oil on canvas. Through Nov. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Mel Kendrick—Outsize, freestanding wooden sculptures that have a spidery aspect, although they are made of rugged white-cedar timbers bolted together. There are also smaller, more delicate wall pieces. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Claire Moore / Joyce Robins—Simplistic drawings and paintings dealing with saints in an ecumenical manner; one is shown blessing the Baskerville Hound. / Wall pieces and hanging sculptures made of foot-long ceramic rods painted with watercolors and strung together like beads. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 6. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Ann Norton—Carved-cedar totems and archways, and other works. Through Nov. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Harold Olejarz—A seven-foot-high installation described by the artist as being composed of thousands of honey-colored wood bricks. Through Oct. 26. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ray Parker—Large, recent abstract paintings in which big solid-color areas are offset by a scattering of freehand nervous lines. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Paul Rickert—Representational landscapes of the Philadelphia area and Maine. Through Nov. 5. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

A. Sklar-Weinstein—Fibre sculptures, made of jute wrapped with multicolored yarn, tied into curlicues or dangling in ropelike lengths from the ceiling and walls. Through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Alan Turner—Recent paintings by an artist much attracted to wooded landscapes. Some of the pictures are abstract, some realistic. Through Nov. 1. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

William Wegman / Donna Dennis—20 x 24 Polaroids. / Drawings and models for sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Gary Wiley—Colorful drawings in mixed mediums, plus three-dimensional cutout wall pieces in the same vein. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 142 Greene St.: The current show is dominated by a huge Frank Stella painting, a bright-red elongated oval with a horizontal blue strip across the middle. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: In a show of works on paper by eleven artists, Jim Richard has drawings of suburban interiors and exteriors colored with felt-tip pens and gouache; and Thomas Lo Cicero has large watercolors of flowers. Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **meisel**, 141 Prince St.: Hilo Chen (Photo-Realist paintings), Susan Pear Meisel (contemporary Impressionist paintings), and Edward Weston (fifteen vintage photographs). Through Nov. 1.

OTHER GALLERIES

Kenneth Price—Small (around four inches) ceramic sculptures executed between 1972 and 1974. Through Friday, Oct. 24. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

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Margot Robinson—Abstract paintings and sculptures. Through Nov. 2. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Charles White (1918-79)—A loan show of forty works by the figurative artist. Through Dec. 5. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Group Show—A show that includes a forbidding black structure, twelve feet high, called "A Powerhouse for Adam Smith," by Lauren Ewing. Through its windows one can watch messages flashed on a video screen ("Clash and Recoil" or "Identical Gestures"). Other artists represented are Agnes Denes, Vernon Fisher, Stephen Prina, and David Reed. Through Dec. 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Julian B. Hyman—Color photographs of patterns formed by city landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Victor Keppler—Advertising photographs. Through Nov. 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Wendell MacRae—More than three hundred vintage prints (half are mounted on the wall; the rest are in bins) provide a view of the city during the thirties. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sheila Metzner—Soft-focus color prints. Through Nov. 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Photograms, photographs, and photoplastiks. Through Nov. 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

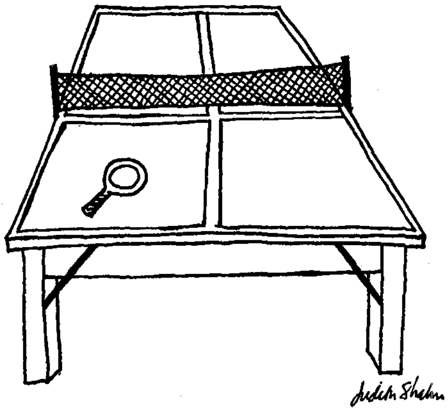
Arnold Newman / Luigi Ghirri—Portraits of four decades. / Photographs of contemporary Italy. Through Nov. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell—Polaroids. Through Friday, Oct. 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Keith Smith—A series of hand-tinted photographs, among them a blowup of a bare-chested man in bluejeans which takes up a three-panel ten-foot-high folding screen. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Leslie-Lohman, 485 Broome St. Opens at 1.)

Fashion Photography—Two shows: Works by George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68), an early contributor to *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. . . . ¶ A selection (by Diana Vreeland) of fifty black-and-white photographs, including portraits of Josephine Baker, Chanel, and Audrey Hepburn, by Horst, Irving Penn, Deborah Turbeville, and others. Both shows through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

La Maison Bonfils—A show of turn-of-the-century photographs has been mounted at the Jewish Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.



Group Shows—At the **80 washington square east galleries**, New York University: A juried exhibition, open to all American photographers; six thousand entries yielded two hundred and seventy-one works. Merrill Roseman won first prize. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: More than a hundred photographs by eight artists, among them Louis Faurer, Shelley Seccombe, William Gamble, and Tom Haar. Through Oct. 26. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A historical survey of monotypes; the hundred or so prints are by Rembrandt, Gauguin, Milton Avery, Jim Dine, and others. Starts Thursday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The art galleries will be closed until Thursday, Oct. 23, when an exhibit devoted to the photographs of William Klein will open. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large three-dimensional aluminum mural and other works by Yaacov Agam. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Nov. 2.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the celebrated works are also shown. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Old Glory Department: "Three Flags," the Jasper Johns painting recently acquired by the museum, is on view in the lobby gallery through Sunday, Oct. 19.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Starts Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ In 1921, the sculptor Constantin Brancusi began to photograph his works in progress and his studio, and he continued to do so until his death, in 1957. Seventy-three of these vintage prints are on loan from the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Through Nov. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Brancusi opens at 1:15 Wednesdays, and closes at 12:30 Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The doors of the Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, holding the museum's vast collections of Asian ethnographic materials—from the contents of a Bedouin tent to a Siberian *yakut*—as well as rare art objects, will open on Friday, Oct. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to green to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "Beach, Boardwalk, Boulevard": An examination (through photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts from demolished luxury hotels) of the transition of Atlantic City from the famous beach resort of the turn of the century, through its deterioration beginning in the thirties, to its present emergence as a casino resort. Through Sunday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the past twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari, Pati Hill, E. F. Higgins III, and Buster Cleveland. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-and-metallic-powder paintings by Tadaaki Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by Rikuro Okamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

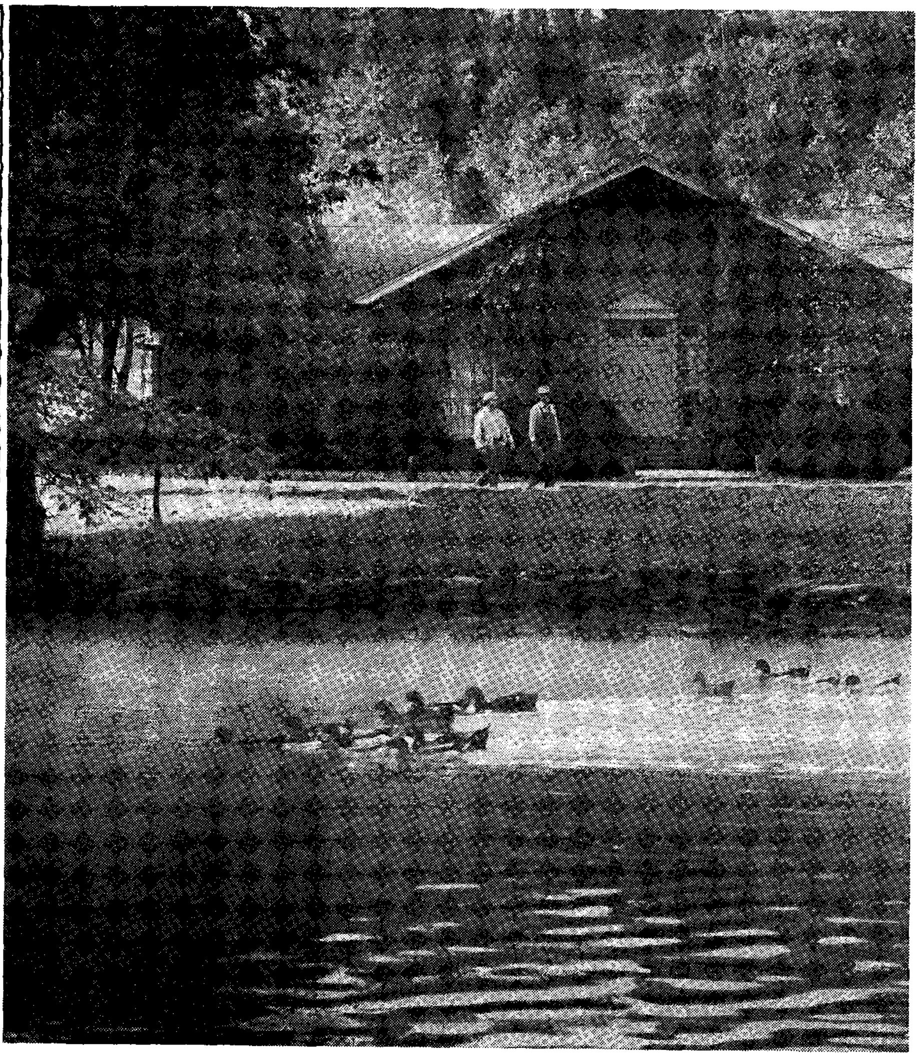
Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Félix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). Among the souvenir photographs are views of Jerusalem, Cairo, and the Dead Sea, and portraits of Bedouins. . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings of plants and flowers. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An annual show of paintings, this year by twenty-three contemporary artists, sponsored by the Henry Ward Ranger Fund, which will purchase some of the works as gifts to museums. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculp-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Six first-solo shows. The artists: Donald Baechler, Arch Connelly, Nancy Dwyer, James Goss, James Holl, and Tom Koken. Through Saturday, Oct. 18.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Anne Bean and Paul Burwell (performance), Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; an installation devised by nearly a dozen artists who work in the Chicago area, through Saturday, Oct. 18; about five display cases of early publications (1909-29), on loan from the Museum of Modern Art, including copies of *291* and *Dada*, through Nov. 29.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Robert Dick (music), Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; Jackson MacLow and Dick Higgins (music), Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; a videotape by Frank Gillette, starts Saturday, Oct. 18.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Political images in photographs is the theme for nearly a dozen of the exhibitions in this former school building. Through Nov. 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512, and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday evening, Oct. 15: "An American Trilogy," three one-act operas—"Madame Adare," with Carol Gutknecht, Richard Cross, William Neill, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Harris Poor; "Before Breakfast," with Marilyn Zschau; and "The Student from Salamanca," with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Allan Glassman, John Lankston, David Hall, and Jan Opalach. Conducted by Brian Salesky, Imre Pallo, and Judith Somogi, respectively. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17: "Silverlake" (in English), with Kathleen Hegierski, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, John Lankston, William Neill, and Jack Harrold; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 18: "An American Trilogy," three one-act operas—"Madame Adare," with Carol Gutknecht, Richard Cross, William Neill, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Harris Poor; "Before Breakfast," with Marilyn Zschau; and "The Student from Salamanca," with Susanne Marsee, Beverly Evans, Allan Glassman, John Lankston, David Hall, and Jan Opalach. Conducted by Brian Salesky, Imre Pallo, and Judith Somogi, respectively. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "Madame Butterfly," with

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Suzanne Sonnenschein, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and Andrew Smith; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 19: "Silverlake" (in English), with Kathleen Hegierski, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, John Lankston, William Neill, and Jack Harrold; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 19: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, June Anderson, Vinson Cole, Frederick Burchinal, Robert Hale, and Robert McFarland; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Don Giovanni," with Sylvia Yorke, Martha Sheil, Faith Esham, Justino Díaz, Carlos Chausson, and Joseph Evans; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: A new production of Otto Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carol Vaness, RoseMarie Freni, Janice Hall, William Wildermann, Vinson Cole, Stephen Dickson, and Dan Sullivan; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, June Anderson, Michele Molese, Frederick Burchinal, Robert Hale, and Robert McFarland; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 25: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carol Vaness, RoseMarie Freni, Janice Hall, William Wildermann, Vinson Cole, Stephen Dickson, and Dan Sullivan; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "Don Giovanni," with Sylvia Yorke, Martha Sheil, Faith Esham, Justino Díaz, Carlos Chausson, and Joseph Evans; John Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

VAMPYR—An opera by Heinrich Marschner, based on the novel by Byron and Polidori. Michael Feingold is responsible for the English translation. (Good Shepherd Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2. For information about tickets, call 575-1558.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8; Friday, Oct. 17, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 18, and Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8: With Glenn Dicterow, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: A performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; *Bianca Berini, mezzo*-soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; Martti Talvela, bass; and the Westminster Choir. A nonsubscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: With Nathan Milstein, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30: With Philip Myers, horn.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting two performances of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with Faye Robinson, Judith Blegen, and Deborah Sasson, sopranos; Florence Quivar and Lorna Myers, mezzo-sopranos; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Gwynne Howell, bass; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16, at 8.)

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: A Beethoven-Mahler program, with Murray Perahia, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: A varied program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: The New York première of Luciano Berio's music-drama "Coro," with the Cologne Radio Chorus.

POLISH CHAMBER OCHESTRA—Jerzy Maksymiuk conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

SCOTTISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Jaime Laredo conducting and acting as violin soloist, with Paula Robison, flute. (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

SLOVENIAN PHILHARMONIC OF YUGOSLAVIA—Anton Nanut conducting, with Primoz Novsak, violin, and Milŏs Mlejnik, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

QUEENS SYMPHONY—David Katz conducting, with Charles Castleman, violin, and Frank D. O'Connor, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—José Serebier conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK PRO ARTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Raffael Adler conducting, with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano, and Carol Wincenc, flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

ORPHEUS—Twenty-six wind and string players who perform without a conductor, with Heinz Holliger, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," in a new English translation by Jane May, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

CATHEDRAL SINGERS—Richard Westenburg directing the second of two concerts devoted to Bach cantatas. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

STEVEN KIMBROUGH—Baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

RICHARD YOUNG—Violin, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

EASTMAN TRIO—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

HERNAN V. PELAYO—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

TAPPAN ZEE CHAMBER PLAYERS—With Abba Bogin, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-4198.)

LUCILLE GRUBER—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

ASTON MAGNA—A program that includes Bach's Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 2 and 4. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

LASALLE QUARTET—With James Levine, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

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instrumental music entitled "A Royal Recital." (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

The Scholars—An ensemble from England in a program of a-cappella music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, and Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Harold Wright, clarinet; and Loren Glickman, bassoon, in a Haydn-Mozart program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin, with Elena Kremer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

James Kreger and Martin Katz—Cello and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

Richard Locker—Cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The second in a series of seven concerts, this one an all-Bach program performed by Louis Bagger, harpsichord. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler and Donald McInnes, viola; Leslie Parnas and Warren Lash, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Edward Carroll, Stephen Burns, Allan Dean, and Mark Gould, trumpet; Richard Fitz, percussion; André-Michel Schub, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 20-21, at 7:30.)

Enid Katahn—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Amici Cantanti—A twenty-two member early-music ensemble. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Ann Carter-Cox—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Matiahu Braun, violin; Brian Fennelly, piano; Jack Kreiselman, clarinet; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—With composer-conductor-pianist Lukas Foss in the first in a series of three programs that will each include a work by Mr. Foss, as well as works by other composers—in this case Beethoven. With Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Melvyn Ritter-Jane Allen Duo—Violin and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Lee Hoiby—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

David Davis—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Michael Newman—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Paula Robison and Carol Wincenc, flute; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Samuel Sanders, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

Lionel Party—Harpsichord, with the Brandenburg Soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 3.)

David Golub—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Saints, Sovereigns & Sinners." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

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Michael May—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concerts—Joy Bogen, Peter Armstrong, Kathryn Selby, Lys Symonette, Marilyn Dubow, and Edward Weiss. For the benefit of the Ferruccio Busoni Society Scholarship Fund. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2.) . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, Paul Sperry, Thomas Grubb, and Allen Hughes in a program of French songs. The beneficiary is the Pierre Bernac Scholarship Fund at the Manhattan School of Music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd Street. 749-2802. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 5.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

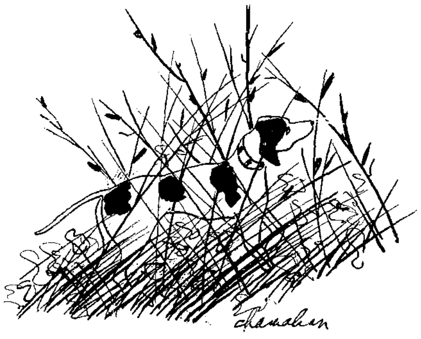
Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Oct. 24. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 18 (all games at 1:30): Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at Piscataway. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 19: Manhattan vs. Fairfield, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 25 (all games at 1:30): Boston College vs. Army, at Chestnut Hill. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Columbia, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 19: Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, at San Diego.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Sunday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 22. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 25. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Oct. 15, through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Damon Runyon, Wednesday, Oct. 15; the Vosburgh, Saturday, Oct. 18; the Jamaica Handicap, Sunday, Oct. 19; the Kelso Handicap, Friday, Oct. 24; and the Turf Classic, Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Meadowlands Cup, Thursday, Oct. 16, and the Gardenia, Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Oct. 20, through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 25.



Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29.

ET ALIA

Lecture—"The Decline of Taste?," by Clement Greenberg. (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Olga Broumas and Carol Muske reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Actor Peter O'Shaughnessy presenting Chaucer's tale "The True Romance of Troilus and Criseyde," in a modern translation by Neville Coghill. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ E. L. Doctorow reading from his own novels. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ Philip Appleman and C. K. Williams reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Geoffrey Wolff reading from his own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor show. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings and sculptures, including works by Winslow Homer, George Catlin, and Henry Farney. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 20, at 2: Photographs by Baron Adolf de Meyer. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the collection of the late André Meyer. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 16. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-8460. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, following the Meyer sale: Impressionist and modern paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 10:15: Modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 17. . . . SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Oct. 16, at 10:15: European ceramics. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: English furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 2: African, Oceanic, and American Indian art. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 24, at 10:15: Watches, clocks, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 2: Contemporary Chinese paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 17. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sunday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 10: English and Continental furniture. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 10:30: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 16. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1127. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 2:30: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 26. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Oct. 20.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Themroc."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 16: "Airplane!" and "Meatballs."
Oct. 17-23: "Fame" and "Carny."
From Oct. 24: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 16: "Sam Marlowe, Private Eye."
Oct. 17-23: "The Baltimore Bullet."
From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stardust Memories."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 23: "Oh, God! Book II."
From Oct. 24: "The First Deadly Sin."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Elephant Man."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 16: "Why Would I Lie?"
Oct. 17-23: "Middle Age Crazy."
From Oct. 24: "Motel Hell."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Private Benjamin."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Oct. 16: "My Bodyguard."
From Oct. 17: "Worlds Apart."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Stardust Memories."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Elephant Man."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 16: "The Arabian Nights."
From Oct. 17: "Fade to Black."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Gloria."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Oct. 16: "Sam Marlowe, Private Eye."
Oct. 17-23: "Eraserhead."
From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Somewhere in Time."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"One-Trick Pony."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Oct. 16: "Oh, God! Book II."
From Oct. 17: "Melvin and Howard."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Oct. 23: "Hopscotch."
From Oct. 24: "It's My Turn."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Oct. 16: "Divine Madness."
From Oct. 17: "The Stunt Man."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ordinary People."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 16: "Airplane!"
Oct. 17-23: "Fame."
From Oct. 24: "My Brilliant Career."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Somewhere in Time."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 23: "Song of the South."
From Oct. 24: "Schizoid."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 16: "Terror Train."
Oct. 17-23: "The Chinese Connection" and "Fists of Fury."
From Oct. 24: "The First Deadly Sin."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 16: "Coast to Coast."
Oct. 17-23: "Middle Age Crazy."
From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 16: "Why Would I Lie?"
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: "The Fog" and "Phantasm." From Oct. 17: "Fade to Black."
Theatre 2: "Private Benjamin."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Somewhere in Time."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Great Santini."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Willie & Phil."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Timing / A Sensual Obsession."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "The Arabian Nights." From Oct. 17: "Fade to Black."
Theatre 3: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 16: "Airplane!" From Oct. 17: "Middle Age Crazy."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 16: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 17: "Times Square."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Elephant Man."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 16: "Return of the Secaucus 7."
From Oct. 17: "The Stunt Man."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Stardust Memories."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 21: A week-long program of new Polish films, with English subtitles—Oct. 15-16, "The Orchestra Conductor;" Oct. 17-18, "The Constant Factor;" Oct. 19, "Camera Buff;" Oct. 20, "Chance;" and Oct. 21, "Provincial Actors."
Oct. 22-23: To be announced.
From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Great Santini."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: "Airplane!" From Oct. 17: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "Song of the South." From Oct. 17: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 16: "Dressed to Kill" and "The Amityville Horror." From Oct. 17: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 16: "Oh, God! Book II." From Oct. 17: To be announced.

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Why Would I Lie?"

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 16: "Airplane!" and "The In-Laws."
Oct. 17-23: "Smokey and the Bandit II" and "The Nude Bomb."
From Oct. 24: "Fame" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Divine Madness." (†)
Theatre 2: "Somewhere in Time." (†)
Theatre 3: "Mother's Day."
Theatre 4: "Fame." (†)
Theatre 5: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"*Song of the South.*" (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 23: "Airplane!" (†) From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 16: "Dressed to Kill." (†) From Oct. 17: "Middle Age Crazy." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 16: A two-a-day program (free) of Egyptian films, with English subtitles. From Oct. 17: "Foolin' Around."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Oct. 23: "Terror Train." (†)
From Oct. 24: "Motel Hell." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Oct. 16: "Coast to Coast." (†)
Oct. 17-23: "The Chinese Connection" (†) and "Fists of Fury." (†)
From Oct. 24: "It's My Turn." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Oct. 23: "Hopscotch." (†)
From Oct. 24: "The First Deadly Sin." (†)

Movieland (formerly called the Forum), B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Oct. 16: "The Fog" (†) and "Phantasm." (†)
From Oct. 17: "Fade to Black." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Oct. 16: "The Exterminator."
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Oct. 23: "Why Would I Lie?" (†)
From Oct. 24: "Schizoid." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Oct. 16: "Oh, God! Book II." (†)
From Oct. 17: "The Baltimore Bullet." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 15: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
Oct. 16: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
Oct. 17: "*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*" (1978), directed by Phil Kaufman, with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams; and "The Brood" (1979), directed by David Cronenberg, with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.
Oct. 18: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
Oct. 19: "City Lights" (1931), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "The Freshman" (1925), a silent film directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer,

with Harold Lloyd. At 9:45 P.M., "Gates of Heaven" (1978), directed by Errol Morris, with Floyd McClure.

Oct. 20: "Gates of Heaven."

Oct. 21: "The Sound of Waves" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Senkichi Taniguchi; and "A Man Blown by the Wind" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura, with Yukio Mishima and Ayako Wakao.

Oct. 22: "The Ruling Class." (†)

Oct. 23: "Abashiri Prison #3: Duel on the Wharf" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Teruo Ishi, with Ken Takakura; and "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 24: "Coming Home" (†); and "Norma Rae" (1979), directed by Martin Ritt, with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges.

Oct. 25: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Oct. 15: "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Machiko Kyo and Kazuo Hasegawa; and "The Secret of Naruto" (1957), in Japanese; directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Kazuo Hasegawa.

Oct. 16: "Alice in the Cities" (1974) and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

Oct. 17: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Ossessione" (1942), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Clara Calamai and Massimo Girotti.

Oct. 18: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

Oct. 19: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), directed by Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan, with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "Four Feathers" (1939), directed by Zoltán Korda, with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith.

Oct. 20: "Yanks." (†)

Oct. 21: "The Great Escape" (1963), directed by John Sturges, with Steve McQueen, James Garner, and Richard Attenborough; "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, and Susan Harrison; "Topkapi" (1964), directed by Jules Dassin, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff; "That Man from Rio" (1964), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais; and "Gaily, Gaily" (1969), directed by Norman Jewison, with Beau Bridges, Brian Keith, and Melina Mercouri.

Oct. 22-23: A program of films starring Giulietta Masina; call theatre for titles and dates. Miss Masina will be present on Wednesday evening, Oct. 22.

Oct. 24: "New York, New York" (1977), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "The Man I Love." (†)

Oct. 25: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 16: "Carny." (†)

Oct. 17-18: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

Oct. 19-20: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Footlight Parade" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler.

Oct. 21: "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" (†) and "The Magic Christian." (†)

Oct. 22-23: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Oct. 24-25: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 16: "Union City" (1980), directed by Mark Reichert, with Dennis Lipscomb and Deborah Harry.

Oct. 17-23: "Wings." (†)

From Oct. 24: To be announced.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Oct. 16: "Too Hot to Handle" (1938), directed by Jack Conway, with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, and Leo Carrillo; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Oct. 17-19: "Lifeboat" (1944), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

Oct. 20-21: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "Red-Headed Woman." (†)

Oct. 22-23: "Hold Your Man" (1933), directed by Sam Wood, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Stuart Erwin, and Dorothy Burgess; and "Viva Zapata!" (†)

From Oct. 24: "Jane Eyre" (1944), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 15: "Major Dundee" (1965), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Charlton Heston, Richard Harris, and Senta Berger; and "Shenandoah" (1965), directed by Andrew McLaglen, with James Stewart, Doug McClure, Glenn Corbett, Patrick Wayne, and Rosemary Forsyth.

Oct. 16-18: "State Fair" (1945), directed by Walter Lang, with Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter, and Dick Haymes; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

Oct. 19-20: "Broken Arrow" (†) and "Fort Apache." (†)

Oct. 21-22: "Tennessee Johnson" (1943), directed by William Dieterle, with Van Heflin, Ruth Hussey, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Young Mr. Lincoln." (†)

Oct. 23-25: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, and John Qualen.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 15: "Chaplin Revue," a program of three short films—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923); and "Max," a program of three short films, directed by Max Linder—"Be My Wife" (1921), "Seven Years' Bad Luck" (1921), and "The Three Must-Get-Theres" (1922).

Oct. 16: "The Last Picture Show" (1971), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, and Ben Johnson; and "Targets" (1968), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Boris Karloff and Tim O'Kelly.

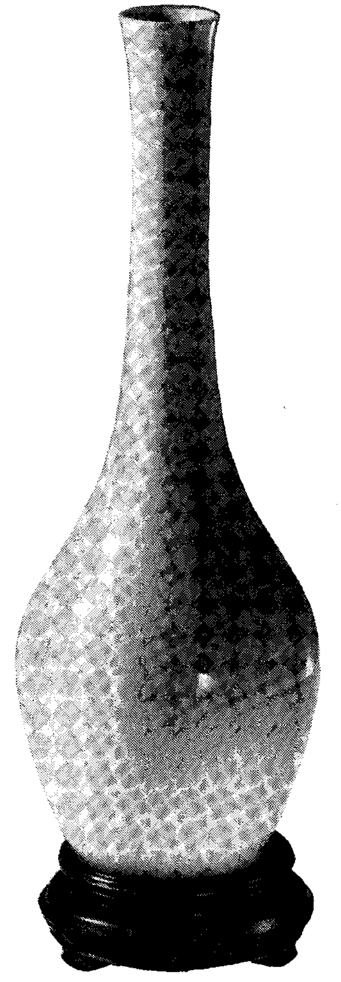
Oct. 17-18: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

Oct. 19: "Stromboli" (†); and "Intermezzo" (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, and Edna Best.

Oct. 20: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones; and "The Phantom Tollbooth" (1971), an animated feature, by Chuck Jones and Abe Levitow.

Oct. 21: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (†); and "Angel and Sinner" (1947), in French, directed by Christian-Jaque, with Micheline Presle.

Oct. 22: "The Killers" (1964), directed by Don Siegel, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Ronald Reagan, and John Cassavetes; and "Hellcats of the Navy" (1957), directed by Nathan G. Juran, with



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Oct. 23: "Hollywood Revels" (1948), with strippers Eileen Dupree, Lotus Wing, and Hilary Dawn, filmed at the Follies Theatre, Los Angeles.

Oct. 24-25: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles and "Stage Door." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 15: "The Mystery of Mr. Wong" (1939), and "Mr. Wong in Chinatown" (1939), both films directed by William Nigh, with Boris Karloff as the detective.

Oct. 16: "The Man Who Laughs" (1928), a silent film, directed by Paul Leni, with Conrad Veidt, Mary Philbin, and Olga Baclanova; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher.

Oct. 17: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "Pandora's Box" (1929), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks, Fritz Kortner, and Francis Lederer.

Oct. 18: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider and Welles.

Oct. 19: "Blithe Spirit" (†) and "Private Lives." (†)

Oct. 20: "The Girl from 10th Ave." (1935), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Bette Davis, Ian Hunter, Alison Skipworth, and Colin Clive; and "Housewife" (1934), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak, Ruth Donnelly, and Hobart Cavanaugh.

Oct. 21: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.

Oct. 22: "Dark Passage" (†); and "Across the Pacific" (1942), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet.

Oct. 23: "As You Desire Me" (†); and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Oct. 24-25: "Blackmail" (†) and "Sabotage." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 16 at 6: "The Text of Light" (1974), a silent film, directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 8:30: "Impostors" (1980), directed by Mark Rappaport, with Peter Evans, Ellen McElduff, Charles Ludlum, and Michael Burg. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: "Wild River" (1960), directed by Elia Kazan, with Montgomery Clift and Lee Remick; a faded color print. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 8:30: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Machiko Kyo and Kazuo Hasegawa; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 8:30: "Jesse James" (1939), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: "The Text of Light." . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8:30: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1946), directed by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: "Underground U.S.A." (1980), directed by Eric Mitchell (who will be present), with Mitchell, Patti Astor, and Rene Ricard. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 8:30: "Sort of a Commercial for an Icebag by Claes Oldenburg" (1969), directed by Michael Hugo; and "The Spiral Jetty" (1970), directed by Robert Smithson. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "Am I Normal?" (1979), a documentary, directed by Debra Franco and David Shepard; and "Rose by Any Other Name" (1979), a documentary, directed by Judith Keller. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 7:30: "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30, 6, and 8:30 and Oct. 24 at 2:30: Three different programs of new animated films from festivals at Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: A program of early silent animated films (1905-18), by Segundo de Chomon. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at noon: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Lyda Roberti. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2:30 and 5: Two different programs of Soviet animated films. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Oct. 19: "Anticata/Strophe" (1980), a multimonitor video installation by Al Robbins (who will be present on Thursday, Oct. 16, at 2). Continuous showings from noon to 6. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 15 at 3: Two video programs—"WBGH Retrospective: The Medium Is the Medium" and "Video Variations: The Boston Symphony Orchestra." . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 8 and Oct. 16 at 8: Two programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 7: "Impostors" (1980), directed by Mark Rappaport, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 11 A.M.: A video program by Peter Campus. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 7 and 9: "The Comanche" (1979), in German, directed by Herbert Achternbusch; with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 7 and 9: "The Beer Battle" (1977), in German, directed by Herbert Achternbusch; with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 3: A video program by Peter Campus. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 7 and 9: "Poto and Cabengo" (1980), directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 7 and 9: "The Silent Cry" (1977), directed by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 7 and 9: "News from Home" (1976), in French, directed by Chantal Akerman; with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8: "La Nuit Claire" (1978), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun (who will be present); no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 11 A.M.: Two video programs—"WBGH Retrospective: The Medium Is the Medium" and "Video Variations: The Boston Symphony Orchestra." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 7: "La Nuit Claire." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 9: "L'Automne" (1971), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Oct. 23.)

The Amityville Horror (1979)—Based on the book, which should have been called "The Amityville Nuisance." A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (8/13/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 16.)

The Arabian Nights (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo plays a café entertainer with amnesia in Budapest, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist, played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made into trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 23.)

Bad Timing / A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Manhattan 1, Quad Cinema, New Yorker 1, and Criterion Center.)

The Baltimore Bullet—With James Coburn, Omar Sharif, Bruce Boxleitner, and Ronee Blakley; directed by Robert Ellis Miller. (Gramercy; Oct. 17-23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Oct. 17.)

Blackmail (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed to make it a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictoral style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who didn't look very different half a century later, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine. Also with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24-25.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it seemed pleasantly airy in stage productions at the time, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. You're terribly aware that you're listening to repartee. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a séance. Inadvertently, the ghost of his pouty, blond first wife (the husky-voiced Kay Hammond) is conjured up, and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. The novelist finds himself in an involuntary state of "astral bigamy." Margaret Rutherford provides some desperately needed gusto. She plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach. "Let's make it a real rouser!" she cries at the start of a séance. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19.)

Broken Arrow (1950)—Everybody seems to enjoy this movie. It's full of legend and romance and action. The setting is Arizona in those confused days after the Civil War when renegades from both armies were causing trouble among the Indians. James Stewart plays the ex-Union officer who befriends the Apache Cochise (Jeff Chandler) and marries an Apache princess (Debra Paget). Delmer Daves directed this adaptation by Michael Blankfort of the novel "Blood Brother," by Elliott Arnold, and though the picture never won any Academy Awards or brotherhood awards, it has probably done more to soften the hearts of racists than most movies designed to instruct, indict, and inspire. (That Indian princess was no squaw.) Part of the pleasure of the film is that its treatment of the Indians-vs.-settlers theme doesn't violate the conventions of the genre. (Regency; Oct. 19-20.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo To-

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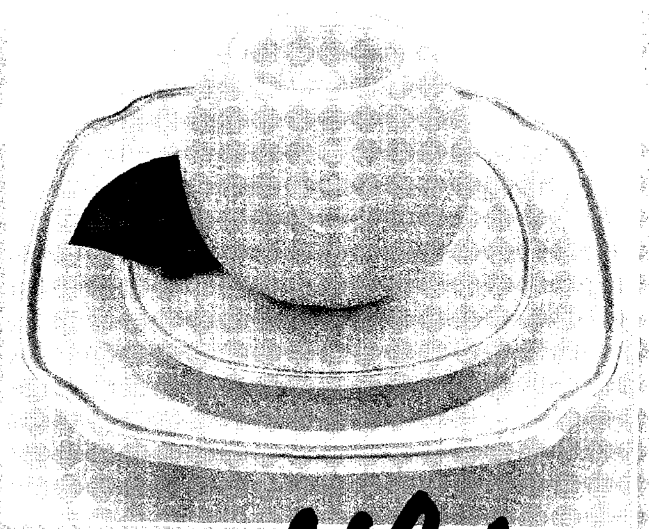

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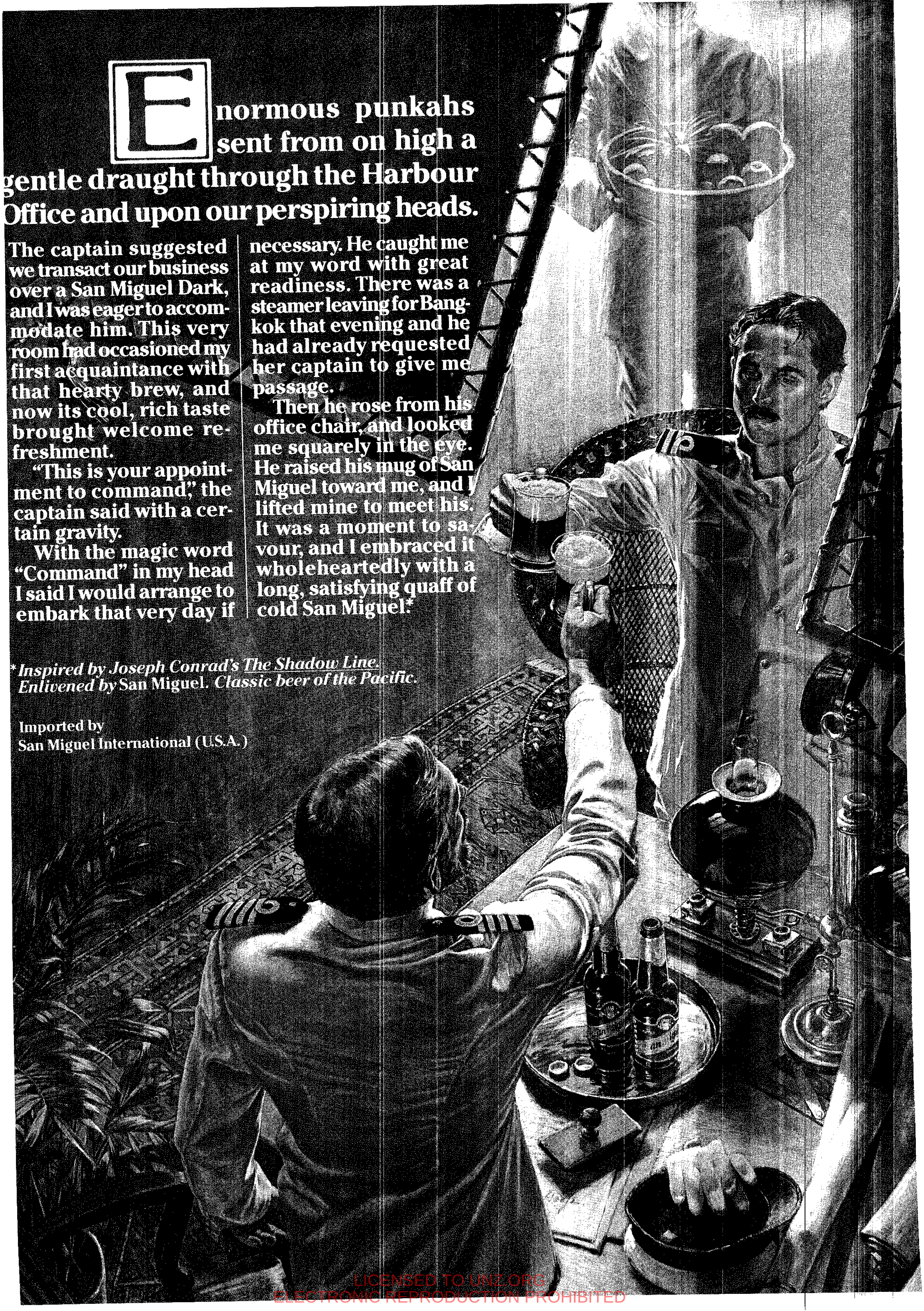

Enormous punkahs sent from on high a gentle draught through the Harbour Office and upon our perspiring heads.

The captain suggested we transact our business over a San Miguel Dark, and I was eager to accommodate him. This very room had occasioned my first acquaintance with that hearty brew, and now its cool, rich taste brought welcome refreshment.

"This is your appointment to command," the captain said with a certain gravity.

With the magic word "Command" in my head I said I would arrange to embark that very day if necessary. He caught me at my word with great readiness. There was a steamer leaving for Bangkok that evening and he had already requested her captain to give me passage.

Then he rose from his office chair, and looked me squarely in the eye. He raised his mug of San Miguel toward me, and I lifted mine to meet his. It was a moment to savour, and I embraced it wholeheartedly with a long, satisfying quaff of cold San Miguel.*

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gnazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Carny—With Gary Busey, Jodie Foster, Robbie Robertson, and Meg Foster; directed by Robert Kaylor. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 17-23.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half-brother, a loyal, easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Quad Cinema.)

The Chinese Connection (1972)—A kung-fu film with Bruce Lee. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; Oct. 17-23.)

Coast to Coast—With Robert Blake and Dyan Cannon, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; through Oct. 16.)

Coming Home (1978)—Allowing for the differences in the wars, this may be the post-Vietnam equivalent of the post-Second World War movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," which also dealt with returning veterans in smooth, popular terms. Throughout, there's a strong element of self-admiration in the film's anti-Vietnam attitude. The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 24.)

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, from a David Goodis story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 22.)

Divine Madness—Filmed at several live performances of Bette Midler's stage show of the same name, by Michael Ritchie. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through Oct. 16.)

Dressed to Kill—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy was written and directed by Brian De Palma. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. With Angie Dickinson as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, Michael Caine as her analyst, the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen as a pretty investment-minded hooker, and Dennis Franz as a brash police detective. (8/4/80) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; through Oct. 16.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passses from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in artistocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinarily romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 21.)

The Elephant Man—With Anthony Hopkins as Dr. Frederick Treves, and John Hurt as John Merrick, the Elephant Man. Directed by David Lynch. Based on an original journal by Dr. Treves, and not on the current Broadway show. (34th St. East, Coronet, and Festival.)

Eraserhead—Directed by David Lynch. (Cinema II; Oct. 17-23.)

Every Man for Himself—With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye; directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Fade to Black—With Dennis Christopher, directed by Vernon Zimmerman. (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and National; starting Oct. 17.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Oct. 17-23. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Oct. 24.)

The First Deadly Sin—With Frank Sinatra and Faye Dunaway, directed by Brian Hutton. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 2; starting Oct. 24.)

Fists of Fury (1971)—A kung-fu film with Bruce Lee. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; Oct. 17-23.)

The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens, and thus never quite grabs us and holds us prisoner, which is the way one felt at Mr. Carpenter's celebrated previous chiller, "Halloween." With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (R.K.O. 86th St., and National; through Oct. 16.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Henry Fonda, as an imperious, wrongheaded lieutenant colonel whose men are massacred because they obey him; the John Ford film, set after the Civil War, never suggests that they should disobey him—though he's practically a certifiable maniac. This is one of Ford's beautiful but irritating epic Westerns. The fights and dances and other big scenes are triumphs of staging, but the coy love interest (Shirley Temple and John Agar) and the Irish horseplay are infan-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tile. And the whole picture is bathed in a special form of patriotic sentimentality: scenes are held so that we cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of the American past. With John Wayne, Ward Bond, Anna Lee, Victor McLaglen, Pedro Armendariz, Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, and George O'Brien. (Regency; Oct. 19-20.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema I.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 1, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2; through Oct. 23.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée, and Leigh Taylor-Young, Jo Van Fleet, David Arkin, Herbert Edelman, Salem Ludwig, Edra Gale, Lou Gottlieb, and Grady Sutton. The picture makes you laugh surprisingly often. Directed by Hy Averback. (Cinema Village; Oct. 21.)

The In-Laws (1979)—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Plots are discussed over the heads of helpless dental patients, dinner-table talk concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles, and a wild cab ride through Herald Square ultimately leads to a Latin-American country where the dictator pours coffee into a mouth painted on his hand. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Olympia; through Oct. 16.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1; starting Oct. 24.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Loving Couples—With Shirley MacLaine, James Coburn, Susan Sarandon, Sally Kellerman, and Stephen Collins; directed by Jack Smight. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, Paramount, and Embassy; starting Oct. 24.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Cinema Village; Oct. 21.)

The Man I Love (1947)—Of its kind, not bad at all. Warner Brothers, combining two genres in the hope of snaring a double audience, put together several of these musical melodramas, and this one, directed by Raoul Walsh, is one of the smoothest. Ida Lupino starred, with Bruce Bennett as a jazz musician (one of his few good roles), Robert Alda, and Andrea King. The score includes a whole raft of classics—"The Man I Love," of course, and "Body and Soul," "Bill," "Liza," "Why Was I Born?," "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

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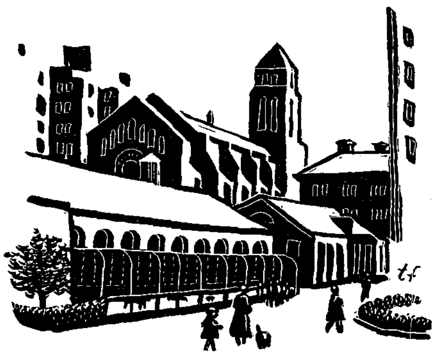
The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (Cinema 3.)

Meatballs (1979)—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 16.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it was that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robard's Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. Hughes' eyes are an old man's eyes—faded into the past, shiny and glazed by recollections—yet intense. You feel that his grungy paranoia has melted away, that he has been healed. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Beekman; starting Oct. 17.)

Middle Age Crazy—With Bruce Dern and Ann-Margret, directed by John Trent. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews Orpheum 2; Oct. 17-23. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy; starting Oct. 17.)

Motel Hell—With Rory Calhoun, directed by Kevin Connor. (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 5; starting Oct. 24.)



My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull, directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 2; through Oct. 16.)

My Brilliant Career—This stong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain (2/4/80) (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 24.)

The Nude Bomb—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (Olympia; Oct. 17-23.)

Oh, God! Book II—With George Burns, Suzanne Pleshette, and David Birney; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Beekman, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct. 23.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert M. Young (Gemini 2.)

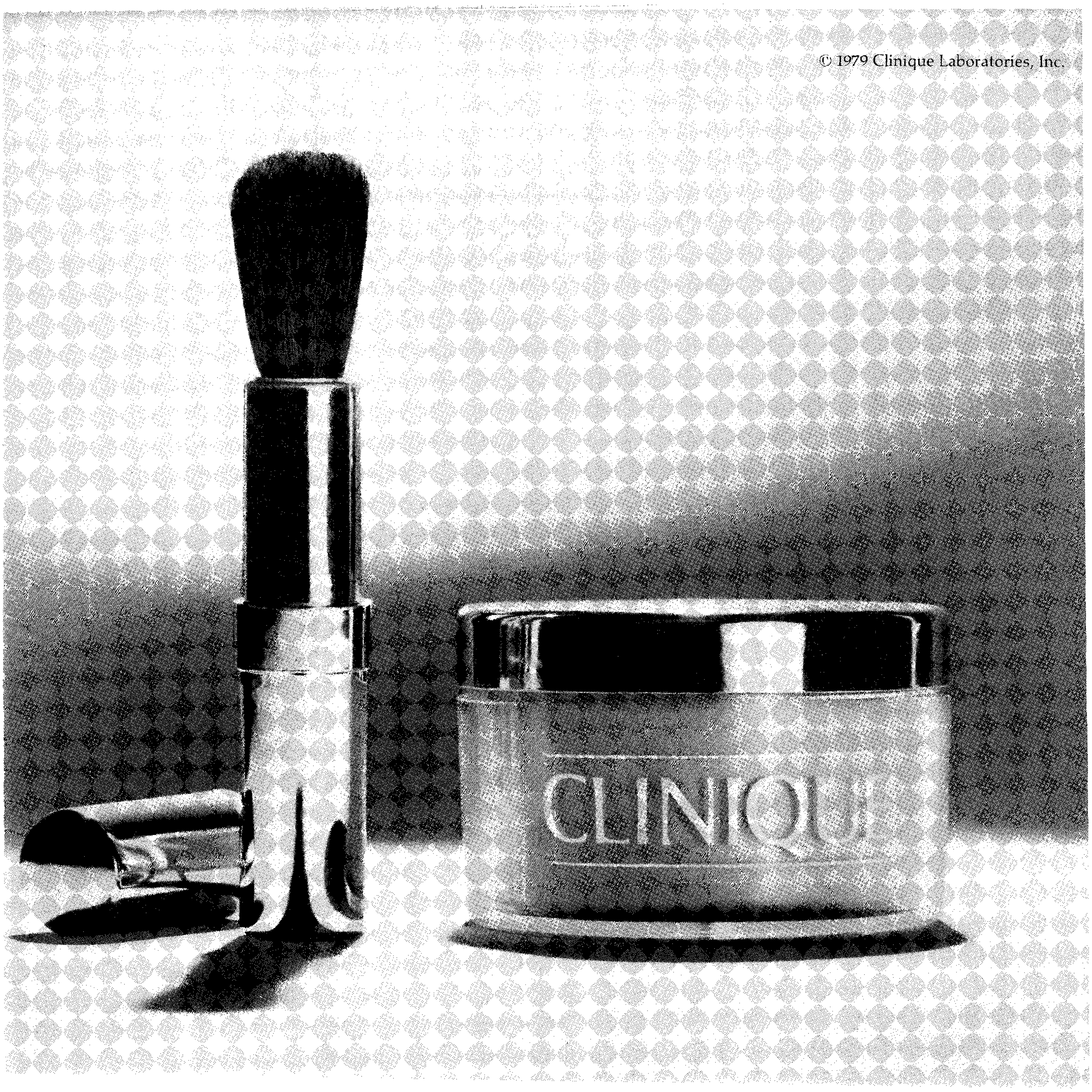
Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in cartharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb o Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts si in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room From time to time, the father, with a nervous tic of a smile, tries to make contact with his son and urges him to see the psychiatris recommended by the hospital where he was treated after a recent suicide attempt. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director Robert Redford shows talent with the actors the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent' adaptation of the popular Judith Guest nove is heavy on psychobabble. The joker abou this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she wa trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family epic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay fo Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as th idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girl friend and Meg Mundy as the grandmother (10/13/80) (Loews Tower East, and Loew Astor Plaza.)

Phantasm (1979)—With Michael Baldwin, directed by Don Coscarelli. (R.K.O. 86th St. and National; through Oct. 16.)

Private Benjamin—With Goldie Hawn, Eilee Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber; directed by Howard Zieff. (Sutton R.K.O. 86th St., and Movieland.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt a glittering theatrical sophistication, and, somehow, M-G-M brought it off. This version o the Noël Coward play was made soon afte the play came out, and perhaps the play' style and excitement carries the cast along Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Rober Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. Sidney Franklin directed; wit Reginald Denny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct 19.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as girl who exploits her charms and makes th journey from the wrong side of the tracks to rich marriage, and then to even richer liai sons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—



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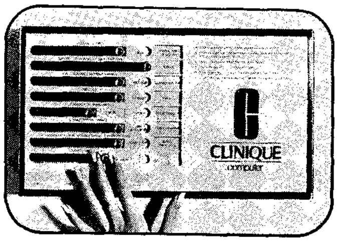

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and the picture, written by Anita Loos (based on a novel by Katharine Brush), is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Mini Cinema; Oct. 20-21.)

Return of the Secaucus 7—With Mark Arnott, directed by John Sayles. (57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 16.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thought that he erred in this one, and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he was wrong: this adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb on behalf of her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24-25.)

Sam Marlowe, Private Eye—With Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey; directed by Robert Day. (Gramercy, and Cinema II; through Oct. 16.)

Schizoid—With Klaus Kinski, Marianna Hill, and Craig Wesson; directed by David Paulsen. (U. A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Oct. 24.)

Smokey and the Bandit II—The further adventures of Smokey, Bandit, and all the others. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Sally Field, Pat McCormick, and Paul Williams. Hal Needham is again the director. (Olympia; Oct. 17-23.)

Somewhere in Time—With Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Gemini I, Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Criterion Center.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Oct. 23.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes the supremely regal (and supremely funny) Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching, Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Samuel S. Hinds, Jack Carson, William Corson, Grady Sutton, Phyllis Kennedy, Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Mary Forbes, Huntley Gordon, and Theodore Von Eltz. Directed by Gregory La Cava; from the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, adapted by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller. (Thalia; Oct. 24-25.)

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Stardust Memories—With Woody Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; directed by Allen. (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Stromboli (1950)—The first of the films that Roberto Rossellini made with Ingrid Bergman; it came out when the press was still full of the scandal of their romance, and it deals with volcanic passions. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 19.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stuntman, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, he thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey, O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz, as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 2, and 57th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 17.)

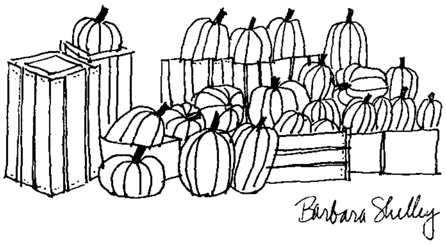
Terror Train—With Ben Johnson, Jamie Lee Curtis, and Hart Bochner; directed by Roger Spottiswoode. (Loews Orpheum 1; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Embassy 5; through Oct. 23.)

Themroc (1973)—This anarchistic, deliberately bestial black-comedy fantasy grew out of the post-1968 period in France, when it was fashionable to attack all "structures." It's about sex and the family and revolution, and it stars Michel Piccoli as Themroc (pronounced Temroc), a middle-aged factory worker who revolts, goes back to his flat, throws his material goods into the courtyard, and walls himself and his pretty young sister (Béatrice Romand), whom he has been lusting after, up in it. He lives like an animal (what animal we'll never know) feasting on pigs—i.e., policemen—roasted on a spit. Soon, others in the block of flats follow suit and join in the orgy. The characters don't speak in any known language; they grunt and squeal and make "animal" sounds. In its assault on taboos, this work somewhat resembles Makavejev's "WR—Mysteries of the Organism;" unlike Godard's "Weekend," it revels in barbarism, cannibalism, and bestiality. The director, Claude Faraldo, is ingenious and talented, though the pacing is often too slow and the thinking suggests a dirtier, French "Steelyard Blues." The usually suave Piccoli is surprisingly effective in his caveman, King Kongish role; the result is much funnier than if a normally crude actor had played the part. The cast includes members of the Théâtre de la Gare; among them are Miou-Miou and Patrick Dewaere. (Art.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Oct. 20.)

Times Square—With Tim Curry, Trini Alvarado, and Robin Johnson; directed by Alan Moyle. (Ziegfeld; starting Oct. 17.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Before the rifles of that infamous concealed regiment get poor Zapata (Marlon Brando), John Steinbeck's script has thoroughly done him in. Land and liberty, the simple slogans of the Mexican civil wars of 1911-19, are transformed into the American liberal clichés of 1952 and phrased in that slurpy imitation of simplicity and grandeur which some high-school English teachers and TV producers call "poetry." The virtues of the production are in Elia Kazan's headlong direction: some of the scenes have startling immediacy; the fighting is first-rate; even the phony folklore holds one's interest. And the actors are fun to watch: there's the magnetic young Brando (age twenty-seven) impersonating a great revolutionary leader—an illiterate young titan, a peasant and a thinker (and, in the time-worn actor-peasant tradition, he screws up his face when he has to think). And there are Anthony Quinn (his performance took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor) as Zapata's older brother; Jean Peters as Josefa; Joseph Wiseman, acting like some sinister mixture of Judas Iscariot and a junkie, as Fernando the journalist; Alan Reed as Pancho Villa; Lou Gilbert as Pablo; Margo as Soldadera; Harold Gordon as Madero; Frank Silvera as Huerta; and Mildred Dunnock, Abner Biberman, Philip Van Zandt, Henry Silva, and Arnold Moss. The film includes Steinbeck's folly: the famous, supposedly terribly touching wedding-night scene in which Zapata asks Josefa to teach him to read. Cinematography by Joe MacDonald. (Mini Cinema; Oct. 22-23.)



Why Would I Lie?—With Treat Williams and Lisa Eichhorn, directed by Larry Peerce. (New Yorker 2. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Oct. 23.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean) and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder) rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman. Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Laurence Fishburne III as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2.)

Wings (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Fine slambang hokum about airmen in the First World War, with a minute, steel-jawed appearance by the very young Gary Cooper. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 17-23.)

Worlds Apart—An Israeli picture, with Amos Kollek (who also wrote the novel on which the film is based), Shelby Leverington, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Barbara Noble. (Manhattan 2; starting Oct. 17.)

Yanks—An invasion of England by American troops in the early days of the Second World War. Director John Schlesinger masses hi G.I.s in great numbers, and essays three love stories between visitors and hosts, but it's al soft and false—tepid, in fact. Vanessa Redgrave and the talented Lisa Eichhorn are involved. (10/1/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Young Mr. Lincoln (1939)—One of John Ford's most memorable films, and not at all the tedious bummer that the title might suggest. The film is an embroidery (by the scenaris Lamar Trotti) on an actual murder trial in which Lincoln was the defense lawyer. Henry Fonda, in one of his best early performances, is funny and poignant as the drawling, awkward young hero, and Alice Brady plays the mother of the two defendants, Richard Cromwell and Eddie Quillan. With Pauline Moore as Ann Rutledge, Marjorie Weaver as Mary Todd, and Arleen Whelan, Ward Bond, Donald Meek, Robert Lowery, and assorted members of the Ford stock company. (Regency; Oct. 21-22.)

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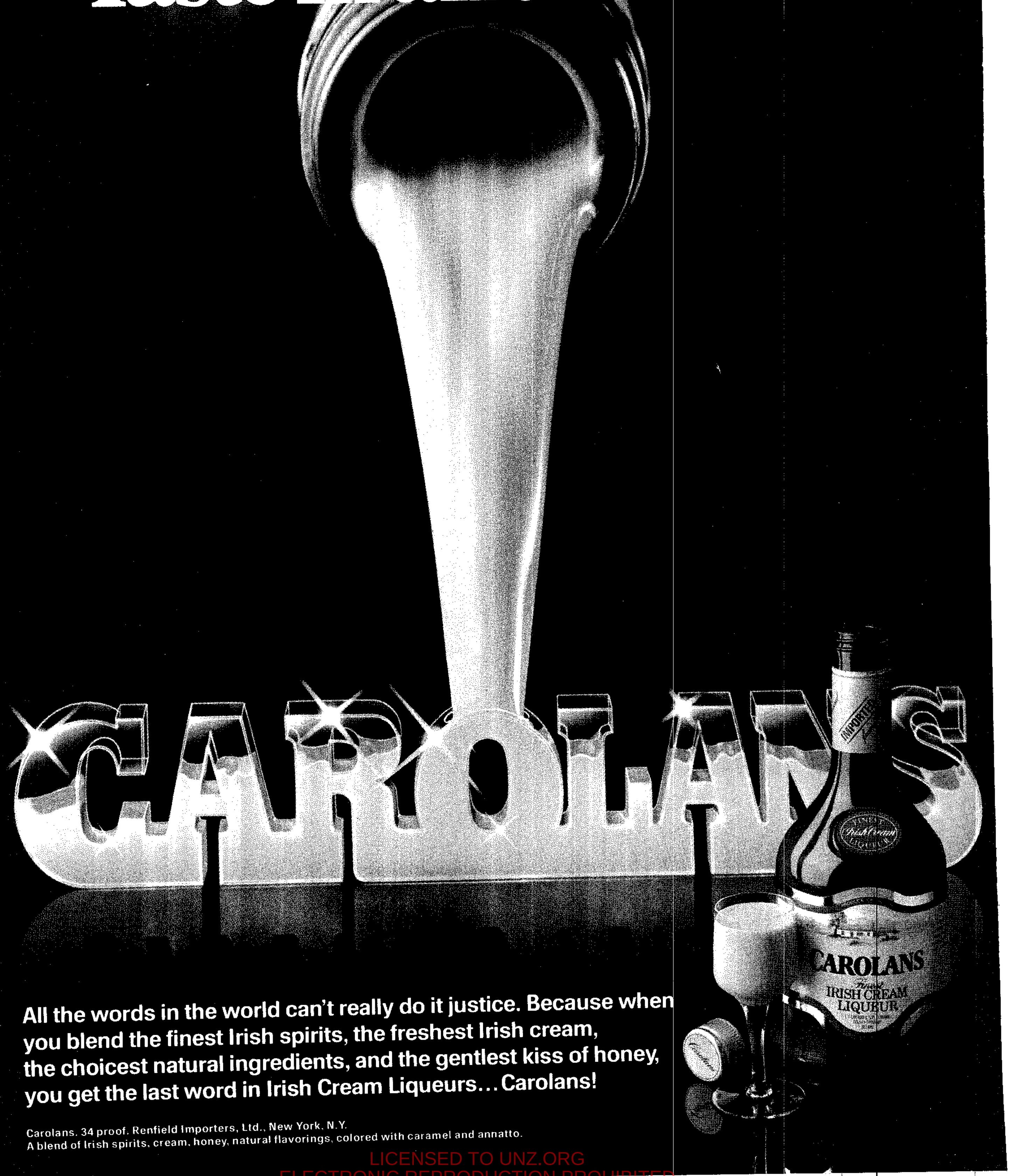
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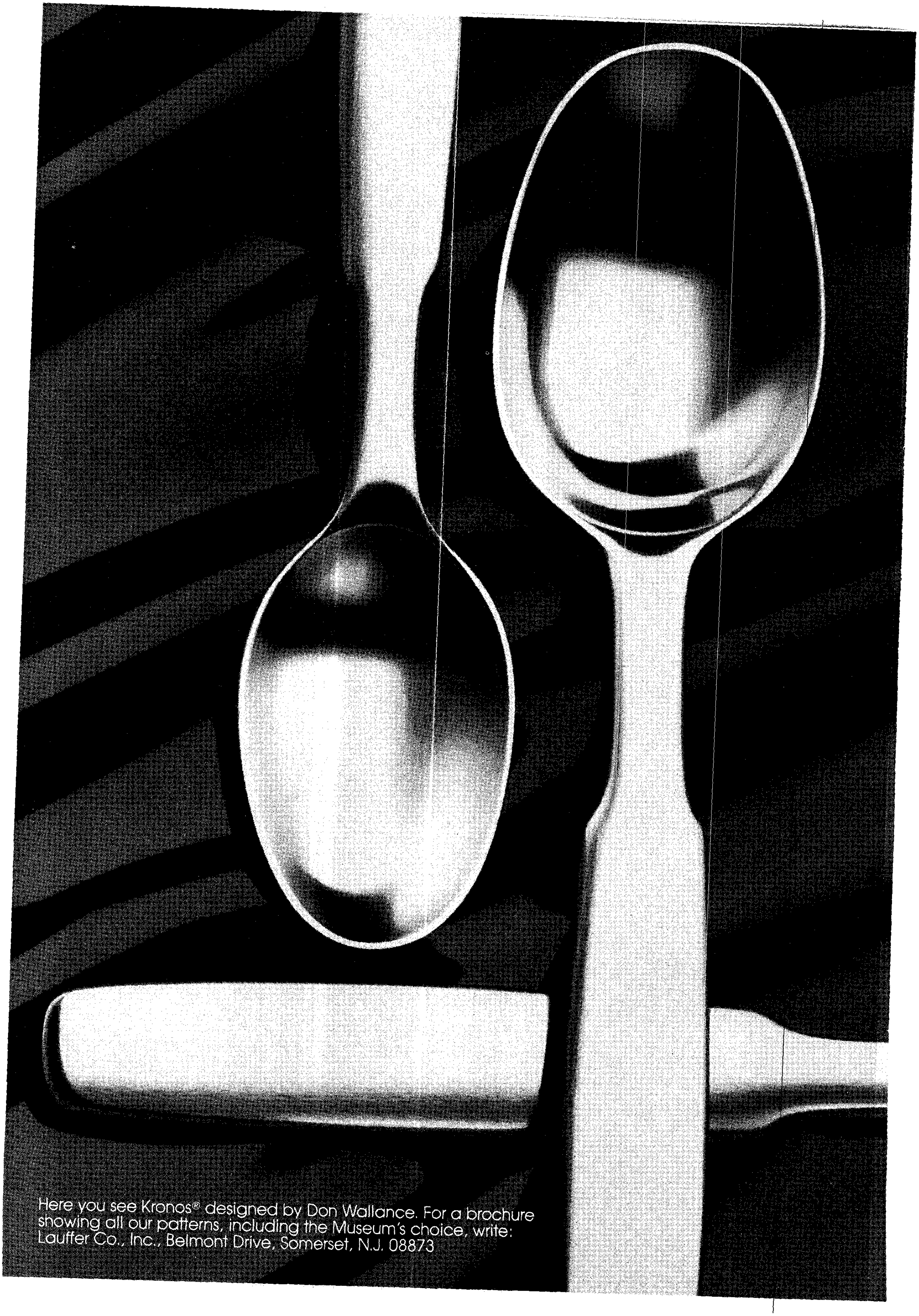

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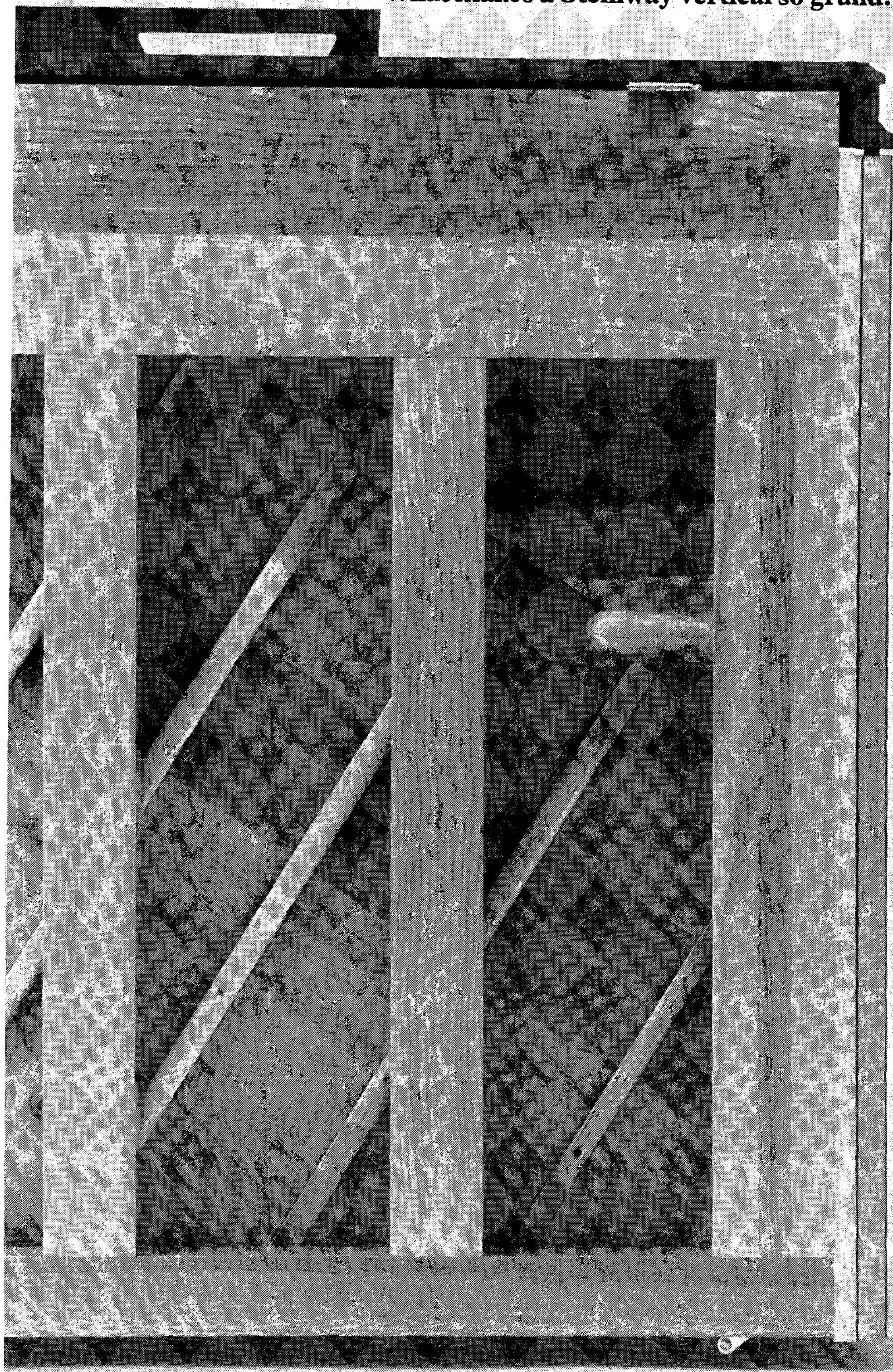

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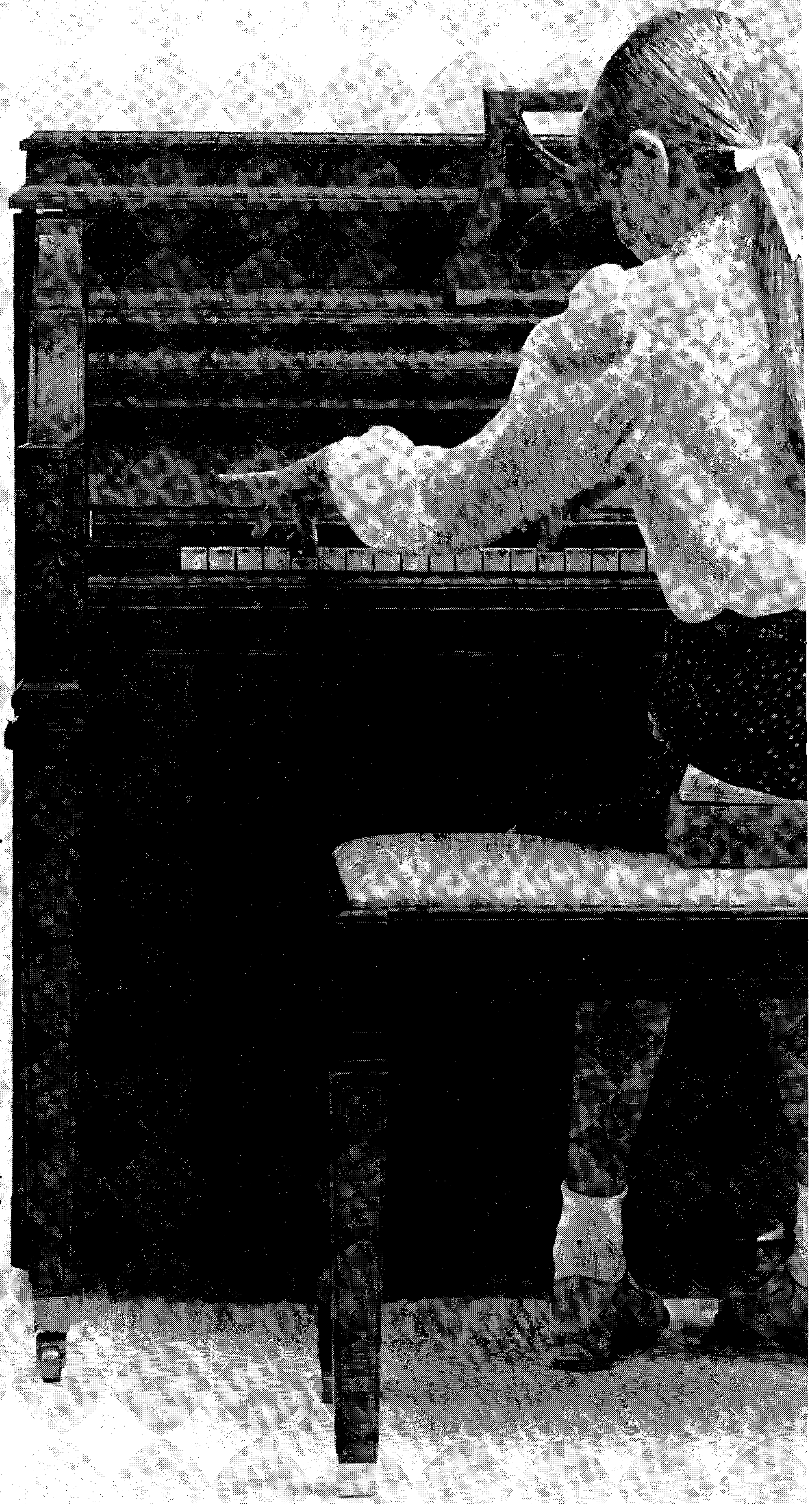

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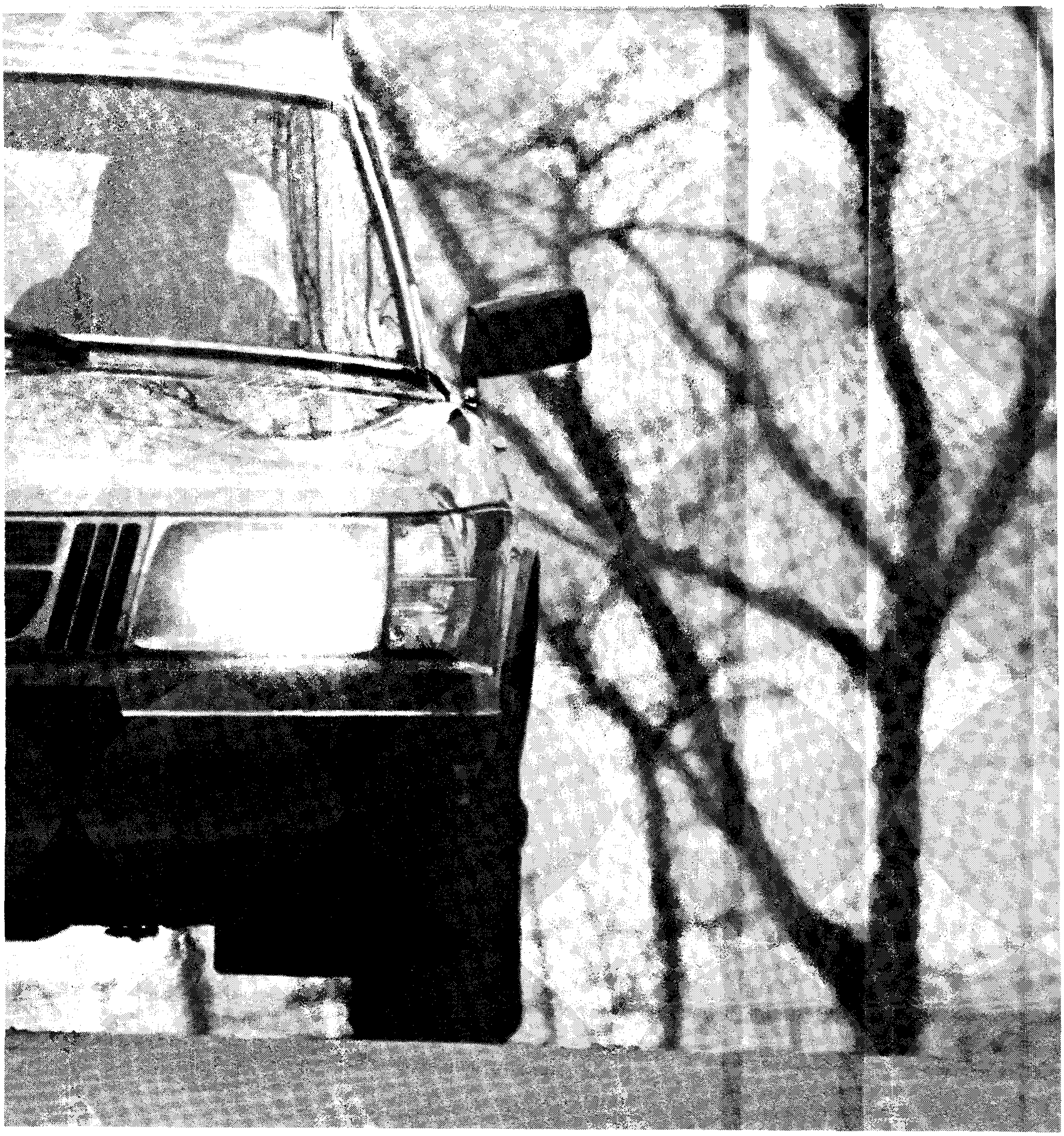

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF anyone has failed to notice the increasing importance of public-relations images in our world, he has only to glance at a recent front-page headline in the *Times* which read, "UNRULY YOUTHS SHATTER SWISS IMAGE"—a manner of speaking which seemed to suggest that a band of Swiss youths, perhaps feeling misrepresented by Switzerland's international reputation as a land of bankers, watchmakers, and chocolatiers living in peaceful, rustic, Alpine bliss, had ascertained the location of Switzerland's image in a secret government vault somewhere, launched an attack on it, and broken it into pieces. (This "shattering" was somewhat unusual; images are usually damaged by being "tarnished.") Because it treated the fortunes of an image as a hard-news item, the *Times* headline marked a new advance in the rise of public-relations thinking. Since images are as vulnerable to unfavorable newspaper articles—and especially to ones with highly interpretive headlines—as to assaults by unruly youths, the *Times* might have been expected to follow up its first article with a second one, headlined "NEW YORK TIMES FURTHER SHATTERS SWISS IMAGE" and reading, "Unruly New York *Times* editors and reporters dealt a severe second blow to Switzerland's image today," and so on; but no such article appeared. What actually occurred in Switzerland, according to the article that did appear, was that in Zurich last May (it turns out that Switzerland has been making do without an image for almost five months now) several thousand youths, some of them unclothed, had demonstrated against the use of city funds for the renovation of the Zurich opera house rather than for a youth center. They had broken some windows, and a number of them had been injured by the police. In succeeding months, there were other demonstrations in other cities. By behaving in an unruly fashion, the *Times* wrote, the Swiss youths "have succeeded in shattering the image of order and quiet industriousness that the Swiss have spent hundreds of years in acquiring." No one alleged that the youths had threatened the security of Switzerland's banks, in which so many foreigners keep large sums of money in anonymous, numbered accounts, yet one observer noted that "when the city trembles, the banks quake," and the *Times* went on to comment, "Switzerland's fortune is its reputation as a haven of calm and sanity in a chaotic world." Unfortunately, what might look like calm and sanity to nervous Arab potentates wondering where to stash their petrodollars looked considerably less attractive to the Swiss youths, some of whom, in a further blow to Switzerland's image, had taken to referring to the Swiss Establishment as "pack ice."

In times past, governments concerned themselves largely with such substantive matters as the national defense, the state of the economy, and the soundness of the nation's institutions. Today, these obligations at times seem almost eclipsed by concern about a less tangible asset—the national image. But an image is an uncomfortable thing for a country to live with, or live *in*, as the case may be, since it may prescribe in detail how everybody must act, or appear to act. Moreover, it is a fragile, wispy thing. A stone thrown through a store window breaks a hole in the national image, too. "Acquired" by an entire nation through hundreds of years of cautious living, the image can be wrecked by a handful of young people in a few riotous hours. By running through the streets and taking off their clothes, it seems, the rowdy Swiss youths stripped their whole country bare, and left it exposed to the howling winds of bad publicity.

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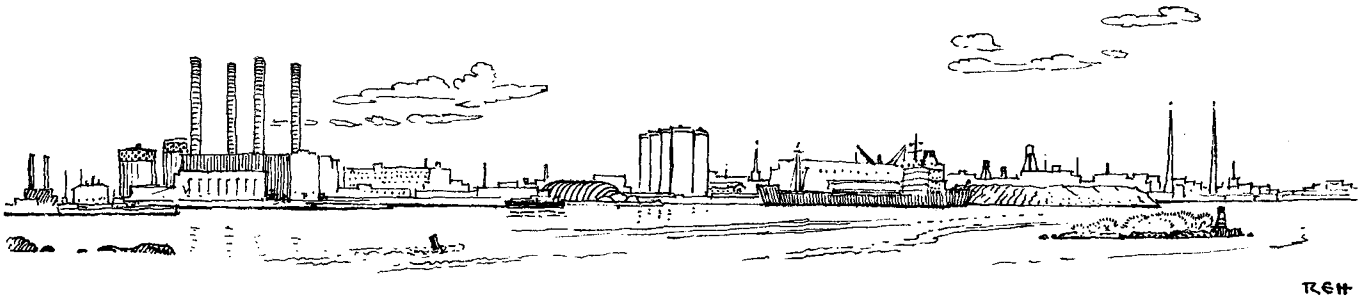
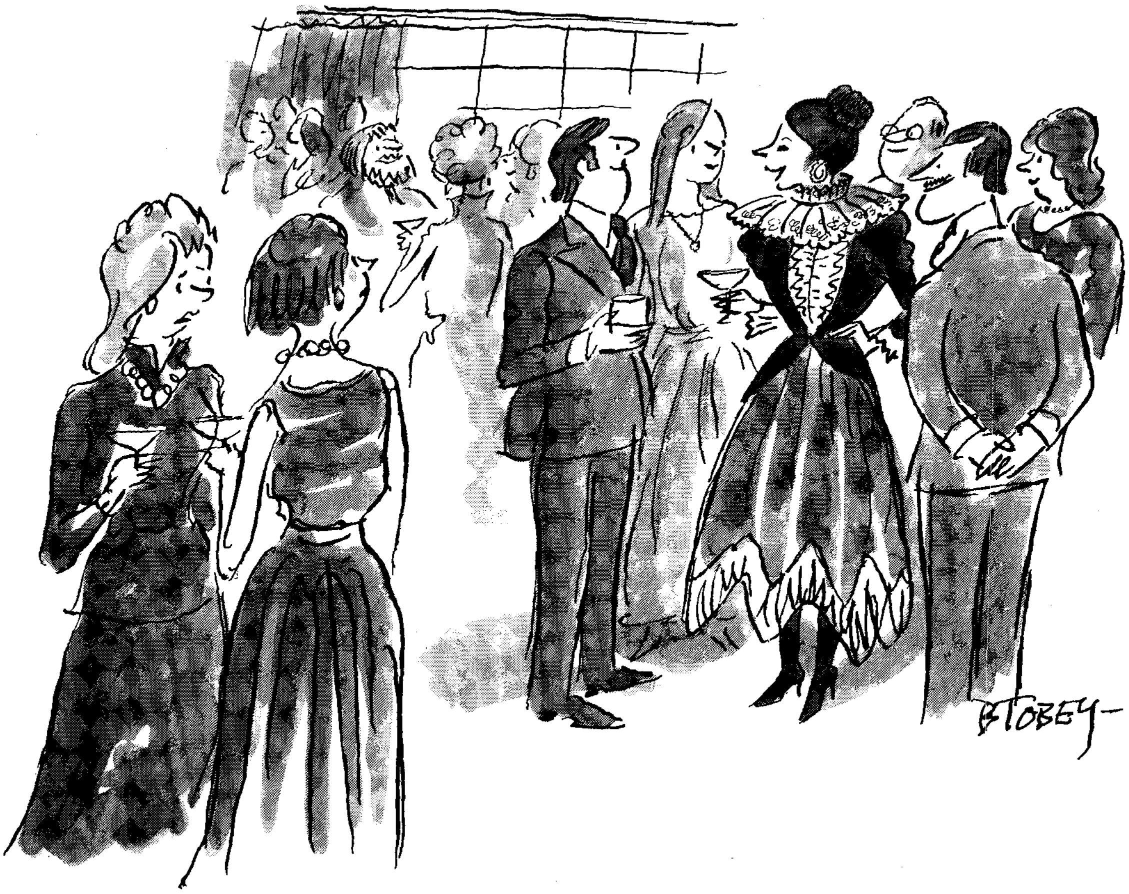
What Happened?

WHAT happened?

Outside the main entrance to the Garden, while a packed house watched the closed-circuit telecast of





"Paris dictates, Seventh Avenue makes, Irma Sanderson buys."

the Ali-Holmes fight, a black guy and a white guy had this conversation:

Black Guy: "Ali's gon get eight MIL-y'n dollars for this fight. Eight . . . MIL . . . y'n dollars! You ever hear of a black man in the history of the world made eight MIL-y'n dollars?"

White Guy: "How much did Alex Haley make for 'Roots'?"

Black Guy: "Didn't make no eight MIL-y'n dollars, that's for sure."

White Guy: "Well, if you had eight million dollars, you wouldn't have to do anything ever again."

Black Guy: "I'd go out there and lay down my own se'f for eight MIL-y'n dollars."

White Guy: "Just one million dollars earns fifty thousand dollars a year interest."

Black Guy: "That's right, and don't forget some banks give eight per cent."

Yes, and what happened?

A West Indian guy and a ticket scalper got into a fight. The West Indian was yelling that the scalper tried to run off with his money. The cops, who were standing out of the light rain, under the roof that covers the escalators down into Penn Station, watched for a while to determine if the fight was worth throwing away their cigarettes for. One cop said, "We'll pick up the loser." Then the cops threw down their cigarettes, stepped on them, and went out in the rain and arrested the scalper.

Yes, and what happened?

And a white guy in a houndstooth tweed jacket and bluejeans discovered he was invisible when a member of the Black Muslim religion came up and gave handbills to all the black people standing around him but not to him and then a white cop came up and said to the Black Muslim, "Sell your crap down on the sidewalk and not on these steps," and the cop moved the Muslim and all the black people off the steps but not the white guy in the houndstooth jacket.

Yes, and . . . ?

And there were about eleven limousines on the street and they all had white passengers and they all had black drivers, and one of them had a Michigan license plate saying "Michigan, Great Lakes State," and out of that particular limousine the black driver, who was wearing a safari jacket, emerged and walked around the crowd of scalpers looking for tickets, and then went back into the limousine and leaned over the front seat and conferred with the people in back, then got out and walked around some more, then went back and conferred some more, then got out again, then conferred again; then a white guy, mid-forties, Arrow shirt, sleeves rolled up on forearms, gray herringbone tweed pants, angry, anything-you-want-done-well-you-have-to-do-yourself, etc., got out of the back of the limousine and walked around in the crowd, also without success.

And what . . . ?

And a tall black guy in a purple warmup jacket had both his arms around a big radio tuned to an all-news station, which announced the results about every three rounds, and when the news of the fight came on he turned up the volume and everybody standing nearby clustered around, including the white guy from the limousine and his chauffeur, and a short black man danced a pantomime of the announcer's description: "Early in the round, Ali dropped his arms to his sides [arms at sides] and allowed Holmes to throw punches at will. Holmes missed with several jabs [quick jerks of chin away from punches], then caught Ali with a left to the side of the head [staggering, stung]."

And . . . ?

And a German guy came up and said, "Is the fight not transmitted on television?"

And a bunch of cowboys in town for the rodeo in the Garden walked by, and one, with silver-toed cowboy boots, saw a woman selling Muhammad Ali posters, and he said to another, "Hey, C.J.! I want to get me one."

And then there was no news of the

fight over the radio for a long time. The people outside were uneasy. Then a girl with blond hair cut short came running down the entry ramp and past the police barricades. And a black kid said, "What happened?"

"Holmes won."

"Holmes? Holmes? Holmes won?"

And all the people outside the Garden were stopping people who were coming out and saying, "What happened?"

"What's-his-name won."

"Who? Holmes?"

"Yeah. The other guy. Not Ali."

"What happened?"

"Holmes was gon kill him. Ali couldn't th'ow a punch."

"Were you inside? What . . . ?"

"Total joke. Total mistake."

"Hey, man, what happened?"

"Goodbye! Goodbye, Muhammad Ali! You was a good old boy!"

From England

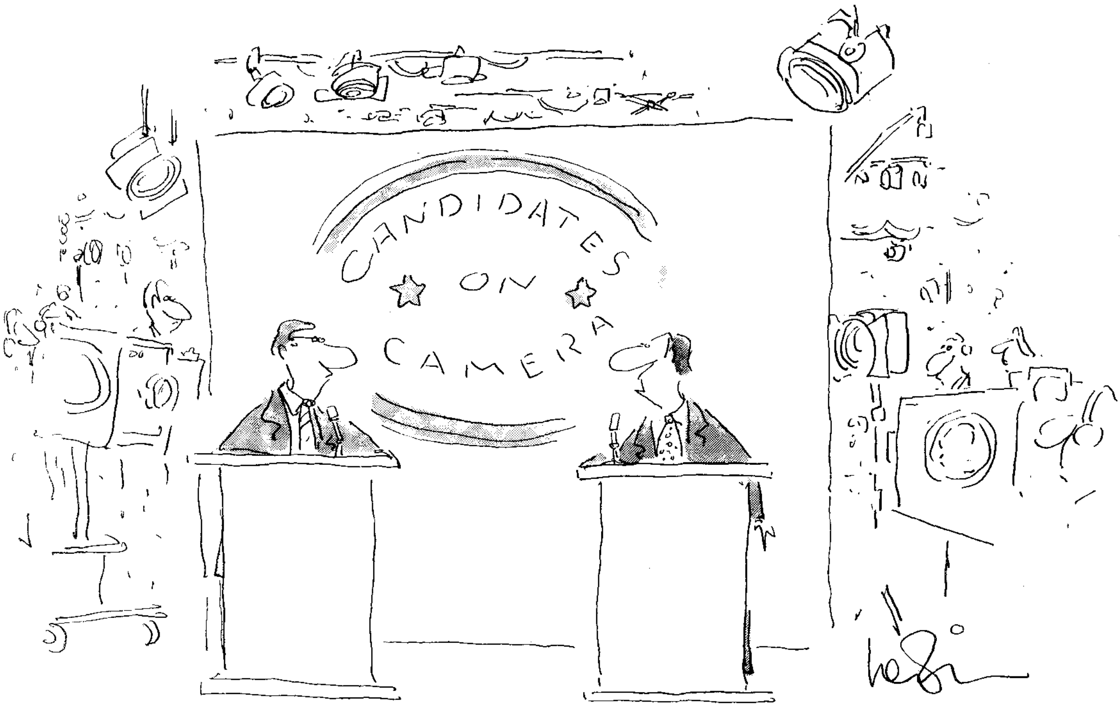
NEVER before has the Cooper-Hewitt Museum had this many silver mustard pots. More than one hundred and fifty of them. From England. England—where food is served with mustard so people will realize hey're eating. The silver mustard pots are at the museum right now. They've come to the Cooper-Hewitt courtesy of Colman Foods, which is in the business. Eight years ago, Colman hired a young woman named Honor Godfrey to do historical research on old packaging and advertising material. Six years ago, the company started collecting silver mustard pots, and eventually it designated Honor Godfrey ts mustard-pot curator. Here she is at the Cooper-Hewitt to present a lecture and slide show about silver musard pots. The man who ust introduced her said, 'On a personal note, I'd like to point out hat Honor is a member of the Ephemera Society and also has a special interest in domestic appliances. So if anybody here has any extra vacuum cleaners or Mixmasters, you'll want to take that up with her afterward."

Honor Godfrey stands at the microphone now. She's tall, from England, wears eyeglasses, and has straight, short brown hair. Her cotton dress is the color of mustard flowers. Here come the slides. Eighty of them. No jokes. Simply this: the traditional method of harvesting mustard; the way mustard was made in about 1890; the use of mustard pots in children's books; the rectangular mustard pot; the oval mustard pot; the seven-sided pot; the cylindrical; the rococo; compressed circular; matching pairs of mustard pots; regimental-drum m.p.; unusual-thumbpiece-naturalistic m.p.; pierced octagonal; Victorian eclectic; very-difficult-to-know-what-to-say-about-this-one-it's-a-rustic-stump-with-a-predatory-owl-very-nice-very-nice. Finally: "It's extremely easy to fake a mustard pot."

Afterward, Honor Godfrey, a totally pleasant person, is detained briefly as she makes her way to the garden behind the Cooper-Hewitt to have some hors d'oeuvres that have been garnished with a yellowish condiment. She says, "My work with the Colman Collection of Silver Mustard Pots is something that I only do part-time. I never really knew anything about decorative arts before I became involved with this. I work through a public-relations agency. The Ephemera Society is for collectible throwaways—things that you use only once, like napkins or paper bags. Yes, I'm also collecting vacuum cleaners. In fact, they're taking over my office. But that has nothing to do with my interest in the Ephemera Society. I'm multi-faceted."

Great

MERV GRIFFIN, that great bon-vivant television-talk-show host extraordinaire, has written his autobiography, and to celebrate its publication Richard E. Snyder, the president of Simon & Schuster (and the publisher of Merv's book) threw a party for Merv Griffin in his penthouse suite at the St. Moritz Hotel. Almost everything about this party was great: the food (platters of cold cuts, cheese, pâté, bowls of black olives, three different kinds of bread) was great, and there was lots of it; the flowers were great, and they were all over the place and they were real; the chess set that was there just in case anyone wanted to play a game of chess was great, and it had a real marble board; Bobby Short, the great saloon singer and pianist, was there, and he looked great; Edwin Newman, that St. George of the English language, was there, and a lot of people were willing to swear that his presence alone was great; Christopher Reeve, the star of "Superman," was



"Ditto."

there, and many of the people at the party looked at him as if they thought he was great; Gloria Swanson, the great former Hollywood beauty and actress, was there, and she was wondering out loud if her new book—her autobiography—started too slow to grab the reader's attention, but a woman who had just said to her, "Miss Swanson, you don't remember me. Barbara Walters brought me up to your apartment the other day," now said, "Oh, but I think your book is so wonderful, so great;" Barbara Howar, the well-known Washington social person and writer, was there, and she is extremely great; a woman was there who was talking about that great best-seller about that titan of society and fashion Gloria Vanderbilt, and she was saying to a man whose greatness wasn't obvious but couldn't be doubted, "Everything is great. The book is being used at Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth for the sense of history;" Dan Green, the head of one of Simon & Schuster's great divisions, was there, and he was talking to Dominique Lapierre, the co-author of a fictional book about New York City being held hostage by terrorists who have an atom bomb—which is an idea so great that most people can hardly get through the day for worrying about it; Joni Evans, head of *her* own book-publishing division under the Simon & Schuster imprint and the wife of Richard E. Snyder, was there, and she is such a great human being that she kept trying to get a reporter to take home some of the food that the great guests hadn't consumed; and, of course, Merv Griffin was there, and he shook hands with the guests and smiled at them, and when he smiled his teeth looked white and gleaming and great.

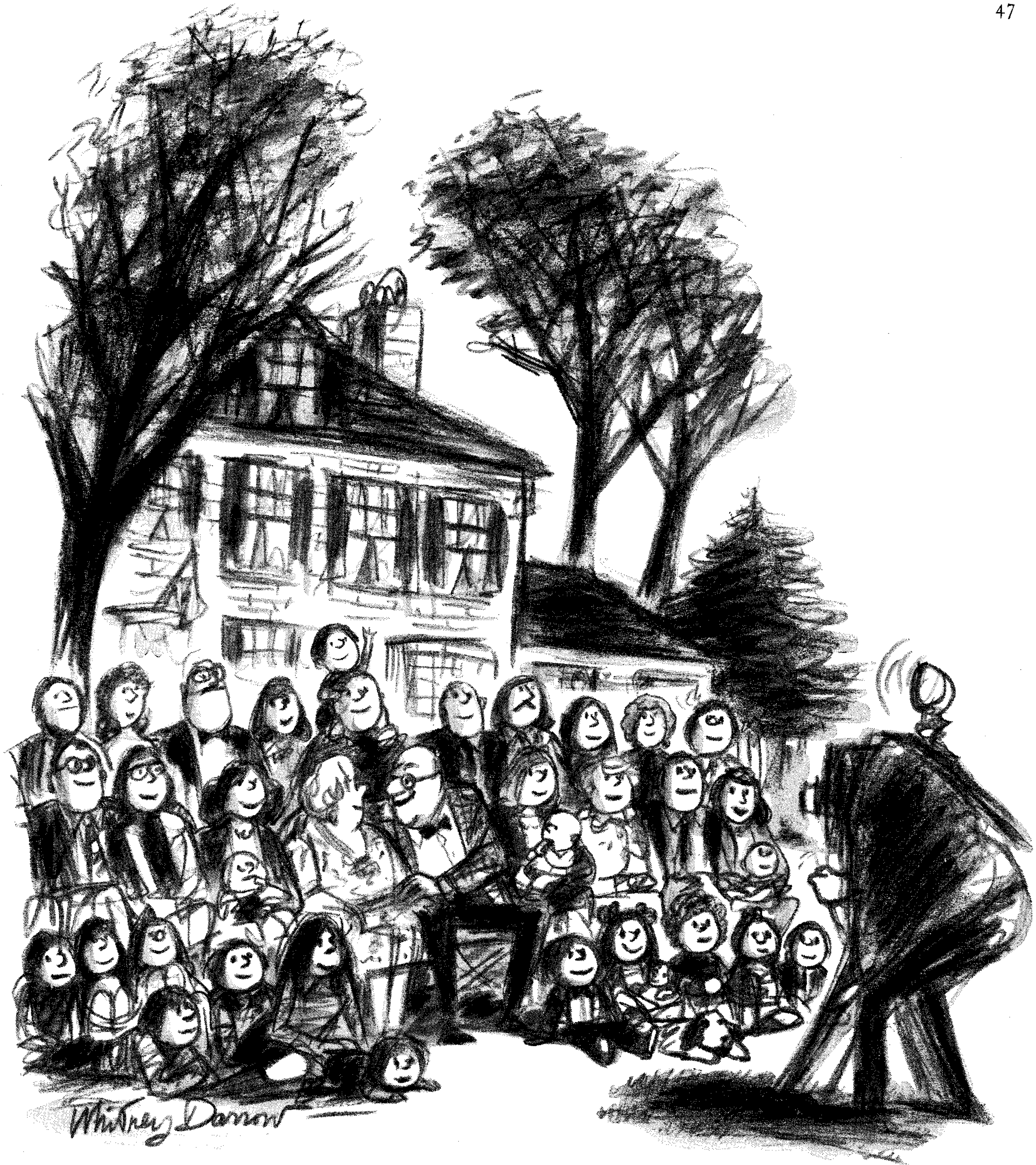
Years ago, on "The Merv Griffin Show," the actor Forrest Tucker, who was a guest on the show that day, turned to the actor Mickey Rooney, who was also a guest on the show that day, to tell him what a great actor he was. He said, "They can put you up there with anybody. I don't care. You're greater than any of them. You're greater than Gielgud."

Grand Marshal

THAT young man standing at the corner of Third Avenue and Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn—the slender fellow with the light-brown mustache, the fellow wearing the pearl-gray morning suit, the ascot, and the top hat, and carrying a battery-operated megaphone—is Charles Ziff. In a few minutes, at noon on a Sunday, the sixth annual Atlantic Antic parade is supposed to proceed a long mile down Atlantic Avenue, from Boerum Hill to Brooklyn Heights, past an audience of two hundred thousand people. Right now, Mr. Ziff feels a little jumpy, because two of Abraham & Straus's four parade floats haven't yet arrived, and because there is a misunderstanding with Specialist Alfred Harris, of the Army's Fort Hamilton Ceremonial Platoon, that needs to be cleared up before the parade can begin. Mr. Ziff is concerned about these and a few other things because he is the grand marshal of the parade. He has never been a grand marshal before and doesn't know when he'll get to be one again, so he wants this to go off with no hitches.

Planning for the Atlantic Antic has been under way for months, and Charles Ziff, who is in his early thirties and works for the Ford Foundation as a performing-arts marketing consultant, has put a lot of energy into it. Just yesterday, he had these details to attend to: he had to deliver the last of sixty white balloons to Rick Kantor, an artist who, in his apartment in Brooklyn Heights, was using a vacuum cleaner to inflate the balloons until they were six feet in diameter, and was then decorating them with the names of businesses and individuals who had paid thirty-five dollars each for a helium-filled parade advertisement (Malko Grocery, Tripoli Restaurant, Brooklyn Union Gas, Joely Dance Studios, Rubba Dubba Hot Tubs, etc.); he had to stop by the home of a woman named Kate Vachon, who works for a theatrical-costume company, for a final fitting of his morning suit, ascot, top hat, and the rest; he had to debate with himself whether, as grand marshal, he should borrow a valuable pair of canvas spats that Mrs. Vachon had on hand (decision: no spats); he had to receive from Mrs. Vachon a dozen red-white-and-blue cloth armbands with Velcro backing, to be worn by the parade marshals; he had to drop by the headquarters of the Atlantic Antic, at a real-estate office on Hoyt Street, so that he and Joyce Gibbs, the coördinator of the Antic, could discuss how to distribute certificates to the participants in the human roller-skating caterpillar, which would form the tail end of the parade; he had to go by his own apartment, where his wife, Kay, and their two-year-old daughter, Emily, were waiting to be taken to Abraham & Straus, where they would pick up the red flannel nighties that they would wear while riding on an A. & S. parade float called "The Red Flannel Factory;" he had to get involved in a digressive conversation with Charles Laemmle, Abraham & Straus's design director for special events, who was thinking about what he would do when this was all over ("I'm booked to do a performance at the Brooklyn Union Gas headquarters on how to decorate with sheets. You know, on bookcases, walls, furniture—how to paste it, how to staple it, how to shirr it. There aren't too many other ways; believe me, I've tried them all. Shirring looks good, but it's a real dirt collector").

He had to do all this and a few other things and then go home and sleep well, so that he would be in good shape for a meeting at ten o'clock this morning, Parade Day, with the parade marshals. During the meeting, he would distribute handfuls of lollipops ("The purpose of the lollipops is that you might come up against someone who has an irreconcilable problem—the balloon's the wrong color, they don't like their position in the parade. When all else fails, give them a lollipop") and issue last-minute orders ("Now, which marshal has Position No. 31? Roger? O.K., that's an open position. That may be Japanese ladies in traditional costume. The question is whether their costumes are too heavy for them to walk the whole route. In which case they'll ride on the back of the Brooklyn Union Gas flatbed truck. Position No. 33, 'Kids and Clowns in Costume'—that's been cancelled. Maria Nazario was our contact on



"Some relationship, huh, kid?"

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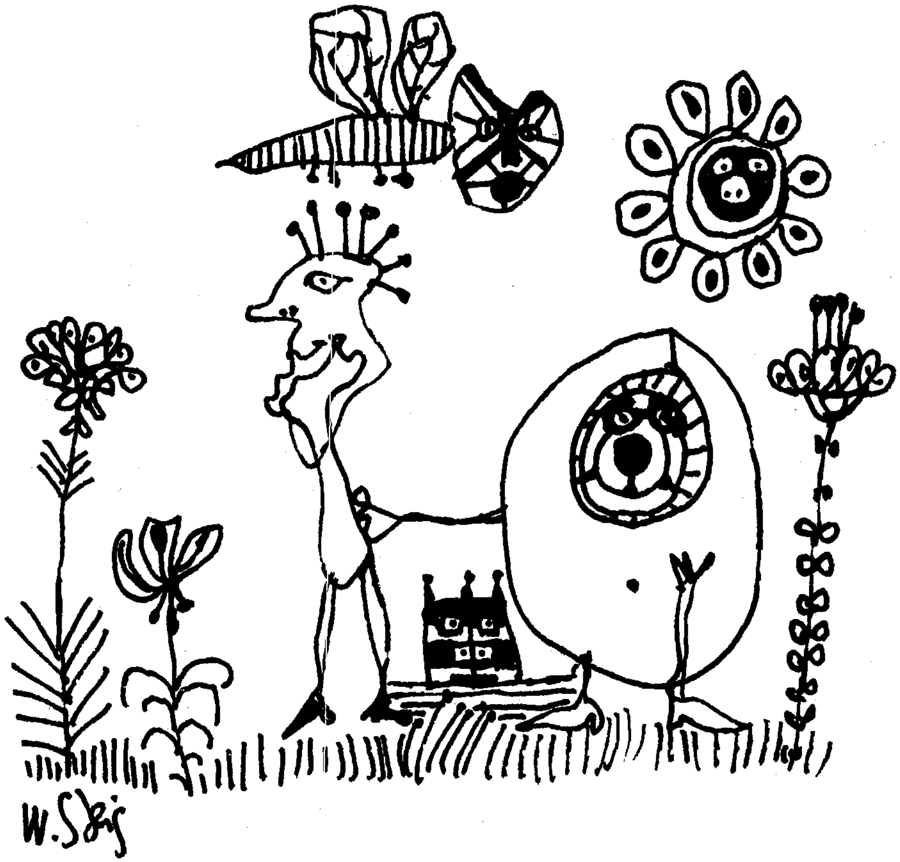
that one. She's only eleven years old, and the confirmation letter we sent might have frightened her off. But if any clowns or mimes show up send them to Roger").

And now he is out on the street corner, and Specialist Harris, from the Army Ceremonial Platoon, is saying, "It's not me personally, it's regulations. By regu*la*tion, if we're *in* a parade we're supposed to march at the *head* of the parade. Now, you've got us in the No. 7 position and the Navy Yard Boys Club Sea Cadets are up *front*. It's not an Army-versus-Navy thing, it's just regu*la*tions."

Charles Ziff has a look of controlled pain on his face, and he should really relax. In a minute, the last two Abraham & Straus floats are going to arrive, and Specialist Harris is going



Mischief-Makers

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to back off. Mr. Ziff will then step to the front of the parade formation, blow a whistle, wave his top hat, and watch the Navy Yard Boys Club Sea Cadets and everyone else—bagpipers, stiltwalkers, cheerleaders, Girl Scouts, politicians, clowns, mimes, dancers, buglers, drummers, giant balloons—pull out. Then he will run to the back of the parade, to a spot just ahead of the six-hundred-and-eighty-two-leg human roller-skating caterpillar, get into a chocolate-brown 1972 Chevy convertible, perch himself, like a grand marshal, above the back seat, and take a noisy ride down Atlantic Avenue.

Your Dreams and You

Q: A few nights ago, I had this really weird dream. I wonder if you can tell me what it means. I dreamed I was holding a copy of the *News* in my hands and I saw this ad that said, "The Dream Machines—A Dream of a Sale. 25%–50% Off Our Entire Stock of Bed Pillows." This part of the dream is kind of fuzzy, actually—I can't remember whether the ad is in the *News* or the *Post*, or whether the sale is at Macy's or Gimbels. Anyway, the next thing I know I'm in this department store (now that I think of it, it *was* Gimbels), and I'm reading this sign that says that the international clairvoyant astrologer Frederick Davies will be on the fifth floor in the bedding section talking about dreams and interpreting dreams, so I go up there—I think I took the escalator—and there's this guy in a white suit and he's saying, "Dreams are prophetic. Once, many years ago in London, I'd just gone to see a production of 'Gypsy' and that night I had a dream where I saw Angela Lansbury getting a Tony award in New York for 'Gypsy,' so the next day I called her up and told her my dream and she said that there were no plans to take the show to New York, but then a year later they did take the show to New York and Angela Lansbury won a Tony for her performance, just as I'd predicted." Then this guy (he must have been Frederick Davies, the astrologer mentioned in the sign) goes on to say that people born under the sign of Virgo often dream about stationery and Xerox machines. Then, suddenly, I became very frightened when this group called The Applausettes, who are singing waiters from the Applause Restaurant, come out and start to sing songs like "California Dreamin'" and "Dream a Little Dream of Me," and I try and get away, and everywhere I turn there is nothing but bedding, and the last thing I see in the dream is a sign that says:

Dust Ruffles and Shams
Solid Colors by Acme Quilting

	reg	sale
twin	20.00	17.99
full	23.00	20.99
queen	26.00	23.99
king	29.00	26.99
sham	15.00	13.99

A: Many dreams that seem baffling to the layman are actually meaningful patterns of symbols which the professional trained in dream analysis can recognize in an instant. For example, you could not possibly know (unless you have read Von Ulm's "Department-Store-Sale Dreams and the Riddle of Consciousness," which I'm sure you haven't) that any dreams involving Gimbels signify a deep desire on the part of the dreamer to spend eleven years and three months on a space station with Chancellor of Schools Frank Macchiarola. Also, any time escalators appear in dreams it means that the person having the dream owns a broken meat thermometer. Do you have a meat thermometer? I bet you do. Take it out of the utensils drawer and see if it's still working. Your subconscious is trying to tell you something about your meat thermometer. People who dream about people who dream about Angela Lansbury fall into one of the most common categories of dreamers who dream about other people dreaming. Such dreams mean nothing except that the person having the dream is irretrievably drab and awful. Your fear, in the dream, of The Applausettes means that some member of your immediate family will date a fern. Every single dream involving price lists of dust ruffles and shams which anyone has ever had has invariably meant that the person having the dream needs to get the inexpensive new "Call Holding and Call Relaying" system now being offered by New York Telephonebell: "The Telephonebell System—Bringing Americans Closer Together, and Also Threatening Writers of Dream-Analysis Columns with Death Unless They Include Free Promotional Messages in Their Copy."

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE

November 13, 1823

I was walking home from the theatre with Goethe this evening when we saw a small boy in a plum-colored waistcoat. Youth, Goethe said, is the silky apple butter on the good brown bread of possibility.

December 9, 1823

Goethe had sent me an invitation to dinner. As I entered his sitting room I found him warming his hands before a cheerful fire. We discussed the meal to come at some length, for the planning of it had been an occasion of earnest thought to him and he was in quite good spirits about the anticipated results, which included sweetbreads prepared in the French manner with celery root and paprika. Food, said Goethe, is the topmost taper on the golden candelabrum of existence.

January 11, 1824

Dinner alone with Goethe. Goethe said, "I will now confide to you some of my ideas about music, something I have been considering for many years. You will have noted that although certain members of the animal kingdom make a kind of music—one speaks of the 'song' of birds, for example—no animal known to us takes part in what may be termed an organized musical performance. Man alone does that. I have wondered about crickets—whether their evening cacophony might be considered in this light, as a species of performance, albeit one of little significance to our ears. I have asked Humboldt about it, and Humboldt replied that he thought not, that it is merely a bad habit on the part of crickets. The great point here, the point that I may choose to enlarge upon in some future work, is not that the members of the animal kingdom do not unite wholeheartedly in this musical way but that man does, to the eternal comfort and glory of his soul."

Music, Goethe said, is the frozen tapioca in the ice chest of History.

March 22, 1824

Goethe had been desirous of making the acquaintance of a young Englishman, a Lieutenant Whitby, then in Weimar on business. I conducted this gentleman to Goethe's house, where Goethe greeted us most cordially and offered us wine and biscuits. English, he said, was a wholly splendid language, which had given him the deepest pleasure over many years. He had mastered it early, he told us, in order to be able to savor the felicities and tragic depths of Shakespeare, with whom no author in the world, before or since, could rightfully be compared. We were in a most pleasant mood and continued to talk about the accomplishments of the young lieutenant's countrymen until quite late. The English, Goethe said in parting, are the shining brown varnish on the sad chiffonier of civilization. Lieutenant Whitby blushed most noticeably.

April 7, 1824

When I entered Goethe's house at noon, a wrapped parcel was standing in the foyer. "And what do you imagine this may be?" asked Goethe with a smile. I could not for the life of me fathom what the parcel might contain, for it was most oddly shaped. Goethe explained that it was a sculpture, a gift from his friend van den Broot, the Dutch artist. He unwrapped the package with the utmost care, and I was seized with admiration when the noble figure within was revealed: a representation, in bronze, of a young woman dressed as Diana, her bow bent and an arrow on the string. We marvelled together at the perfection of form and fineness of detail, most of all at the indefinable aura of spirituality which radiated from the work. "Truly astonishing!" Goethe exclaimed, and I hastened to agree. Art, Goethe said, is the four per cent interest on the municipal bond of life. He was very pleased with this remark and repeated it several times.

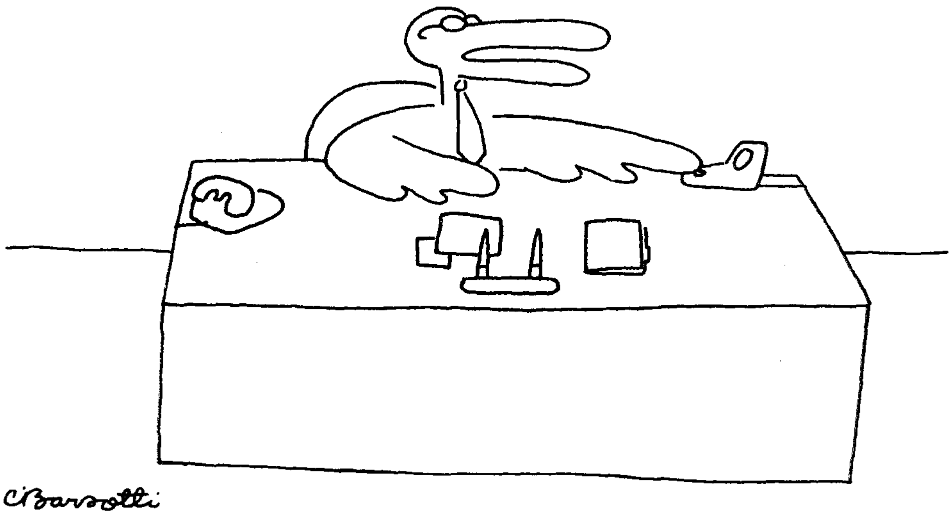
June 18, 1824

Goethe had been having great difficulties with a particular actress at the theatre, a person who conceived that her own notion of how her role was to be played was superior to Goethe's. "It is not enough," he said, sighing, "that I have mimed every gesture for the poor creature, that nothing has been left unexplored in this character I myself have created, willed into being. She persists in what she terms her 'interpretation,' which is ruining the play." He went on to discuss the sorrows of managing a theatre, even the finest, and the exhausting detail that must be attended to, every jot and tittle, if the performances are to be fit for a discriminating public. Actors, he said, are the Scotch weevils in the salt pork of honest effort. I loved him more than ever, and we parted with an affectionate handshake.

September 1, 1824

Today Goethe inveighed against certain critics who had, he said, completely misunderstood Lessing. He spoke movingly about how such obtuseness had partially embittered Lessing's last years, and speculated that it was because Lessing was both critic and dramatist that the attacks had been of more than usual ferocity. Critics, Goethe said, are the cracked mirror in the grand ballroom of the creative spirit. No, I said, they were, rather, the extra baggage on the great cabriolet of conceptual progress. "Eckermann," said Goethe, "*shut up*."

—Donald Barthelme



"Miss Wexler, what are the prevailing winds?"

SHILOH

Leroy Moffitt's wife, Norma Jean, is working on her pectorals. She lifts three-pound dumbbells to warm up, then progresses to a twenty-pound barbell. Standing with her legs apart, she reminds Leroy of Wonder Woman.

"I'd give anything if I could just get these muscles to where they're real hard," says Norma Jean. "Feel this arm. It's not as hard as the other one."

"That's 'cause you're right-handed," says Leroy, dodging as she swings the barbell in an arc.

"Do you think so?"

"Sure."

Leroy is a truck driver. He injured his leg in a highway accident four months ago, and his physical therapy, which involves weights and a pulley, prompted Norma Jean to try building herself up. Now she is attending a body-building class. Leroy has been collecting temporary disability since his tractor-trailer jackknifed in Missouri, badly twisting his left leg in its socket. He has a steel pin in his hip. He will probably not be able to drive his rig again. It sits in the back yard, like a gigantic bird that has flown home to roost. Leroy has been home in Kentucky for three months, and his leg is almost healed, but the accident frightened him and he does not want to drive any more long hauls. He is not sure what to do next. In the meantime, he makes things from craft kits. He started by building a miniature log cabin from notched Popsicle sticks. He varnished it and placed it on the TV set, where it remains. It reminds him of a rustic Nativity scene. Then he tried string art (sailing ships on black velvet), a macrame owl kit, a snap-together B-17 Flying Fortress, and a lamp made out of a model truck with a light fixture screwed in the top of the cab. At first the kits were diversions, something to kill time, but now he is thinking about building a full-scale log house from a kit. It would be considerably cheaper than building a regular house, and besides, Leroy has grown to appreciate how things are put together. He has begun to realize that in all the years he was on the road he never took time to examine anything. He was always flying past scenery.

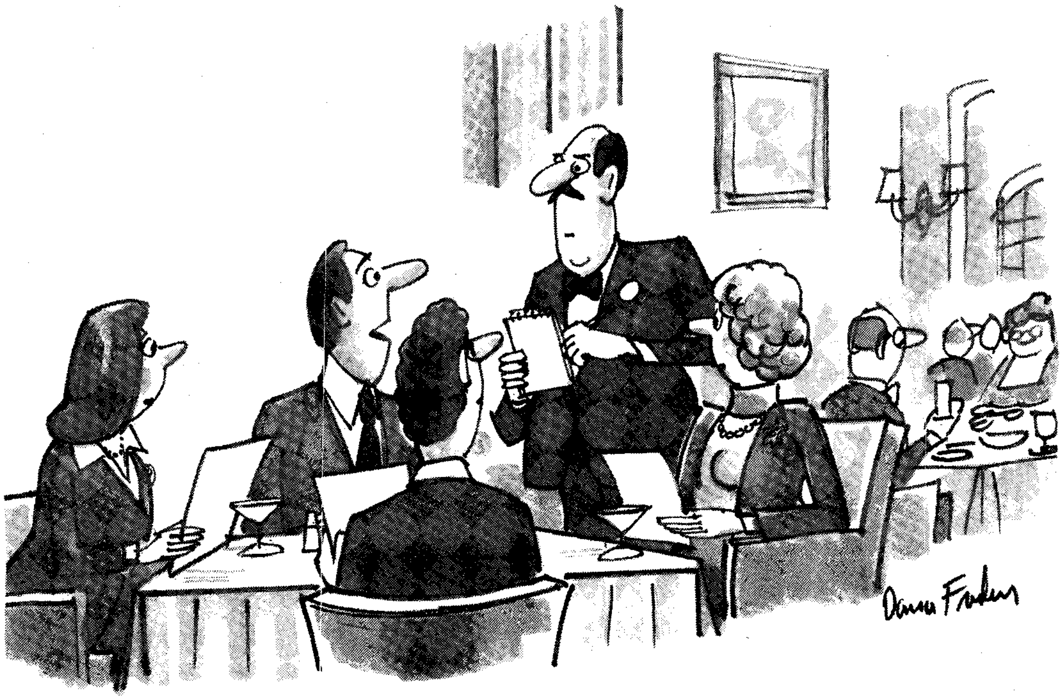
"They won't let you build a log cabin in any of the new subdivisions," Norma Jean tells him.

"They will if I tell them it's for you," he says, teasing her. Ever since they were married, he has promised Norma Jean he would build her a new home one day. They have always rented, and the house they live in is small and nondescript. It does not even feel like a home, Leroy realizes now.

Norma Jean works at the Rexall drugstore, and she has acquired an amazing amount of information about cosmetics. When she explains to Leroy the three stages of complexion care, involving creams, toners, and moisturizers, he thinks happily of other petroleum products—axle grease, diesel fuel. This is a connection between himself and Norma Jean. Since he has been home, he has felt unusually tender about his wife and guilty over his long absences. But he can't tell what she feels about him. Norma Jean has never complained about his travelling; she has never made hurt remarks, like calling his truck a "widow-maker." He is reasonably certain she has been faithful to him, but he wishes she would celebrate his permanent homecoming more happily. Norma Jean is often startled to find Leroy at home, and he thinks she seems a little disappointed about it. Perhaps he reminds her too much of the early days of their marriage, before he went on the road. They had a child who died as an infant, years ago. They never speak about their memories of Randy, which have almost faded, but now that Leroy is home all the time they sometimes feel awkward around each other, and Leroy wonders if one of them should mention the child. He has the feeling that they are waking up out of a dream together—that they must create a new marriage, start afresh. They are lucky they are still married. Leroy has read that for most people losing a child destroys the marriage—or else he heard this on "Donahue." He can't always remember where he learns things anymore.

At Christmas, Leroy bought an electric organ for Norma Jean. She used to play the piano when she was in high school. "It don't leave you," she told him once. "It's like riding a bicycle."

The new instrument had so many keys and buttons that she was bewildered by it at first. She touched the keys tentatively, pushed some buttons, then pecked out



"What would you suggest for a party of four that would like to get out of here for under a hundred, including tip?"

"Chopsticks." It came out in an amplified foxtrot rhythm, with marimba sounds.

"It's an orchestra!" she cried.

The organ had a pecan-look finish and eighteen pre-set chords, with optional flute, violin, trumpet, clarinet, and banjo accompaniments. Norma Jean mastered the organ almost immediately. At first she played Christmas songs. Then she bought "The Sixties Songbook" and learned every tune in it, adding variations to each with the rows of brightly colored buttons.

"I didn't like these old songs back then," she said. "But I have this crazy feeling I missed something."

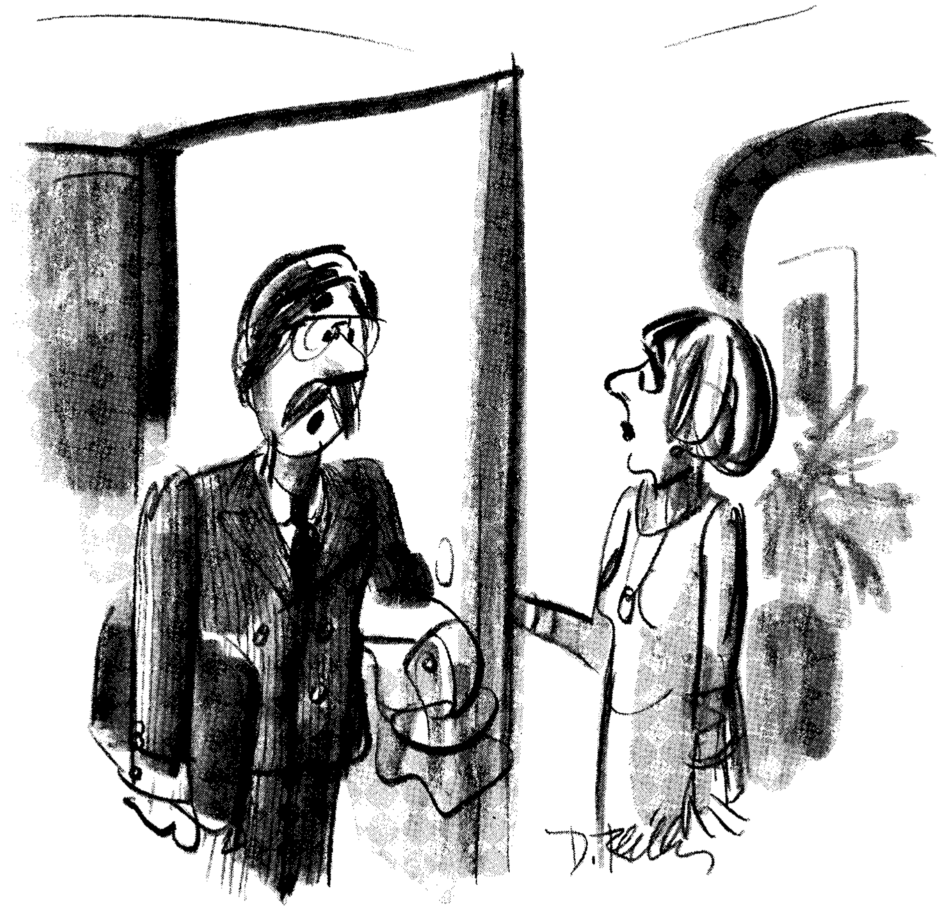
"You didn't miss a thing," said Leroy.

Leroy likes to lie on the couch and smoke a joint and listen to Norma Jean play "Can't Take My Eyes Off You" and "I'll Be Back." He is back again. After fifteen years on the road, he is finally settling down with the woman he loves. She is still pretty. Her skin is flawless. Her frosted curls resemble pencil trimmings.

NOW that Leroy has come home to stay, he notices how much the town has changed. Subdivisions are spreading across western Kentucky like an oil slick. The sign at the edge of town says "Pop: 10,500"—only seven hundred more than it said twenty years ago. Leroy can't figure out who is living in all the new houses. The farmers who used to gather around the courthouse square on Saturday afternoons to play checkers and spit tobacco juice have gone. It has been years since Leroy has thought about the farmers, and they have disappeared without his noticing.

Leroy meets a kid named Stevie Hamilton in the parking lot at the new shopping center. While they pretend to be strangers meeting over a stalled car, Stevie tosses an ounce of marijuana under the front seat of Leroy's car. Stevie is wearing orange jogging shoes and a T-shirt that says "CHATTAHOOCHEE SUPER-RAT." His father is a prominent doctor who lives in one of the expensive subdivisions in a new white-columned brick house that looks like a funeral parlor. In the phone book under his name there is a separate number, with the listing "Teenagers."

"Where do you get this stuff?" asks Leroy. "From your pappy?"



"The boss came up and said, 'There are too many guys around here who look like you,' and—whammo—I was fired."

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"That's for me to know and you to find out," Stevie says. He is slit-eyed and skinny.

"What else you got?"

"What you interested in?"

"Nothing special. Just wondered."

Leroy used to take speed on the road. Now he has to go slowly. He needs to be mellow. He leans back against the car and says, "I'm aiming to build me a log house, soon as I get time. My wife, though, I don't think she likes the idea."

"Well, let me know when you want me again," Stevie says. He has a cigarette in his cupped palm, as though sheltering it from the wind. He takes a long drag, then stomps it on the asphalt and slouches away.

Stevie's father was two years ahead of Leroy in high school. Leroy is thirty-four. He married Norma Jean when they were both eighteen, and their child Randy was born a few months later, but he died at the age of four months and three days. He would be about Stevie's age now. Norma Jean and Leroy were at the drive-in, watching a double feature ("Dr. Strangelove" and "Lover Come Back"), and the baby was sleeping in the back seat. When the first movie ended, the baby was dead. It was the sudden-infant-death syndrome. Leroy remembers handing Randy to a nurse at the emergency room, as though he were offering her a large doll as a present. A dead baby feels like a sack of flour. "It just happens sometimes," said the doctor, in what Leroy always recalls as a nonchalant tone. Leroy can hardly remember the child anymore, but he still sees vividly a scene from "Dr. Strangelove" in which the President of the United States was talking in a folksy voice on the hot line to the Soviet Premier about the bombers accidentally headed toward Russia. He was in the War Room, and the world map was lit up. Leroy remembers Norma Jean standing catatonically beside him in the hospital and himself thinking, Who is this strange girl? He had forgotten who she was. Now scientists are saying that crib death is caused by a virus. Nobody knows anything, Leroy thinks. The answers are always changing.

When Leroy gets home from the shopping center, Norma Jean's mother, Mabel Beasley, is there. Until this year, Leroy has not realized how much time she spends with Norma Jean. When she visits, she inspects the closets and then the plants, informing Norma Jean when a plant is droopy or yellow. Mabel calls the plants "flowers," although there are never any blooms. She always notices if Norma Jean's laundry is piling up. Mabel is a short, overweight woman whose tight, brown-dyed curls look more like a wig than the actual wig she sometimes wears. Today she has brought Norma Jean an off-white dust ruffle she made for the bed; Mabel works in a custom-upholstery shop.

"This is the tenth one I made this year," Mabel says. "I got started and couldn't stop."

"It's real pretty," says Norma Jean.

"Now we can hide things under the bed," says Leroy, who gets along with his mother-in-law primarily by joking with her. Mabel has never really forgiven him for disgracing her by getting Norma Jean pregnant. When the baby died, she said that fate was mocking her.

"What's that thing?" Mabel says to Leroy in a loud voice, pointing to a tangle of yarn on a piece of canvas.

Leroy holds it up for Mabel to see. "It's my needlepoint," he explains. "This is a 'Star Trek' pillow cover."

"That's what a woman would do," says Mabel. "Great day in the morning!"

"All the big football players on TV do it," he says.

"Why, Leroy, you're always trying to fool me. I don't believe you for one minute. You don't know what to do with yourself—that's the whole trouble. Sewing!"

"I'm aiming to build us a log house," says Leroy. "Soon as my plans come."

"Like *heck* you are," says Norma Jean. She takes Leroy's needlepoint and shoves it into a drawer. "You have to find a job first. Nobody can afford to build now anyway."

Mabel straightens her girdle and says, "I still think before you get tied down y'all ought to take a little run to Shiloh."

"One of these days, Mama," Norma Jean says impatiently.

Mabel is talking about Shiloh, Tennessee. For the past few years, she has been urging Leroy and Norma Jean to visit the Civil War battleground there. Mabel went there on her honeymoon—the only real trip she ever took. Her husband died of a perforated ulcer when Norma Jean was ten, but Mabel, who was accepted into the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1975, is still preoccupied with going back to Shiloh.

"I've been to kingdom come and back in that truck out yonder," Leroy says to Mabel, "but we never yet set foot in that battleground. Ain't that something? How did I miss it?"

"It's not even that far," Mabel says.

GOLDEN RETRIEVER

She was the one who put her tongue
to the whetstone on its rickety wheel
in the Tool Room. The wheel spun,
the tongue arched in its bud and bent

against that dizzy syllable of grit.
Still she could never say what she meant.
When she had her tenth-birthday cake
that winter, she stuttered her thanks for

the new blades, skated backward on the rink
into a room holding the sunset. The snow was falling
in it, unstoppered, odorless as chloroform.
Under the x'd surface of the ice hung

a gold tuft from the day her brother flooded
and made the retriever sit in the wet as it
hardened. He was a pup then, but was trained to obey.
It made him mean, doing what anyone said to do,

but he did it all the same. Down in the rec
room, she pushed 12 on the Rock-Ola and the
records wobbled on their neon stalk, the red
planets circled each other inside the glass.

It was a room for fun, they said, and though
it was, it still lit up with loss—the kind that
comes from debts collected. Or so she imagined:
piano and pool table—odd courtesies of foreclosure.

On the polished bar a lit triptych said "Hamm's
Beer," its waterfall of blue tinsel rippling behind
the beaver paddling a canoe up front. *The retriever,*
trained to hunt, would point for minutes at a dying

bird, then fetch whatever you sent him for—till
he bit a neighbor's child who touched his unhealed sore.
What happened happened. No cause and effect connected
her tongue and her troubled heart and never would. The pain

came on its own and pointed for minutes at whatever
was wounded before her. In the end, she might have
to break its neck, because of that pain. Maybe
she imagined a family on the edge of a windy precipice

and—just like that—retrieved them as she stood at
the opened door of the jukebox, sliding in a few new
discs for her dad. Maybe she could bring back his hand
on her shoulder as they stood staring into the glass

juke singing "Rock Island Line." *A bird hurt bad*
will wing-limp for acres to save itself. She knew
even then it was better to be dead than weaponed,
in her way, and laid down like a ragged prize
at the foot of his dream, his least sufficiency.

—Carol Muske

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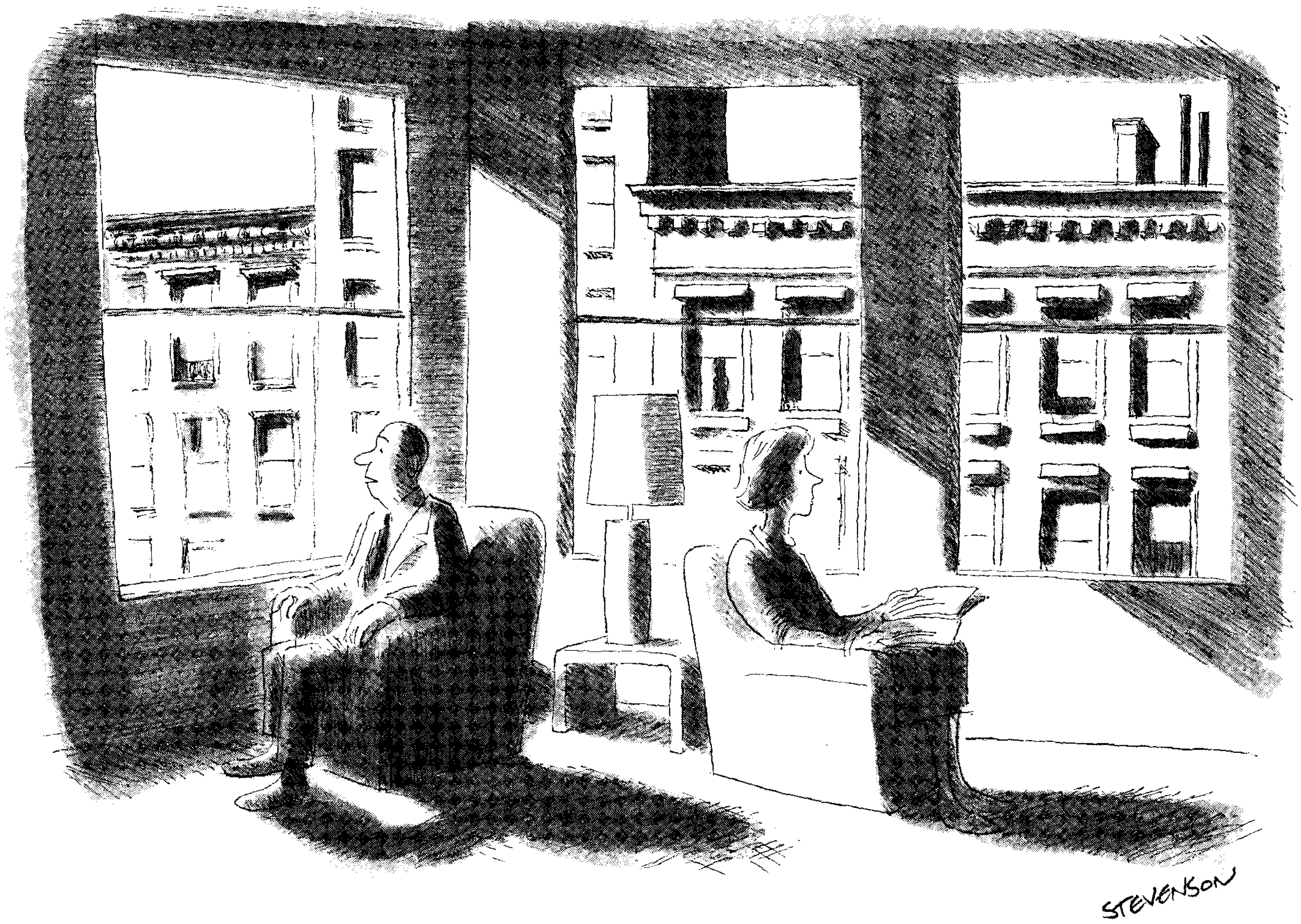

"Say, why don't we go see the Hopper show at the Whitney?"

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After Mabel leaves, Norma Jean reads to Leroy from a list she has made. "Things you could do," she announces. "You could get a job as a guard at Union Carbide, where they'd let you set on a stool. You could get on at the lumberyard. You could do a little carpenter work, if you want to build so bad. You could—"

"I can't do something where I'd have to stand up all day."

"You ought to try standing up all day behind a cosmetics counter. It's amazing that I have strong feet, coming from two parents that never had strong feet at all." At the moment, Norma Jean is holding on to the kitchen counter, raising her knees one at a time as she talks. She is wearing two-pound ankle weights.

"Don't worry," says Leroy. "I'll do something."

"You could truck calves to slaughter for somebody. You wouldn't have to drive any big old truck for that."

"I'm going to build you this house," says Leroy. "I want to make you a real home."

"I don't want to live in any log cabin."

"It's not a cabin. It's a house."

"I don't care. It looks like a cabin."

"You and me together could lift those logs. It's just like lifting weights."

Norma Jean doesn't answer. Under her breath, she is counting. Now she is marching through the kitchen. She is doing goose steps.

BEFORE his accident, when Leroy came home he used to stay in the house with Norma Jean, watching TV in bed and playing cards. She would cook fried chicken, picnic ham, chocolate pie—all his favorites. Now he is home alone much of the time. In the mornings, Norma Jean disappears, leaving a cooling place in the bed. She eats a cereal called Body Buddies, and she leaves the bowl on the table, with the soggy tan balls floating in a milk puddle. He sees things about Norma Jean that he never realized before. When she chops onions, she stares off into a corner, as if she can't bear to look. She puts on her house slippers almost precisely at nine o'clock every evening and nudges her jogging shoes under the couch. She saves bread heels for the birds. Leroy watches the birds at the feeder. He notices the peculiar way goldfinches fly past the window. They close their wings, then fall, then spread their wings to catch and lift themselves. He wonders if they close their eyes when they fall. Norma Jean closes her eyes when they are in bed. She wants the lights turned out. Even then, he is sure she closes her eyes.

He goes for long drives around town. He tends to drive a car rather carelessly. Power steering and an automatic shift make a car feel so small and inconsequential that his body is hardly involved in the driving process. His injured leg stretches out comfortably. Once or twice he has almost hit something, but even the prospect of an accident seems minor in a car. He cruises the new subdivisions, feeling like a criminal rehearsing for a robbery. Norma Jean is probably right about a log house being inappropriate

"There's an itsy-bitsy Ford in your future."

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here in the new subdivisions. All the houses look grand and complicated. They depress him.

One day when Leroy comes home from a drive he finds Norma Jean in tears. She is in the kitchen making a potato and mushroom-soup casserole, with grated-cheese topping. She is crying because her mother caught her smoking.

"I didn't hear her coming. I was standing here puffing away pretty as you please," Norma Jean says, wiping her eyes.

"I knew it would happen sooner or later," says Leroy, putting his arm around her.

"She don't know the meaning of the word 'knock,' " says Norma Jean. "It's a wonder she hadn't caught me years ago."

"Think of it this way," Leroy says. "What if she caught me with a joint?"

"You better not let her!" Norma Jean shrieks. "I'm warning you, Leroy Moffitt!"

"I'm just kidding. Here, play me a tune. That'll help you relax."

Norma Jean puts the casserole in the oven and sets the timer. Then she plays a ragtime tune, with horns and banjo, as Leroy lights up a joint and lies on the couch, laughing to himself about Mabel's catching him at it. He thinks of Stevie Hamilton—a doctor's son pushing grass. Everything is funny. The whole town seems crazy and small. He is reminded of Virgil Mathis, a boastful policeman Leroy used to shoot pool with. Virgil recently led a drug bust in a back room at a bowling alley, where he seized ten thousand dollars' worth of marijuana. The newspaper had a picture of him holding up the bags of grass and grinning widely. Right now, Leroy can imagine Virgil breaking down the door and arresting him with a lungful of smoke. Virgil would probably have been alerted to the scene because of all the racket Norma Jean is making. Now she sounds like a hard-rock band. Norma Jean is terrific. When she switches to a Latin-rhythm version of "Sunshine Superman," Leroy hums along. Norma Jean's foot goes up and down, up and down.

"Well, what do you think?" Leroy says, when Norma Jean pauses to search through her music.

"What do I think about what?"

His mind has gone blank. Then he says, "I'll sell my rig and build us a house." That wasn't what he wanted to say. He wanted to know what she thought—what she *really* thought—about them.

"Don't start in on that again," says Norma Jean. She begins playing "Who'll Be the Next in Line?"

Leroy used to tell hitchhikers his whole life story—about his travels, his home town, the baby. He would end with a question: "Well, what do you think?" It was just a rhetorical question. In time, he had the feeling that he'd been telling the same story over and over to the same hitchhikers. He quit talking to hitchhikers when he realized how his voice sounded—whining and self-pitying, like some teen-age-tragedy song. Now Leroy has the sudden impulse to tell Norma Jean about himself, as if he had just met her. They have known each other so long they have forgotten a lot about each other. They could become reacquainted. But when the oven timer goes off and she runs to the kitchen, he forgets why he wants to do this.

THE next day, Mabel drops by. It is Saturday and Norma Jean is cleaning. Leroy is studying the plans of his log house, which have finally come in the mail. He has them spread out on the table—big sheets of stiff blue paper, with diagrams and numbers printed in white. While Norma Jean runs the vacuum, Mabel drinks coffee. She sets her coffee cup on a blueprint.

"I'm just waiting for time to pass," she says to Leroy, drumming her fingers on the table.

As soon as Norma Jean switches off the vacuum, Mabel says in a loud voice, "Did you hear about the datsun dog that killed the baby?"

Norma Jean says, "The word is 'dachshund.' "

"They put the dog on trial. It chewed the baby's legs off. The mother was in the next room all the time."

She raises her voice. "They thought it was neglect."

Norma Jean is holding her ears. Leroy manages to open the refrigerator and get some Diet Pepsi to offer Mabel. Mabel still has some coffee and she waves away the Pepsi.

'Datsuns are like that," Mabel says. "They're jealous dogs. They'll tear a place to pieces if you don't keep an eye on them."

"You better watch out what you're saying, Mabel," says Leroy.

"Well, facts is facts."

Leroy looks out the window at his rig. It is like a huge piece of furniture gathering dust in the back yard. Pretty soon it will be an antique. He hears the vacuum cleaner. Norma Jean seems to be cleaning the living-room rug again.

Later, she says to Leroy, "She just said that about the baby because she caught me smoking. She's trying to pay me back."

"What are you talking about?" Leroy says, nervously shuffling blueprints.

"You know good and well," Norma Jean says. She is sitting in a kitchen chair with her feet up and her arms wrapped around her knees. She looks small and helpless. She says, "The very idea, her bringing up a subject like that! Saying it was neglect."

"She didn't mean that," Leroy says.

"She might not have *thought* she meant it. She always says things like that. You don't know how she goes on."

"But she didn't really mean it. She was just talking."

Leroy opens a king-sized bottle of beer and pours it into two glasses, dividing it carefully. He hands a glass to Norma Jean and she takes it from him mechanically. For a long time, they sit by the kitchen window watching the birds at the feeder.

SOMETHING is happening. Norma Jean is going to night school. She has graduated from her six-week body-building course and now she is taking an adult-education course in composition at Paducah Community College. She spends her evenings outlining paragraphs.

"First you have a topic sentence," she explains to Leroy. "Then you divide it up. Your secondary topic has to be connected to your primary topic."

To Leroy, this sounds intimidating. "I never was any good in English," he says.

"It makes a lot of sense."

"What are you doing this for anyhow?"

She shrugs. "It's something to do." She stands up and lifts her dumbbells a few times.

"Driving a rig, nobody cared about my English."

"I'm not criticizing your English."

Norma Jean used to say, "If I lose ten minutes' sleep, I just drag all day." Now she stays up late, writing compositions. She got a B on her first paper—a how-to theme on soup-based casseroles. Recently Norma Jean has been cooking unusual foods—tacos, lasagna, Bombay duck. She doesn't play the organ anymore, though her second paper was called "Why Music Is Important to Me." She sits at the kitchen table, concentrating on her outlines while Leroy plays with his log-house plans, practicing with a set of Lincoln Logs. The thought of getting a truckload of notched, numbered logs scares him, and he wants to be prepared. As he and Norma Jean work together at the kitchen table, Leroy has the hopeful thought that they are sharing something, but he knows he is a fool to think this. Norma Jean is miles away. He knows he is going to lose her. Like Mabel, he is just waiting for time to pass.

One day Mabel is there before Norma Jean gets home from work, and Leroy finds himself confiding in her. Mabel, he realizes, must know Norma Jean better than he does.

"I don't know what's got into that girl," Mabel says. "She used to go to bed with the chickens. Now you say she's up all hours. Plus her a-smoking. I like to died."

"I want to make her this beautiful home," Leroy says, indicating the Lincoln Logs. "I don't think she even wants it. Maybe she was happier with me gone."

"She don't know what to make of you, coming home like this."

"Is that it?"

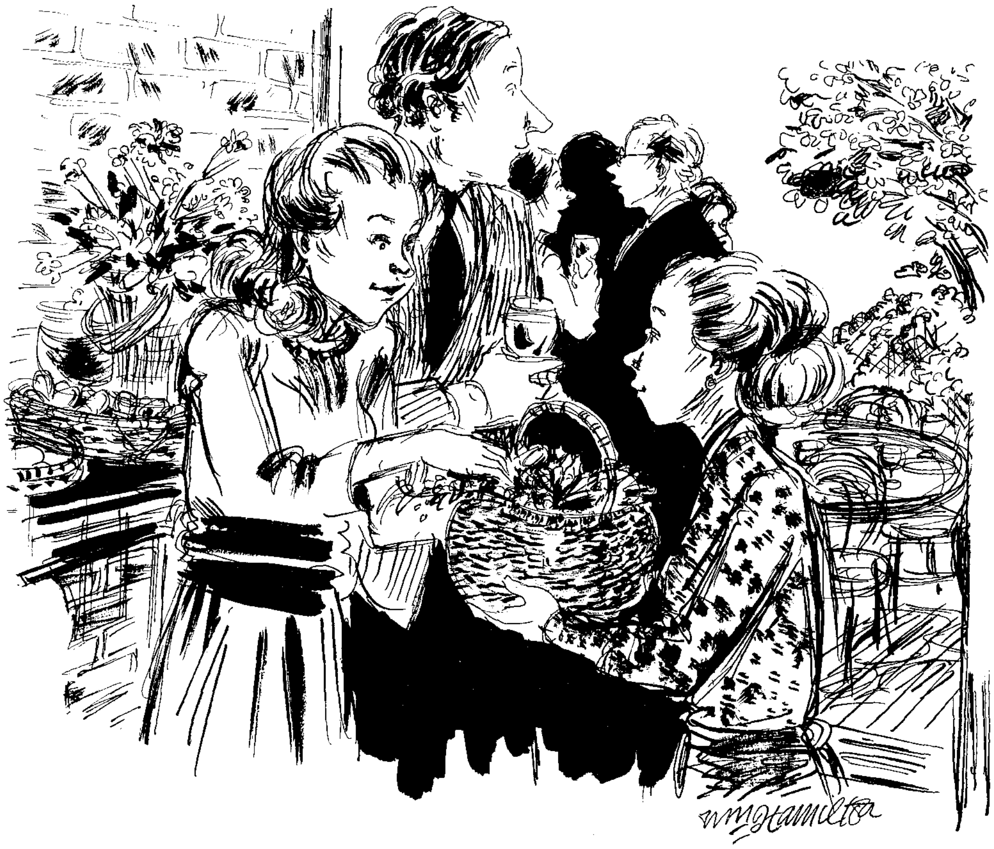
Mabel takes the roof off his Lincoln Log cabin. "You couldn't get *me* in a log cabin," she says. "I was raised in one. It's no picnic, let me tell you."

"They're different now," says Leroy.

"I tell you what," Mabel says, smiling oddly at Leroy.

"What?"

"Take her on down to Shiloh. Y'all



"It's such fun to see people really use their baskets."

need to get out together, stir a little. Her brain's all balled up over them books."

Leroy can see traces of Norma Jean's features in her mother's face. Mabel's worn face has the texture of crinkled cotton, but suddenly she looks pretty. It occurs to Leroy that Mabel has been hinting all along that she wants them to take her with them to Shiloh.

"Let's all go to Shiloh," he says. "You and me and her. Come Sunday."

Mabel throws up her hands in protest. "Oh, no, not me. Young folks want to be by theirselves."

When Norma Jean comes in with groceries, Leroy says excitedly, "Your mama here's been dying to go to Shiloh for thirty-five years. It's about time we went, don't you think?"

"I'm not going to butt in on anybody's second honeymoon," Mabel says.

"Who's going on a honeymoon, for Christ's sake?" Norma Jean says loudly.

"I never raised no daughter of mine to talk that-a-way," Mabel says.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," says Norma Jean. She starts putting away boxes and cans, slamming cabinet doors.

"There's a log cabin at Shiloh," Mabel says. "It was there during the battle. There's bullet holes in it."

"When are you going to *shut up* about Shiloh, Mama?" asks Norma Jean.

"I always thought Shiloh was the prettiest place, so full of history," Mabel goes on. "I just hoped y'all could see it once before I die, so you could tell me about it." Later, she whispers to Leroy, "You do what I said. A little change is what she needs."

"YOUR name means 'the king,' " Norma Jean says to Leroy that evening. He is trying to get her to go to Shiloh, and she is reading a book about another century.

"Well, I reckon I ought to be right proud."

"I guess so."

"Am I still king around here?"

Norma Jean flexes her biceps and feels them for hardness. "I'm not fooling around with anybody, if that's what you mean," she says.

"Would you tell me if you were?"

"I don't know."

"What does *your* name mean?"

THE SEASONS IN NEW YORK

Swordsmen at play have left the sun
Pierced between two West Side buildings—

Ah! But what a great recovery!
Here they come again, New York's quick changes:

Alpha the water god floating his skin
Of rainbow scum across a gutter pond,

Then presto chango!—winter's coming in,
The dumb silent animal of snow

Lowering its body over the city,
Suggesting in its camouflage the weight

Of paws of ice too heavy to get up.
And now it's spring, or fall, or later:

Hard-edged, the outline of a ziggurat
Walks up its graph into the limelight.

Below: the paunchy waterpaper news
On rainy streets. Above: no moon.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

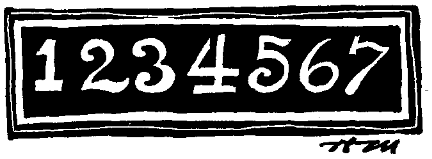
"It was Marilyn Monroe's real name."

"No kidding!"

"Norma comes from the Normans. They were invaders," she says. She closes her book and looks hard at Leroy. "I'll go to Shiloh with you if you'll stop staring at me."

ON Sunday, Norma Jean packs a picnic and they go to Shiloh. To Leroy's relief, Mabel says she does not want to come with them. Norma Jean drives, and Leroy, sitting beside her, feels like some boring hitchhiker she has picked up. He tries some conversation, but she answers him in monosyllables. At Shiloh, she drives aimlessly through the park, past bluffs and trails and steep ravines. Shiloh is an immense place, and Leroy cannot see it as a battleground. It is not what he expected. He thought it would look like a golf course. Monuments are everywhere, showing through the thick clusters of trees. Norma Jean passes the log cabin Mabel mentioned. It is surrounded by tourists looking for bullet holes.

"That's not the kind of log house I've got in mind," says Leroy apologetically.



"I know *that*."

"This is a pretty place. Your mama was right."

"It's O.K.," says Norma Jean. "Well, we've seen it. I hope she's satisfied."

They burst out laughing together.

At the park museum, a movie on Shiloh is shown every half hour, but they decide that they don't want to see it. They buy a souvenir Confederate flag for Mabel, and then they find a picnic spot near the cemetery. Norma Jean has brought a Styrofoam cooler, with pimiento sandwiches, soft drinks, and Yodels. Leroy eats a sandwich and then smokes a joint, hiding it behind the picnic cooler. Norma Jean has quit smoking altogether. She is picking cake crumbs from the cellophane wrapper, like a fussy bird.

Leroy says, "So the boys in gray ended up in Corinth. The Union soldiers zapped 'em finally. April 7, 1862."

They both know that he doesn't know any history; he is just talking about some of the historical plaques they have read. He feels awkward, like a boy on a date with an older girl. They are still just making conversation.

"Corinth is where Mama eloped

FRUITS
+
VEGETABLES
MELONS
$1 49
BANANAS
2

"*Mrs. Grogan, what are you doing in the dollar-forty-nine melons?*"

to," says Norma Jean.

They sit in silence and stare at the cemetery for the Union dead and, beyond, at a tall cluster of trees. Campers are parked nearby bumper to bumper, and small children in bright clothing are cavorting and squealing. Norma Jean wads up the cake wrapper and squeezes it tightly in her hand. Without looking at Leroy, she says, "I want to leave you."

Leroy takes a bottle of Coke out of the cooler and flips off the cap. He holds the bottle poised near his mouth but cannot remember to take a drink. Finally he says, "No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

"I won't let you."

"You can't stop me."

"Don't do me that way."

Leroy knows Norma Jean will have her own way. "Didn't I promise to be home from now on?" he says.

"In some ways, a woman prefers a man who wanders," says Norma Jean. "That sounds crazy, I know."

"You're not crazy."

Leroy remembers to drink from his Coke. Then he says, "Yes, you *are* crazy. You and me could start all over again. Right back at the beginning."

"We *have* started all over again," says Norma Jean. "And this is how it turned out."

"What did I do wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Is this one of those women's-lib things?" Leroy asks.

"Don't be funny."

The cemetery, a green slope dotted with white markers, looks like a subdivision site. Leroy is trying to comprehend that his marriage is breaking up, but for some reason he is wondering about white slabs in a graveyard.

"Everything was fine till Mama caught me smoking," says Norma Jean, standing up. "That set something off."

"What are you talking about?"

"*She* won't leave me alone—*you* won't leave me alone." Norma Jean seems to be crying, but she is looking away from him. "I feel eighteen again. I can't face that all over again." She starts walking away. "No, it *wasn't* fine. I don't know what I'm saying. Forget it."

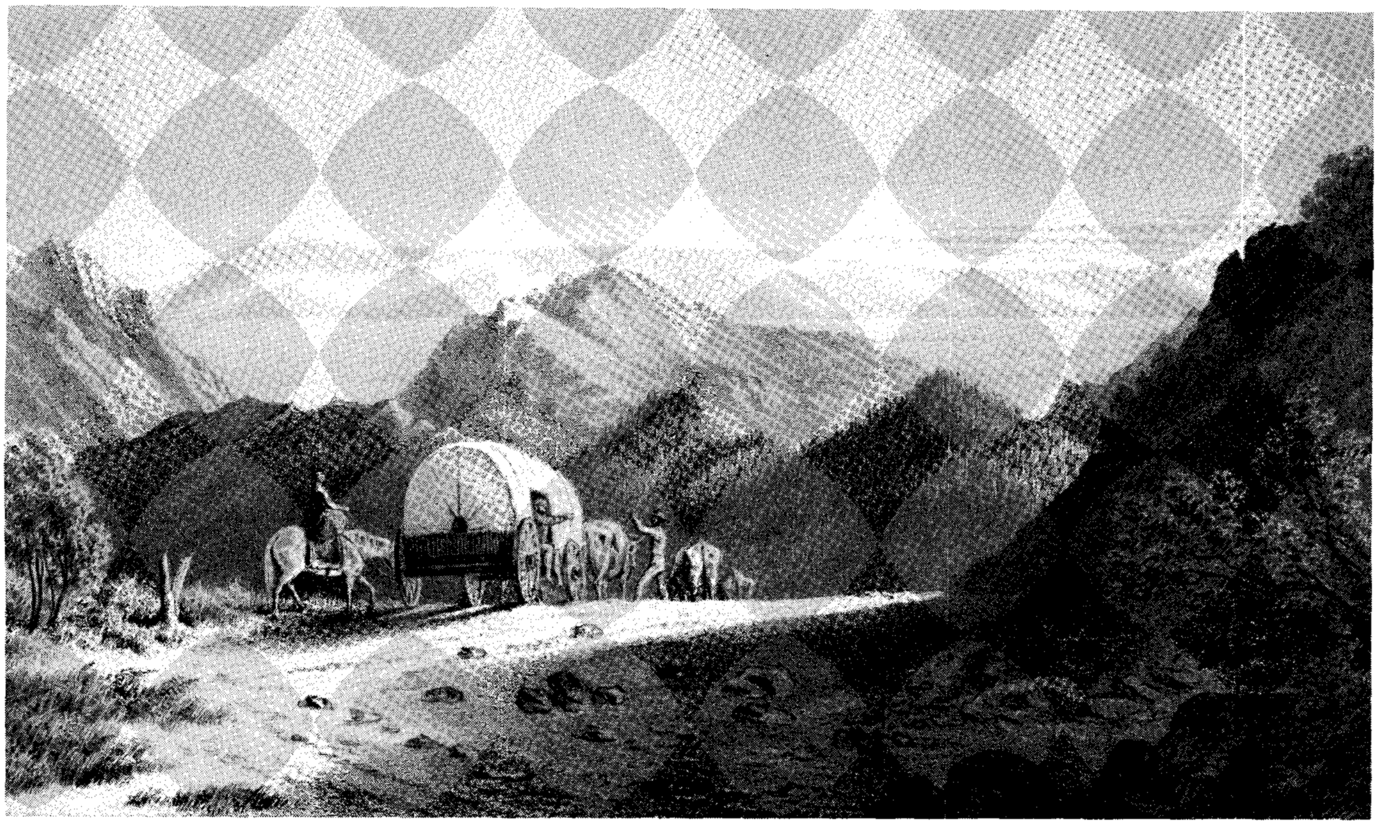
Leroy takes a lungful of smoke and closes his eyes as Norma Jean's words sink in. He tries to focus on the fact that thirty-five hundred soldiers died on the grounds around him. He can only think of that war as a board game with plastic soldiers. Leroy almost smiles, as he compares the Confederates' daring attack on the Union camps and Virgil Mathis's raid on the bowling alley. General Grant, drunk and furious, shoved the Southerners back to Corinth, where Mabel and Jet Beasley were married years later, when Mabel was still thin and good-looking. The next day, Mabel and Jet visited the battleground, and then Norma Jean was born, and then she married Leroy and they had a baby, which they lost, and now Leroy and Norma Jean are here at the same battleground. Leroy knows he is leaving out a lot. He is leaving out the insides of history. History was always just names and dates to him. It occurs to him that building a house out of logs is similarly empty—too simple. And the real inner workings of a marriage, like most of history, have escaped him. Now he sees that building a log house is the dumbest idea he could have had. It was clumsy of him to think Norma Jean would want a log house. It was a crazy idea. He'll have to think of something else, quickly. He will wad the blueprints into tight balls and fling them into the lake. Then he'll get moving again. He opens his eyes. Norma Jean has moved away and is walking through the cemetery, following a serpentine brick path.

Leroy gets up to follow his wife, but his good leg is asleep and his bad leg still hurts him. Norma Jean is far away, walking rapidly toward the bluff by the river, and he tries to hobble toward her. Some children run past him, screaming noisily. Norma Jean has reached the bluff, and she is looking out over the Tennessee River. Now she turns toward Leroy and waves her arms. Is she beckoning to him? She seems to be doing an exercise for her chest muscles. The sky is unusually pale—the color of the dust ruffle Mabel made for their bed.

—Bobbie Ann Mason

ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD

BASIN AND RANGE-I



First View of Great Salt Lake Valley (*lithograph*)

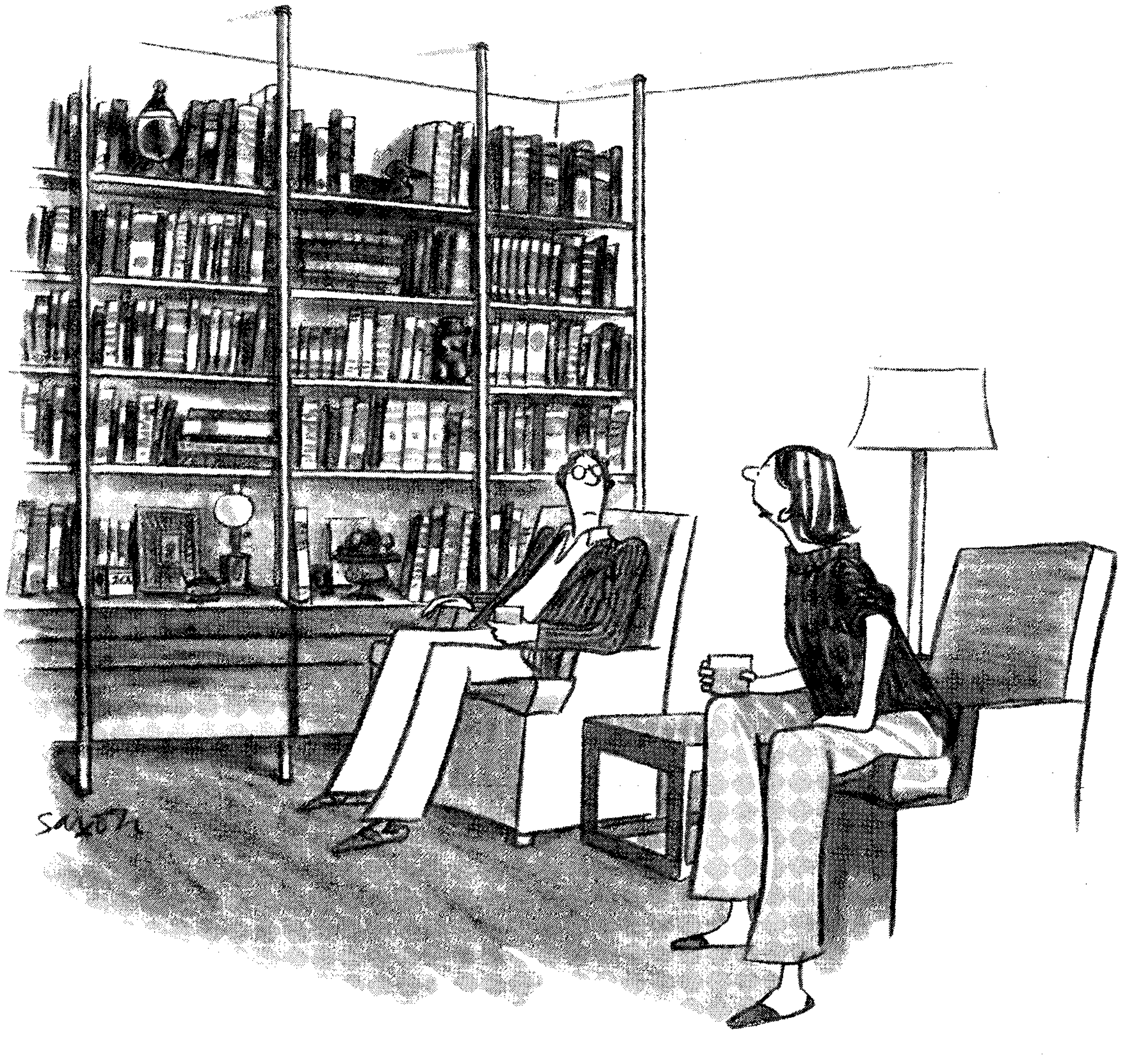
THE poles of the earth have wandered. The equator has apparently moved. The continents, perched on their plates, are thought to have been carried so very far and to be going in so many directions that it seems an act of almost pure hubris to assert that some landmark of our world is fixed at 73 degrees 57 minutes and 53 seconds west longitude and 40 degrees 51 minutes and 14 seconds north latitude—a temporary description, at any rate, as if for a boat on the sea. Nevertheless, these coördinates will, for what is generally described as the foreseeable future, bring you with absolute precision to the west apron of the George Washington Bridge. Nine A.M. A weekday morning. The traffic is some gross demonstration in particle physics. It bursts from its confining source, aimed at Chicago, Cheyenne, Sacramento, through the high dark roadcuts of the Palisades Sill. A young woman, on foot, is being pressed up against the rockwall by the wind booms of the big semis—Con Weimar Bulk Transportation, Fruehauf Long Ranger. Her face is Nordic, her eyes dark brown and Latin—the bequests of grandparents from the extremes of Europe. She wears mountain boots, bluejeans. She carries a single-jack sledgehammer. What the truckers seem to notice, though, is her youth, her long bright Norwegian hair; and they flirt by air horn, driving needles into her ears. Her name is Karen Kleinspehn. She is a geologist, a graduate student nearing her Ph.D., and there is little doubt in her mind that she and the road and the rock before her, and the big bridge and its awesome city—in fact, nearly the whole of the continental United States and Canada and Mexico to boot—are in stately manner moving in the direction of the trucks. She has not come here, however, to ponder global tectonics, although goodness knows she could, the sill being, in theory, a signature of the events that created the Atlantic. In the Triassic, when New Jersey and Mauretania were of a piece, the region is said to have begun literally to pull itself apart, straining to spread out, to break into great crustal blocks. Valleys in effect competed. One of them would open deep enough to admit ocean water, and so for some years would resemble the present Red Sea. The mantle below the crust—exciting and excited by these events—would send up fillings of fluid rock, and with such pressure behind them that they could intrude between horizontal layers of, say, shale and sandstone and lift the country a thousand feet. The intrusion could spread laterally through hundreds of square miles, becoming a broad new layer—a sill—within the country rock.

This particular sill came into the earth about two miles below the surface, Kleinspehn remarks, and she smacks it with the sledge. An air horn blasts. The passing tires, in their numbers, sound like heavy surf. She has to shout to be heard. She pounds again. The rock is competent. The wall of the cut is sheer. She hits it again and again—until a chunk of some poundage falls free. Its fresh surface is asparkle with crystals—freeform, asymmetrical, improvisational plagioclase crystals, bestrewn against a field of dark hornblende. The rock as a whole is called diabase. It is salt-and-peppery charcoal-tweed savings-bank rock. It came to be that way by cooling slowly, at depth, and forming these beautiful crystals.

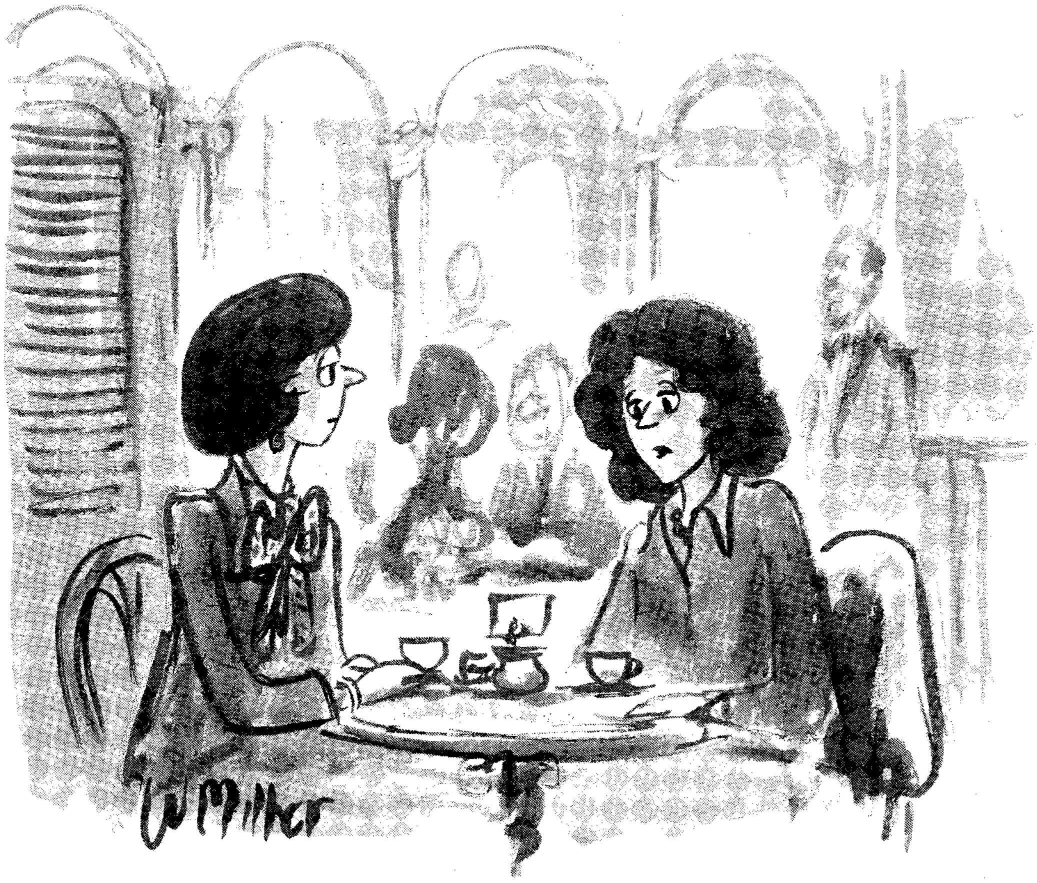
"It pays to put your nose on the outcrop," she says, turning the sample in her hand. With a smaller hammer, she tidies it up, like a butcher trimming a roast. With a felt-tip pen, she marks it "1." Moving along the cut, she points out xenoliths—blobs of the country rock that fell into the magma and became encased there like raisins in bread. She points to flow patterns, to swirls in the diabase where solidifying segments were rolled over, to layers of coarse-grained crystals that settled, like sediments, in beds. The Palisades Sill—in its chemistry and its texture—is a standard example of homogeneous magma resulting in multiple expressions of rock. It tilts westward. The sill came into a crustal block whose western extremity—known in New Jersey as the Border Fault—is thirty miles away. As the block's western end went down, it formed the Newark Basin. The high eastern end gradually eroded, shedding sediments into the basin, and the sill was ultimately revealed—a process assisted by the creation and development of the Hudson, which eventually cut out the cliffside panorama of New Jersey as seen across the river from Manhattan: the broad sill, which had cracked, while cooling, into slender columns so upright and uniform that inevitably they would be likened to palisades.

In the many fractures of these big roadcuts, there is some suggestion of columns, but actually the cracks running through the cuts are too various to be explained by columnar jointing, let alone by the impudence of dynamite. The sill may have been stressed pretty severely by the tilting of the fault block, Kleinspehn says, or it may have cracked in response to the release of weight as the load above it was eroded away. Solid-earth tides could break it up, too. The sea is not all that responds to the moon. Twice a day the solid earth bobs up and down, as much as a foot. That kind of force and that kind of distance are more than enough to break hard rock. Wells will flow faster during lunar high tides.

For that matter, geologists have done their share to bust up these roadcuts. "They've really been *through* here!" They have fungoed so much rock off the walls they may have set them back a foot. And everywhere, in profusion along this half mile of diabase, there are small, neatly cored holes, in no way resembling the shot holes and guide holes of the roadblasters, which are larger and vertical, but small horizontal borings that would be snug to a roll of coins. They were made by geologists taking paleomagnetic samples. As the magma crystallized and turned solid, certain iron minerals within it lined themselves up like compasses, pointing toward the magnetic pole. As it happened, the direction in those years was northerly. The earth's magnetic field has reversed itself a number of hundreds of times, switching from north to south, south to north, at intervals that have varied in length. Geologists have figured out just when the reversals occurred, and have thus developed a distinct arrhythmic yardstick through time. There are many other chronological frames, of course, and if from other indicators, such as fossils, one knows the age of a rock unit within several million years, a look at the mineral compasses inside it can narrow the age toward precision. Paleomagnetic insights have contributed greatly to the study of the travels of the continents, helping to show where they may have been with respect to one another. In the argot of geology, paleomagnetic specialists are sometimes called paleomagicians. Enough paleomagicians have been up and down the big roadcuts of the Pali-



"There are a lot of books not earning their keep around here."



"Lately, it seems every problem Bill and I have turns up either on the Phil Donahue show or in the Sunday 'Times Magazine.'"

• •

sades Sill to prepare what appears to be a Hilton for wrens and purple martins. Birds have shown no interest.

Near the end of the highway's groove in the sill, there opens a broad, forgettable view of the valley of the Hackensack. The road is descending toward the river. At an even greater angle, the sill—tilting westward—dives into the earth. Accordingly, as Karen Kleinspehn continues to move downhill she is going "upsection" through the diabase toward the top of the tilting sill. The texture of the rock becomes smoother, the crystals smaller, and soon she finds the contact where the magma—at 2000 degrees Fahrenheit—touched the country rock. The country rock was a shale, which had earlier been the deep muck of some Triassic lake, where the labyrinthodont amphibians lived, and paleoniscid fish. The diabase below the contact now is a smooth and uniform hard dark rock, no tweed—its crystals too small to be discernible, having had so little time to grow in the chill zone. The contact is a straight, clear line. She rests her hand across it. The heat of the magma penetrated about a hundred feet into the shale, enough to cook it, to metamorphose it, to turn it into spotted slate. Sampling the slate with her sledgehammer, she has to pound with even more persistence than before. "Some weird, wild minerals turn up in this stuff," she comments between swings. "The metamorphic aureole of this formation is about the hardest rock in New Jersey."

She moves a few hundred feet farther on, near the end of the series of cuts. Pin oaks, sycamores, aspens, cottonwoods have come in on the wind with milkweed and wisteria to seize living space between the rock and the road, although the environment appears to be less welcoming than the center of Carson Sink. There are fossil burrows in the slate—long stringers where Triassic animals travelled through the quiet mud, not far below the surface of the shallow lake. There is a huge rubber sandal by the road, a crate of broken eggs, three golf balls. Two are very cheap but one is an Acushnet Titleist. A soda can comes clinking down the interstate, moving ten miles an hour before the easterly winds of the traffic. The screen of trees damps the truck noise. Karen sits down to rest, to talk, with her back against a cottonwood. "Roadcuts can be a godsend. There's a series of roadcuts near Pikeville, Kentucky—very big ones—where you can see distributary channels in a river-delta system, with natural levees, and with splay deposits going out from the levees into overbank deposits of shales and coal. It's a face-on view of the fingers of a delta, coming at you—the Pocahontas delta system, shed off the Appalachians in Mississippian-Pennsylvanian time. You see river channels that migrated back and forth across a valley and were superposed vertically on one another through time. You see it all there in one series of exposures, instead of having to fit together many smaller pieces of the puzzle."

Geologists on the whole are inconsistent drivers. When a roadcut presents itself, they tend to lurch and weave. To them, the roadcut is a portal, a fragment of a regional story, a proscenium arch that leads their imaginations into the earth and through the surrounding terrain. In the rock itself are the essential clues to the scenes in which the rock began to form—a lake in Wyoming, about as large as Huron; a shallow ocean reaching westward from Washington Crossing; big rivers that rose in Nevada and fell through California to the sea. Unfortunately, highway departments tend to obscure such scenes. They scatter seed wherever they think it will grow. They "hair everything over"—as geologists around the country will typically complain.

"We think rocks are beautiful. Highway departments think rocks are obscene."

"In the north it's vetch."

"In the south it's the god-damned kudzu. You need a howitzer to blast through it. It covers the mountainsides, too."

"Almost all our stops on field trips are at roadcuts. In areas where struc-

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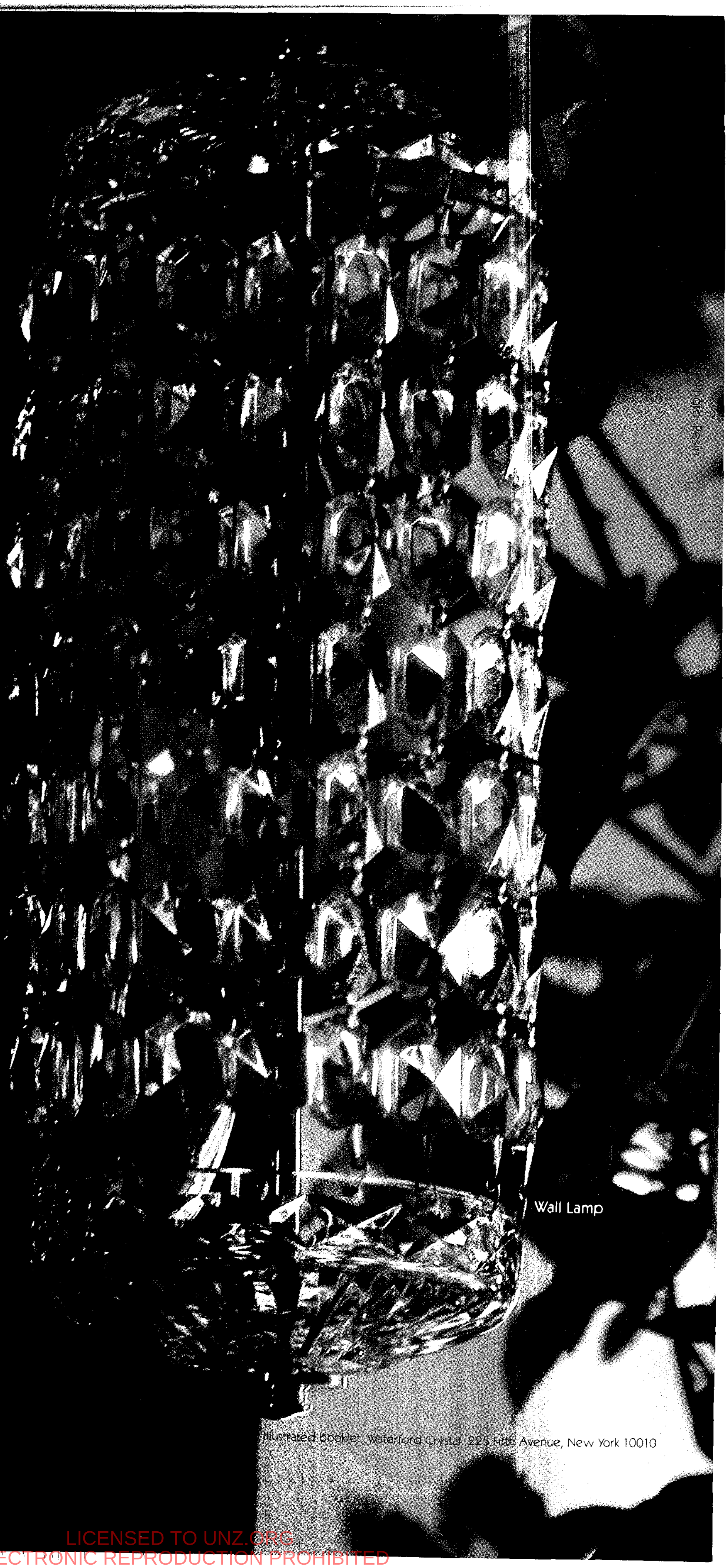

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Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.

ture is not well exposed, roadcuts are essential to do geology."

"Without some roadcuts, all you could do is drill a hole, or find natural streamcuts, which are few and far between."

"We as geologists are fortunate to live in a period of great road building."

"It's a way of sampling fresh rock. The road builders slice through indiscriminately, and no little rocks, no softer units are allowed to hide."

"A roadcut is to a geologist as a stethoscope is to a doctor."

"An X-ray to a dentist."

"The Rosetta Stone to an Egyptologist."

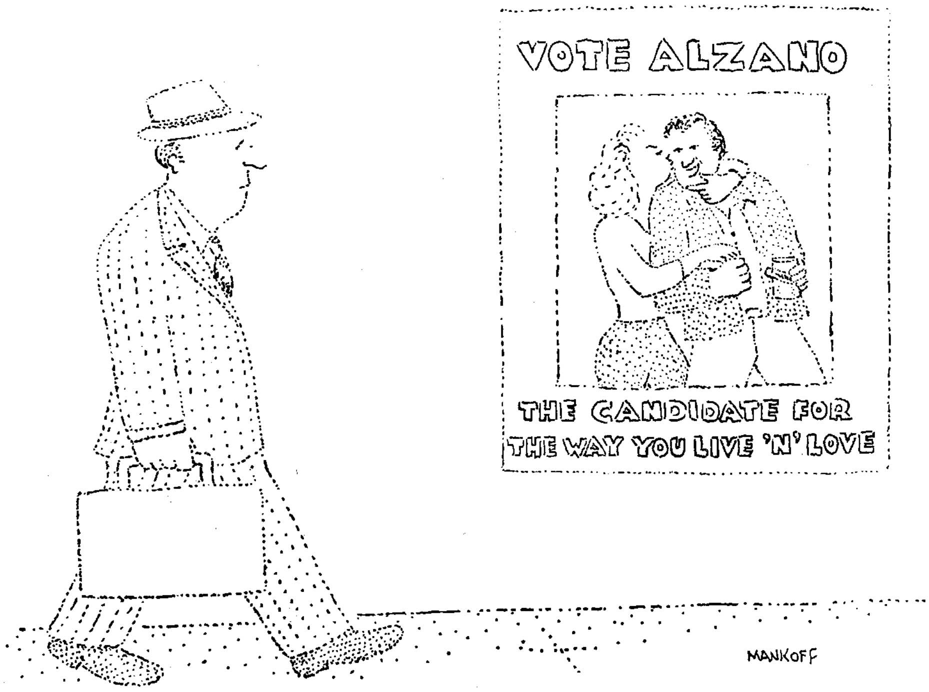
"A twenty-dollar bill to a hungry man."

"If I'm going to drive safely, I can't do geology."

In moist climates, where vegetation veils the earth, streamcuts are about the only natural places where geologists can see exposures of rock, and geologists have walked hundreds of thousands of miles in and beside streams. If roadcuts in the moist world are a kind of gift, they are equally so in other places. Rocks are not easy to read where natural outcrops are so deeply weathered that a hammer will virtually sink out of sight—for example, in piedmont Georgia. Make a fresh roadcut almost anywhere at all and geologists will close in swiftly, like missionaries racing anthropologists to a tribe just discovered up the Xingu.

"I studied roadcuts and outcrops as a kid, on long trips with my family," Karen says. "I was probably doomed to be a geologist from the beginning." She grew up in the Genesee Valley, and most of the long trips were down through Pennsylvania and the Virginias to see her father's parents, in North Carolina. On such a journey, it would have been difficult not to notice all the sheets of rock that had been bent, tortured, folded, faulted, crumpled—and to wonder how that happened, since the sheets of rock would have started out as flat as a pad of paper. "I am mainly interested in sedimentology, in sedimentary structures. It allows me to do a lot of field work. I'm not too interested in theories of what happens x kilometres down in the earth at certain temperatures and pressures. You seldom do field work if you're interested in the mantle. There's a little bit of the humanities that creeps into geology, and that's why I am in it. You can't prove things as rigorously as physicists or chemists do. There are no white coats in a geology lab, although geology is going that way. Under the Newark Basin are worn-down remains of the Appalachians—below us here, and under that valley, and so on over to the Border Fault. In the West, for my thesis, I am working on a basin that also formed on top of a preëxisting deformed belt. I can't say that the basin formed just like this one, but what absorbs me are the mechanics of these successor basins, superposed on mountain belts. The Great Valley in California is probably an example of a late-stage compressional basin—formed as plates came together. We think the Newark Basin is an extensional basin—formed as plates moved apart. In the geologic record, how do we recognize the differences between the two? I am trying to get the picture of the basin as a whole, and what is the history that you can read in these cuts. I can't synthesize all this in one morning on a field trip, but I can look at the rock here and then evaluate someone else's interpretation." She pauses. She looks back along the rockwall. "This interstate is like a knife wound all across the country," she remarks. "Sure—you could do this sort of thing from here to California. Anyone who wants to, though, had better hurry. Before long, to go all the way across by yourself will be a fossil experience. A person or two. One car. Coast to coast. People do it now without thinking much about it. Yet it's a most unusual kind of personal freedom—particular to this time span, the one we happen to be in. It's an amazing, temporary phenomenon that will end. We have the best highway system in the world. It lets us do what people in no other country can do. And it is also an ecological disaster."

In June, every year, students and professors from Eastern colleges—with their hydrochloric-acid phials and their hammers and their Brunton compasses—head West. To be sure, there is plenty of absorbing geology under the shag of Eastern America, galvanic conundrums in Appalachian structure and intricate puzzles in history and stratigraphy. In no manner would one wish to mitigate the importance of the Eastern scene. Undeniably, though, the West is where the rocks are—"where it all hangs out," as someone in the United States Geological Survey has put it—and of Eastern geologists who do any kind of summer field work about seventy-five per cent go West. They carry state geological maps and the regional geological highway maps that have been published by the American Association of Petroleum Geologists—maps as prodigally colored as drip paintings and equally formless in their worm-trail-and-paramecium depictions of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the country's uppermost rock. The maps give two dimensions but more than suggest the third. They tell the general age and story of the banks of the asphalt stream. Kleinspehn has been doing this for some years, getting into her Minibago, old and overloaded, a two-door Ford, heavy-duty springs, with odd pieces of the Rockies under the front seat and a mountain tent in the gear behind, to cross the Triassic lowlands and the Border Fault and to rise into the Ridge and Valley Province, the folded-and-faulted, deformed Appalachians—the beginnings of a journey that above all else is physiographic, a journey that tends to mock the idea of a nation, of a political state, as an unnatural subdivision of the globe, as a metaphor of the human ego sketched on paper and framed in straight lines and in riparian boundaries between unalterable coasts. The United States: really a quartering of a continent, a drawer in North America. Pull it out and prairie dogs would spill off one side, alligators off the other—a terrain crisscrossed with geological boundaries, mammalian boundaries, amphibian boundaries: the limits of the world of the river frog, the extent of the Nugget Formation, the range of the mountain cougar. The range of the cougar is the cougar's natural state, overlying segments of tens of thousands of other states, a few of them proclaimed a nation. The United States of America. President Jimmy Carter presiding, on the Atlantic Coastal Plain. The change is generally dramatic as one province gives way to another; and halfway across Pennsylvania, as you leave the quartzite ridges and carbonate valleys of the folded-and-faulted mountains, you drop for a moment into Cambrian rock near the base of a long climb, a ten-mile gradient upsection in time from the Cambrian into the Ordovician into the Silurian into the Devonian into the Mississippian (generally through the same chapters of the earth represented in the walls of the Grand Canyon) and finally out onto the Pennsylvanian itself, the upper deck, the capstone rock, of the Allegheny Plateau. Now even the Exxon map shows a new geology, roads running every which way like shatter lines in glass, following the crazed geometries of this deeply dissected country, whereas, before, the roads had no choice but to run northeast-southwest among the long ropy trends of the deformed mountains, following the endless ridges. On these transcontinental trips, Karen has driven as much as a thousand miles in a day at speeds that she has come to regard as dangerous and no less emphatically immoral. She has almost never slept under a roof, nor can she imagine why anyone on such a journey would want or need to; she "scopes out" her campsites in the late-failing light with strong affection for national forests and less for the three-dollar campgrounds where you roll out your Ensolite between two trailers, where gregarious trains honk like Buicks, and Yamahas on instruments climb escarpments in the night. The physiographic boundary is indistinct where you shade off the Allegheny Plateau and onto the stable craton, the continent's enduring core, its heartland, immemorially unstrained, the steady, predictable hedreocraton—the Stable Interior Craton. There are old mountains to the east, maturing mountains to the west, adolescent mountains beyond. The craton has participated on its edges in the violent creation of the mountains. But it remains intact within, and half a nation wide—the lasting, stolid craton, slowly, slowly downwasting. It has lost five centimetres since the birth of Christ. In much of Canada and parts of Minnesota and Wisconsin, the surface of the craton is Precambrian—earth-basement rock, the continental shield. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and so forth, the whole of what used to be called the Middle West, is shield rock covered with a sedimentary veneer that has never been metamorphosed, never been ground into tectonic hash—sandstones, siltstones, limestones, dolomites, flatter than the ground above them, the silent floors of departed oceans, of epicratonic seas. Iowa. Nebraska. Now with each westward township the country thickens, rises—a thousand, two thousand, five thousand feet—on crumbs shed off the Rockies and generously served to the craton. At last the Front Range comes to view—the chevroned mural of the mountains, sparkling white on gray, and on its outfanning sediments you are lifted into the Rockies and you plunge through a canyon to the Laramie Plains. "You go from one major geologic province to another and—whoa!—you really know you're doing it." There are mountains now behind you, mountains before you, mountains that are set on top of mountains, a complex score of underthrust, upthrust, overthrust mountains, at the conclusion of which, through another canyon, you come into the Basin and Range. Brigham Young, when he came through a neighboring canyon and saw rivers flowing out on alluvial fans from the wall of the Wasatch to the flats beyond, made a quick decision and said, "This is the place." The scene suggested settling for it. The alternative was to press on beside a

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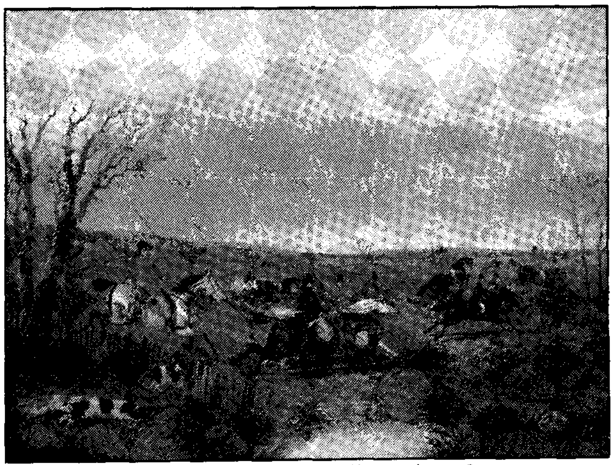

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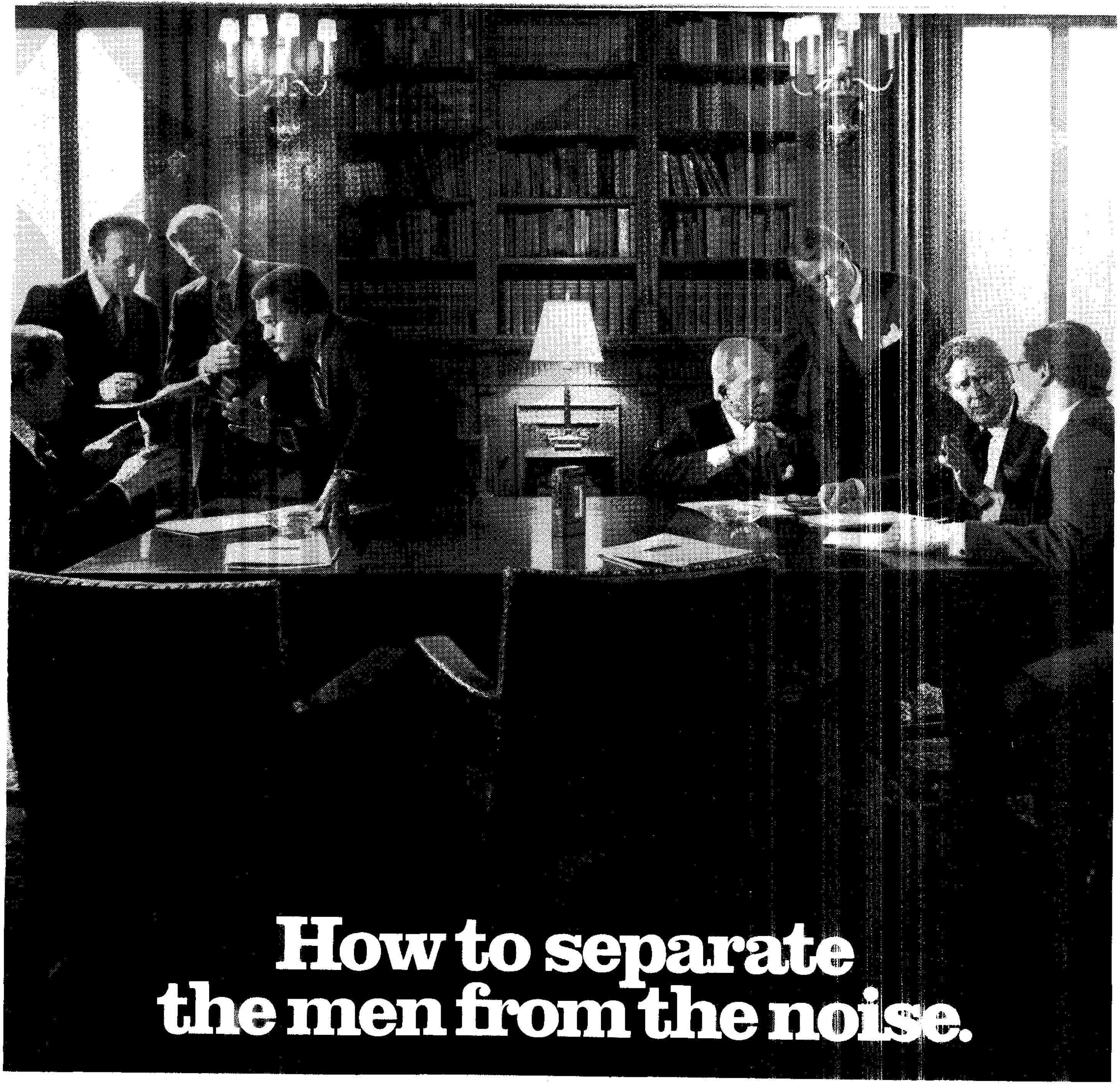
saline sea and then across salt barrens so vast and flat that when microwave relays would be set there they would not require towers. There are mountains, to be sure—off to one side and the other: the Oquirrhs, the Stansburys, the Promontories, the Silver Island Mountains. And with Nevada these high, discrete, austere new ranges begin to come in waves, range after range after north-south range, consistently in rhythm with wide flat valleys: basin, range; basin, range; a mile of height between basin and range. Beside the Humboldt you wind around the noses of the mountains, the Humboldt, framed in cottonwood—a sound, substantial, year-round-flowing river, among the largest in the world that fail to reach the sea. It sinks, it disappears, in an evaporite plain, near the bottom of a series of fault blocks that have broken out to form a kind of stairway that you climb to go out of the Basin and Range. On one step is Reno, and at the top is Donner Summit of the uplifting Sierra Nevada, which has gone above fourteen thousand feet but seems by no means to have finished its invasion of the sky. The Sierra is rising on its east side and is hinged on the west, so the slope is long to the Sacramento Valley—the physiographic province of the Great Valley—flat and sea-level and utterly incongruous within its flanking mountains. It was not eroded out in the normal way of valleys. Mountains came up around it. Across the fertile flatland, beyond the avocados, stand the Coast Ranges, the ultimate province of the present, the berm of the ocean—the Coast Ranges, with their dry and straw-brown Spanish demeanor, their shadows of the live oaks on the ground.

If you were to make that trip in the Triassic—New York to San Francisco, Interstate 80, say roughly at the end of Triassic time—you would move west from the nonexistent Hudson River with the Palisades Sill ten thousand feet down. The motions that will open the Atlantic are well under way (as things appear in present theory), but the brine has not yet come in. Behind you, in fact, where the ocean will be, are several thousand miles of land—a contiguous landmass, fragments of which will be Africa, Antarctica, India, Australia. You cross the Newark Basin. It is for the most part filled with red mud. In the mud are tracks that seem to have been made by a two-ton newt. You come to a long, low, north-south-trending,



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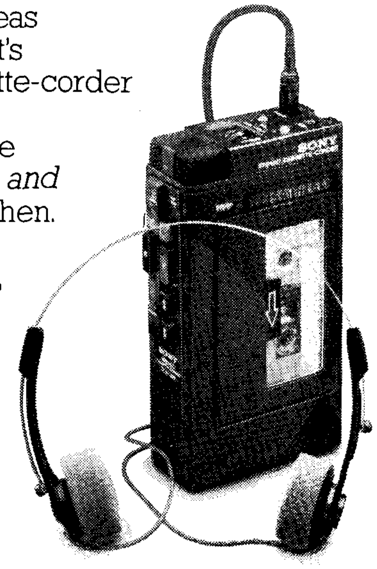

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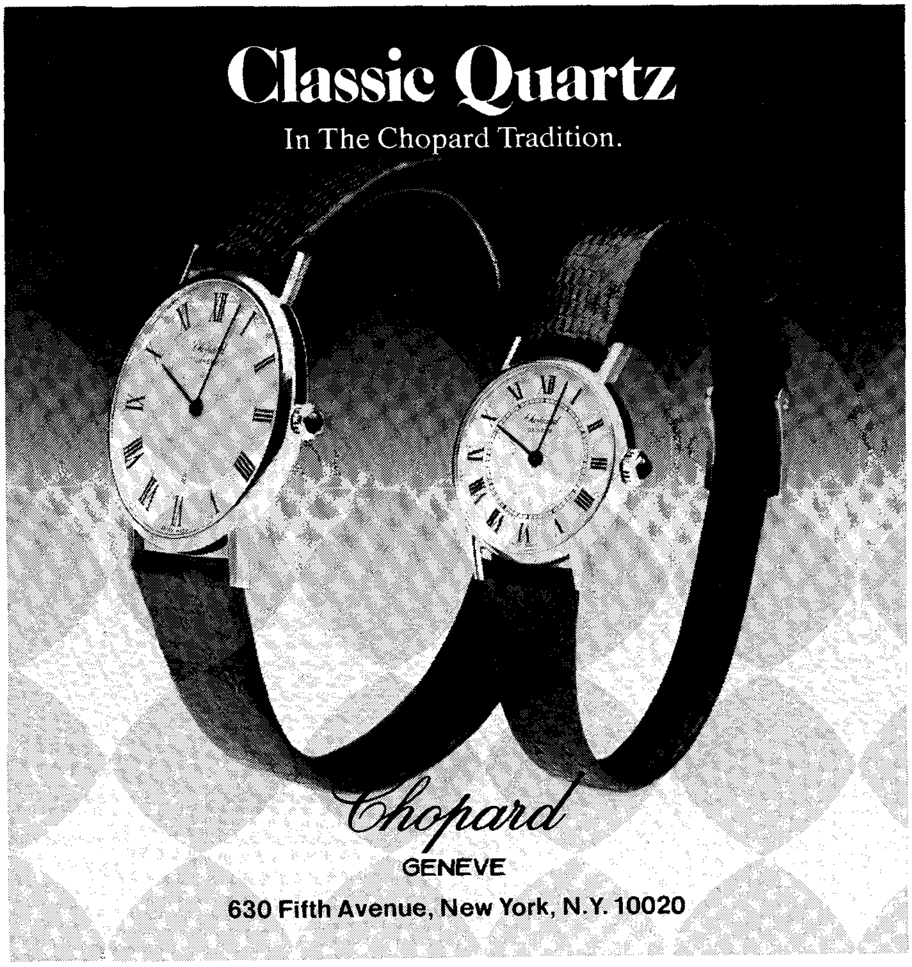
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black, steaming hill. It is a flow of lava that has come out over the mud and has cooled quickly in the air to form the dense smooth textures of basalt. Someday, towns and landmarks of this extruded hill will in one way or another take from it their names: Montclair, Mountainside, Great Notch, Glen Ridge. You top the rise, and now you can see across the rest of the basin to the Border Fault, and—where Whippany and Parsippany will be, some thirty miles west of New York—there is a mountain front perhaps seven thousand feet high. You climb this range and see more and more mountains beyond, and they are the folded-and-faulted Appalachians, but middle-aged and a little rough still at the edges, not caterpillar furry and worn-down smooth. Numbers do not seem to work well with regard to deep time. Any number above a couple of thousand years—fifty thousand, fifty million—will with nearly equal effect awe the imagination to the point of paralysis. This Triassic journey, anyway, is happening close to two hundred million years ago, or five per cent back into the existence of the earth. From the subalpine peaks of New Jersey, the descent is long and gradual to the lowlands of western Pennsylvania, where flat-lying sedimentary rocks begin to reach out across the craton—coals and sandstones, shales and limestones, slowly downwasting, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, erosionally losing an inch every thousand years. Where the Missouri will flow, past Council Bluffs, you come into a world of ruddy hills, Permian red, that continue to the far end of Nebraska, where you descend to the Wyoming flats. Sandy in places, silty, muddy, they run on and on, near sea level, all the way across Wyoming and into Utah. They are as red as brick. They will become the red cliffs and red canyons of Wyoming, the walls of Flaming Gorge. Triassic rock is not exclusively red, but much of it is red all over the world—red in the shales of New Jersey, red in the sandstones of Yunan, red in the banks of the Volga, red by the Solway Firth. Triassic redbeds, as they are called, are in the dry valleys of Antarctica, the red marls of Worcestershire, the hills of Alsace-Lorraine. The Petrified Forest. The Painted Desert. The South African redbeds of the Great Karroo. Triassic red rock is red through and through, and not merely weathered red on the surface, like the great Redwall Limestone of the Grand Can-

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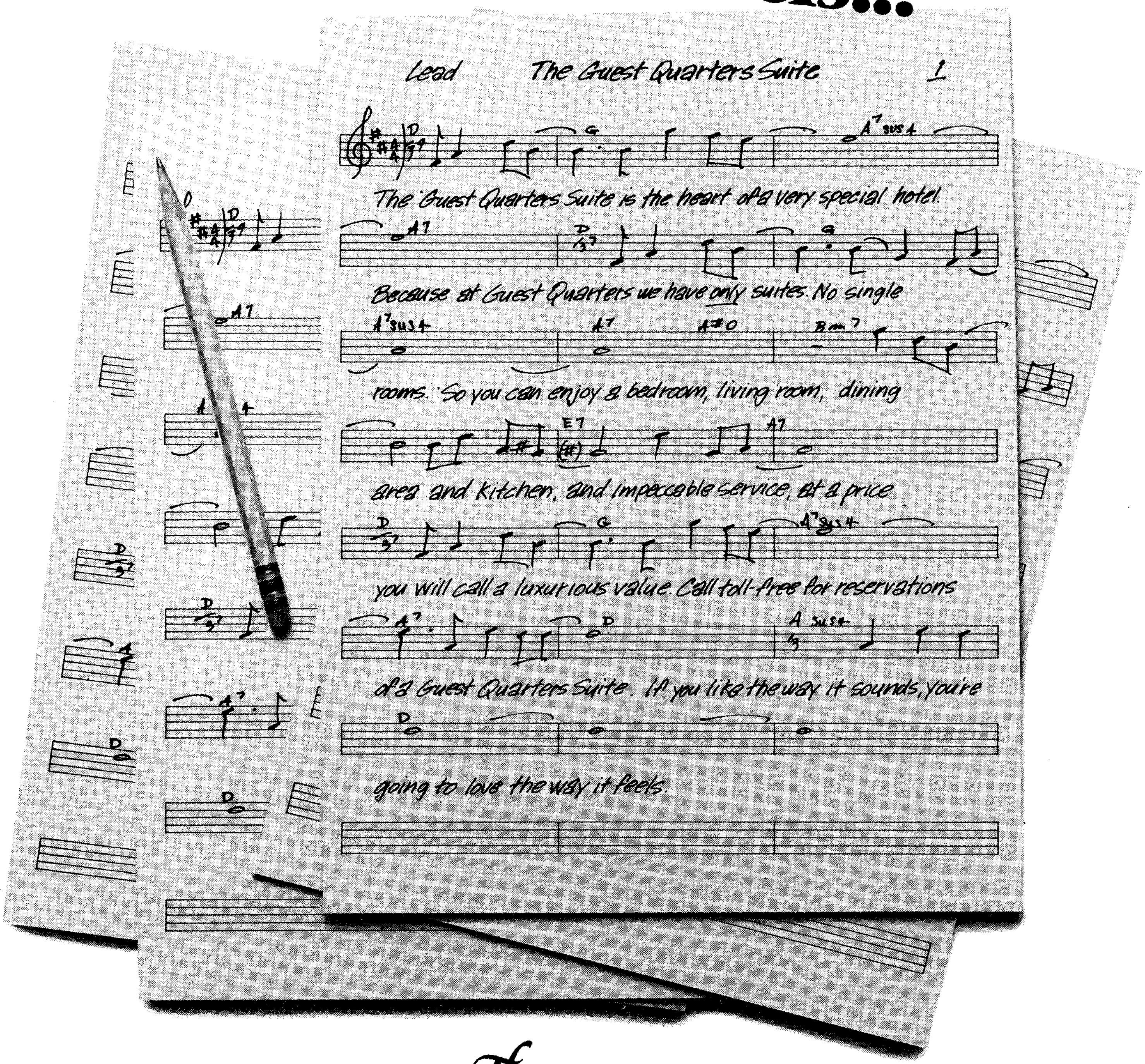
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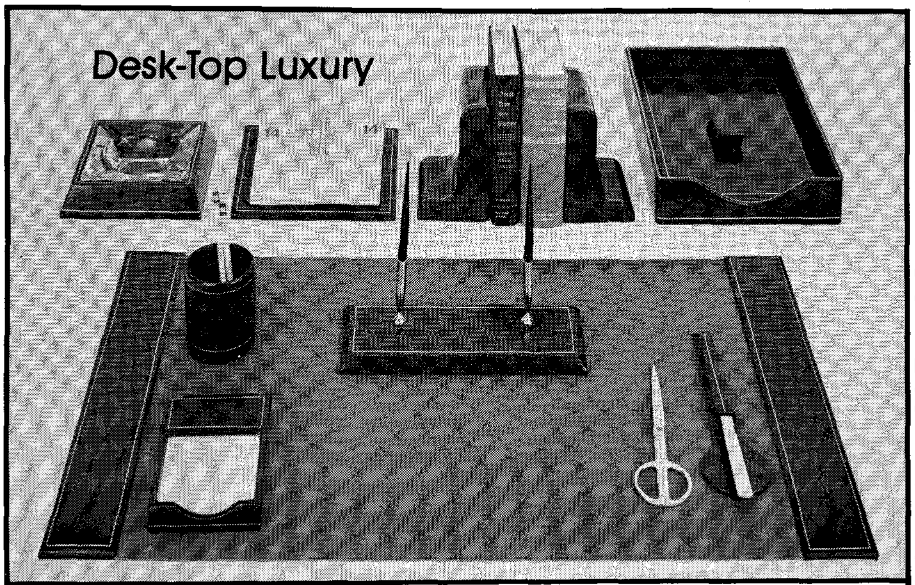

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yon, which is actually gray. There may have been a superabundance of oxygen in the atmosphere from late Pennsylvanian through Permian and Triassic time. As sea level changed and changed again all through the Pennsylvanian, tremendous quantities of vegetation grew and then were drowned and buried, grew and then were drowned and buried—to become, eventually, seam upon seam of coal, interlayered with sandstones and shales. Living plants take in carbon dioxide, keep the carbon in their carbohydrates, and give up the oxygen to the atmosphere. Animals, from bacteria upward, then eat the plants and reoxidize the carbon. This cycle would go awry if a great many plants were buried. Their carbon would be buried with them—isolated in rock—and so the amount of oxygen in the atmosphere would build up. All over the world, so much carbon was buried in Pennsylvanian time that the oxygen pressure in the atmosphere quite possibly doubled. There is more speculation than hypothesis in this, but what could the oxygen do? Where could it go? After carbon, the one other thing it could oxidize in great quantity was iron—abundant, pale-green ferrous iron, which exists everywhere, in fully five per cent of crustal rock; and when ferrous iron takes on oxygen, it turns a ferric red. That may have been what happened—in time that followed the Pennsylvanian. Permian rock is generally red. Redbeds on an epic scale are the signs of the Triassic, when the earth in its rutilance may have outdone Mars.

As you come off the red flats to cross western Utah, nearly two hundred million years before the present, you travel in the dark, there being not one grain of evidence to suggest its Triassic appearance, no paleoenvironmental clue. Ahead, though, in eastern Nevada, is a line of mountains that are much of an age with the peaks of New Jersey—a little rounded, beginning to show age—and after you climb them and go down off their western slopes you discern before you the white summits of alpine fresh terrain, of new rough mountains rammed into thin air, with snow banners flying off the matterhorns, ridges, crests, and spurs. You are in central Nevada, about four hundred miles east of San Francisco, and after you have climbed these mountains you look out upon (as it appears in present theory) open sea. You drop swiftly to the coast, and then move on across moderately profound

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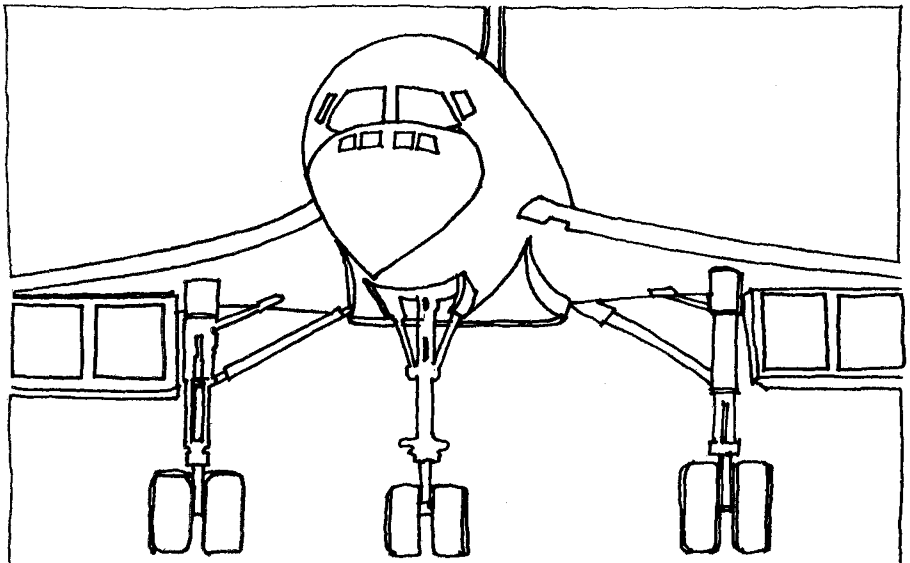
water full of pelagic squid, water that is quietly accumulating the sediments which—ages in the future—will become the roof rock of the rising Sierra. Tall volcanoes are standing in the sea. Then, at roughly the point where the Sierran foothills will end and the Great Valley will begin—at Auburn, California—you move beyond the shelf and over deep ocean. There are probably some islands out there somewhere, but fundamentally you are crossing above ocean crustal floor that reaches to the China Sea. Below you there is no hint of North America, no hint of the valley or the hills where Sacramento and San Francisco will be.

I USED to sit in class and listen to the terms come floating down the room like paper airplanes. Geology was called a descriptive science, and with its pitted outwash plains and drowned rivers, its hanging tributaries and starved coastlines, it was nothing if not descriptive. It was a fountain of metaphor—of isostatic adjustments and degraded channels, of angular unconformities and shifting divides, of rootless mountains and bitter lakes. Streams eroded headward, digging from two sides into mountain or hill, avidly struggling toward each other until the divide between them broke down, and the two rivers that did the breaking now became confluent (one yielding to the other, giving up its direction of flow and going the opposite way) to become a single stream. Stream capture. In the Sierra Nevada, the Yuba had captured the Bear. The Macho member of a formation in New Mexico was derived in large part from the solution and collapse of another formation. There was fatigued rock and incompetent rock and inequigranular fabric in rock. If you bent or folded rock, the inside of the curve was in a state of compression, the outside of the curve was under great tension, and somewhere in the middle was the surface of no strain. Thrust fault, reverse fault, normal fault—the two sides were active in every fault. The inclination of a slope on which boulders would stay put was the angle of repose. There seemed, indeed, to be more than a little of the humanities in this subject. Geologists communicated in English; and they could name things in a manner that sent shivers through the bones. They had roof pendants in their discordant batholiths, mosaic conglomerates in desert pavement. There was ultrabasic, deep-ocean, mottled green-and-black rock



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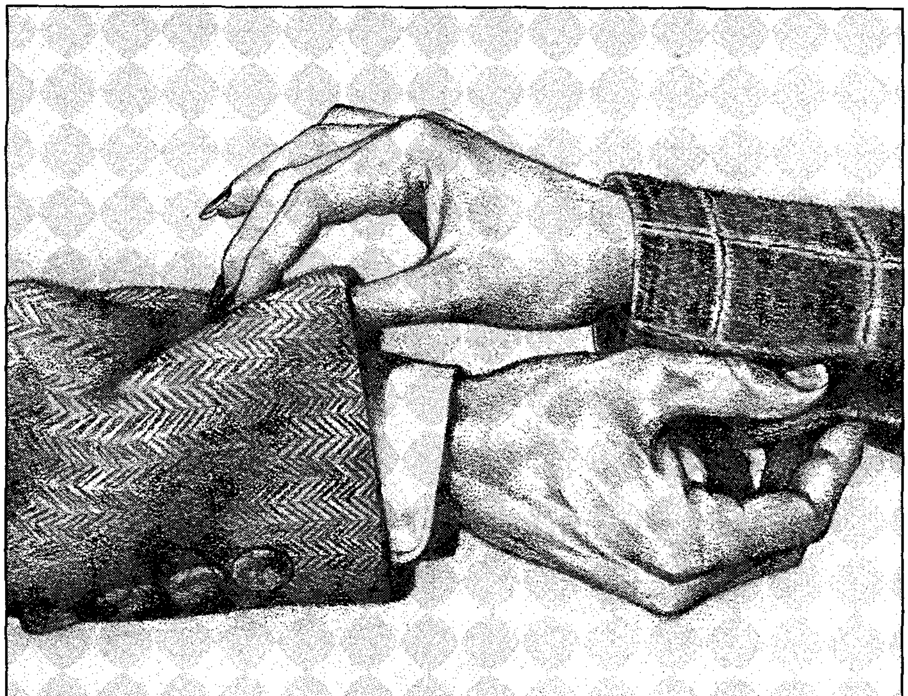
—or serpentine. There was the slip face of the barchan dune. In 1841, a paleontologist had decided that the big creatures of the Mesozoic were "fearfully great lizards," and had therefore named them dinosaurs. There were festooned crossbeds and limestone sinks, pillow lavas and petrified trees, incised meanders and defeated streams. There were dike swarms and slickensides, explosion pits, volcanic bombs. Pulsating glaciers. Hogbacks. Radiolarian ooze. There was almost enough resonance in some terms to stir the adolescent groin. The swelling up of mountains was described as an orogeny. Ontogeny, phylogeny, orogeny—accent syllable two. The Antler Orogeny, the Avalonian Orogeny, the Taconic, Acadian, Alleghenian Orogenies. The Laramide Orogeny. The center of the United States had had a dull geologic history—nothing much being accumulated, nothing much being eroded away. It was just sitting there conservatively. The East had once been radical—had been unstable, reformist, revolutionary, in the Paleozoic pulses of three or four orogenies. Now, for the last hundred and fifty million years, the East had been stable and conservative. The far-out stuff was in the Far West of the country—wild, weirdsma, a leather-jacket geology in mirrored shades, with its welded tuffs and Franciscan mélange (internally deformed, complex beyond analysis), its strike-slip faults and falling buildings, its boiling springs and fresh volcanics, its extensional disassembling of the earth.

There was, to be sure, another side of the page—full of geological language of the sort that would have attracted Gilbert and Sullivan. Rock that stayed put was called autochthonous, and if it had moved it was allochthonous. "Normal" meant "at right angles." "Normal" also meant a fault with a depressed hanging wall. There was a Green River Basin in Wyoming that was not to be confused with the Green River Basin in Wyoming. One was topographical and was *on* Wyoming. The other was structural and was *under* Wyoming. The Great Basin, which is centered in Utah and Nevada, was not to be confused with the Basin and Range, which is centered in Utah and Nevada. The Great Basin was topographical, and extraordinary in the world as a vastness of land that had no drainage to the sea. The Basin and Range was a realm of related mountains that all but coincided with the



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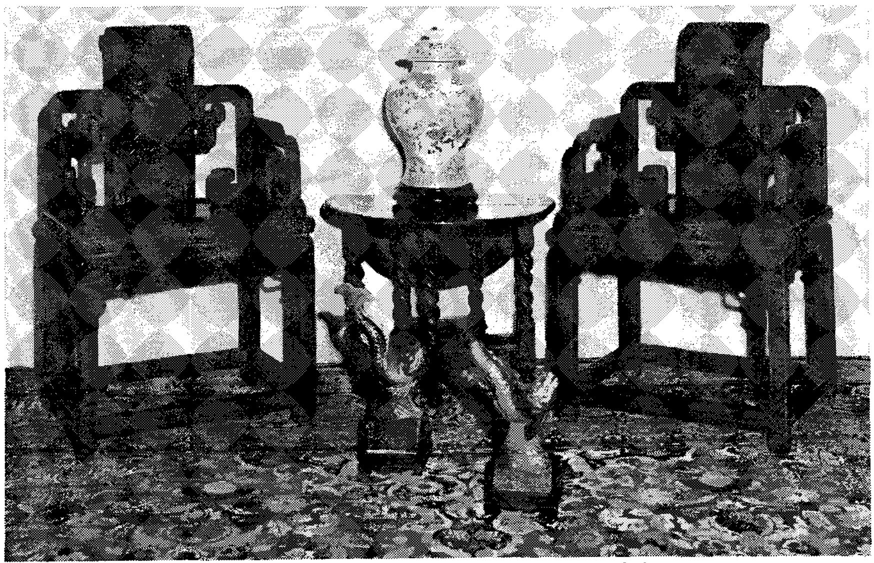

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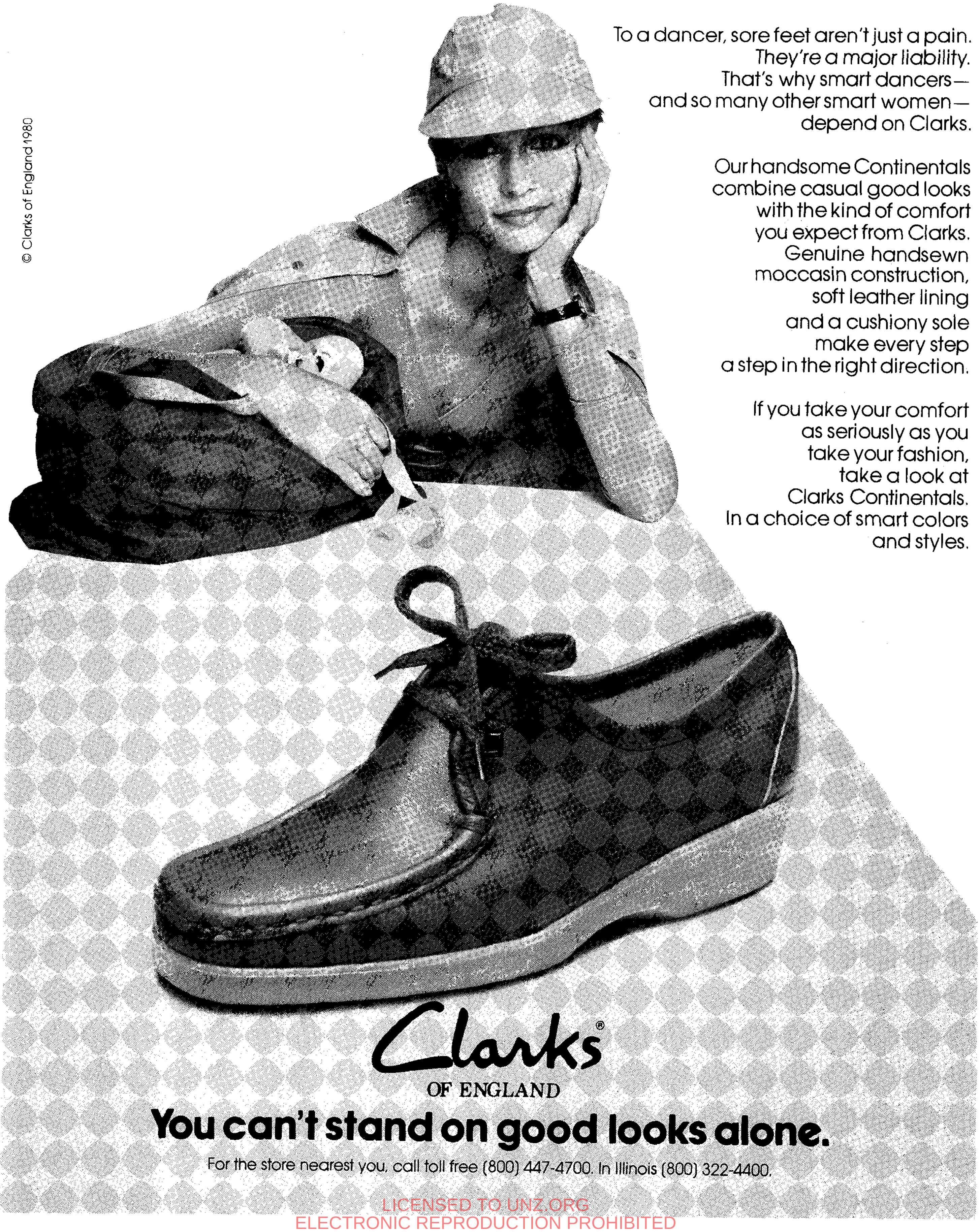

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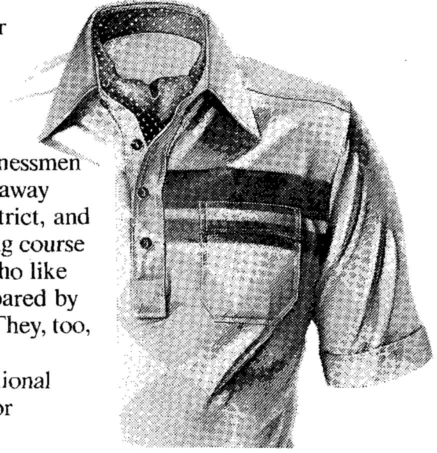

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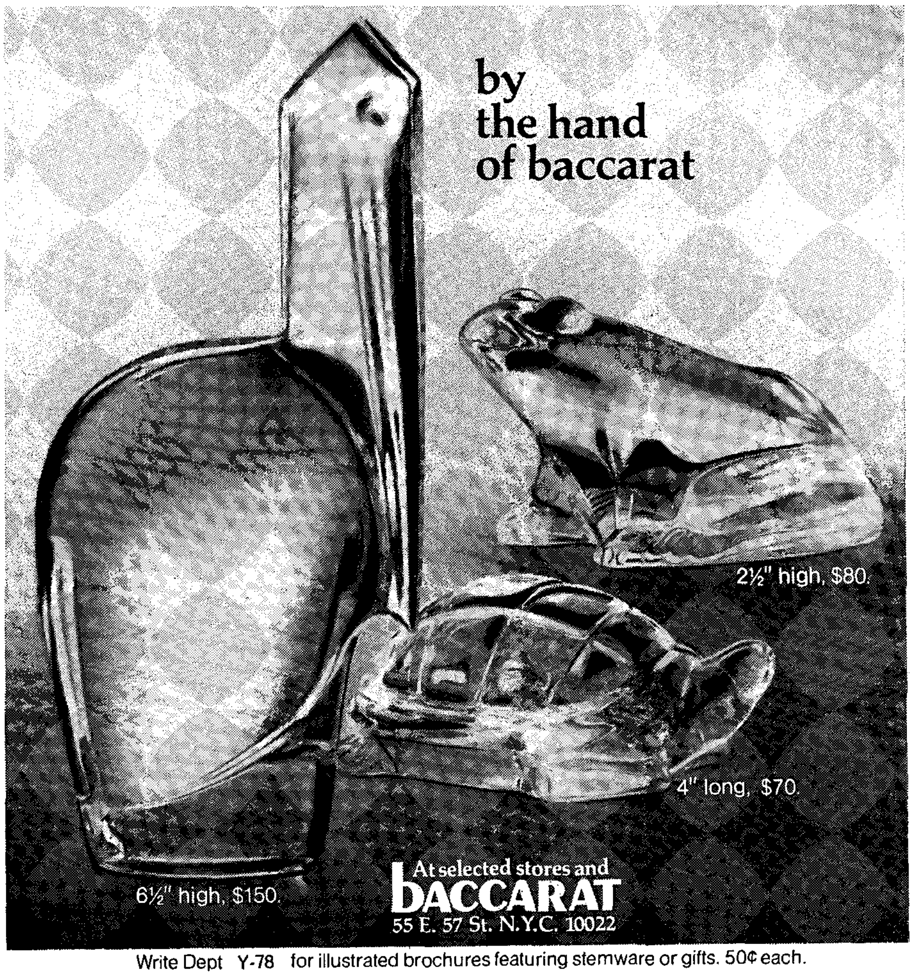

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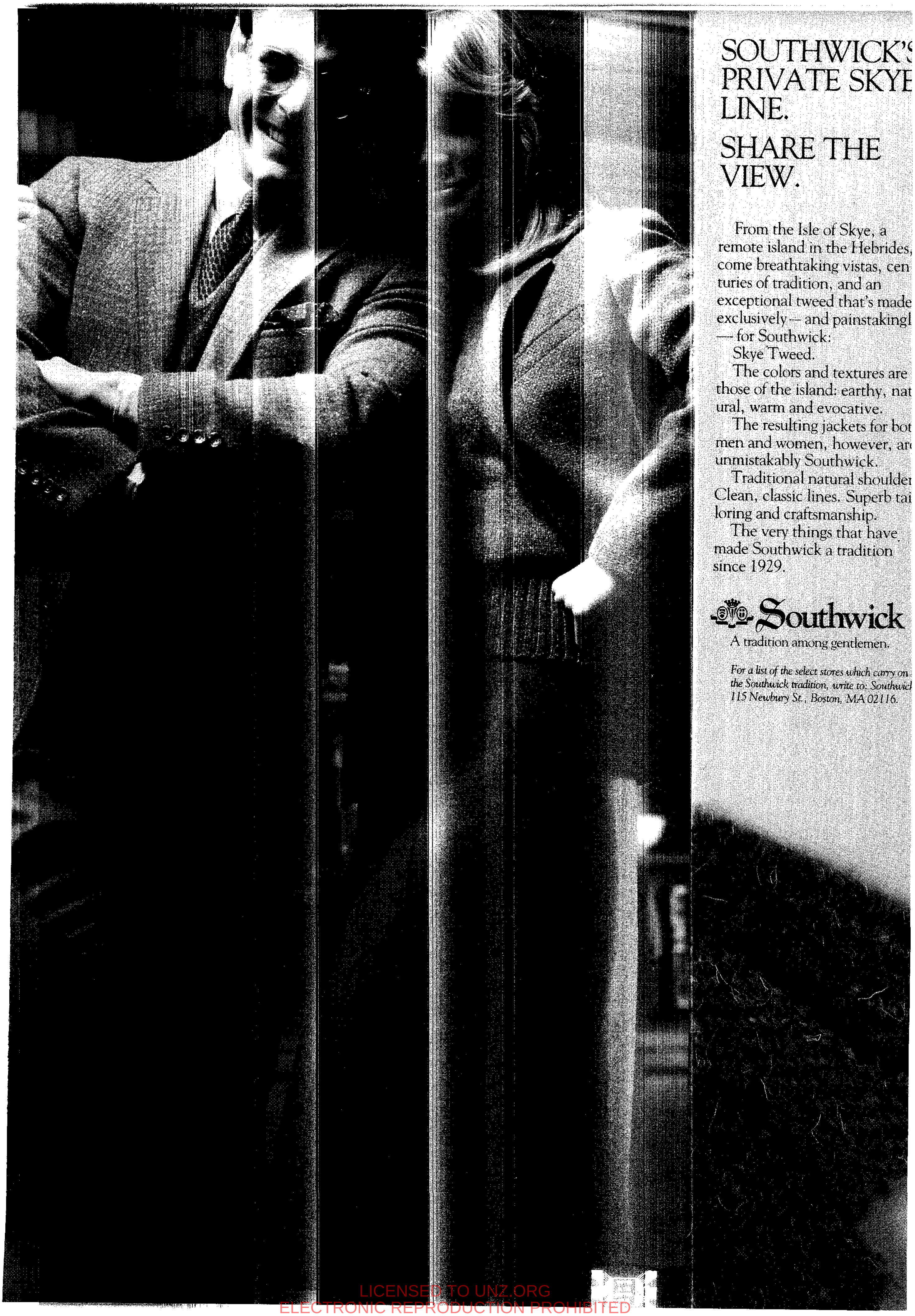
Great Basin, spilling over slightly to the north and south. To anyone with a smoothly functioning bifocal mind, there was no lack of clarity about Iowa in the Pennsylvanian, Missouri in the Mississippian, Nevada in Nebraskan, Indiana in Illinoian, Vermont in Kansan, Texas in Wisconsinan time. Meteoric water, with study, turned out to be rain. It ran downhill in consequent, subsequent, obsequent, resequent, and not a few insequent streams.

As years went by, such verbal deposits would thicken. Someone developed enough effrontery to call a piece of our earth an epieugeosyncline. There were those who said interfluve when they meant between two streams, and a perfectly good word like mesopotamian would do. A cactolith, according to the American Geological Institute's "Glossary of Geology and Related Sciences," was "a quasi-horizontal chonolith composed of anastomosing ductoliths, whose distal ends curl like a harpolith, thin like a sphenolith, or bulge discordantly like an akmolith or ethmolith." The same class of people who called one rock serpentine called another jacupirangite. Clinoptilolite, eclogite, migmatite, tincalconite, szaibelyite, pumpellyite. Meyerhofferite. The same class of people who called one rock paracelsian called another despujolsite. Metakirchheimerite, katzenbuckelite, mboziite, noselite, neighborite, pigeonite, muskoxite, pabstite, samsonite, aenigmatite. Joesmithite. With the X-ray diffractometer and the X-ray fluorescence spectrometer, which came into general use in geology laboratories in the late nineteen-fifties, and then with the electron probe (around 1970), geologists obtained ever closer examinations of the components of rock. What they had long seen through magnifying lenses as specimens held in the hand—or in thin slices under microscopes—did not always register identically in the eyes of these machines. Andesite, for example, had been given its name for being the predominant rock of the high mountains of South America. According to the machines, there is surprisingly little andesite in the Andes. The Sierra Nevada is renowned throughout the world for its relatively young and absolutely beautiful granite. There is precious little granite in the Sierra. Yosemite Falls, Half Dome, El Capitan—for the most part the "granite" of the Sierra is granodiorite. It has always been difficult enough to hold in the mind that a magma which



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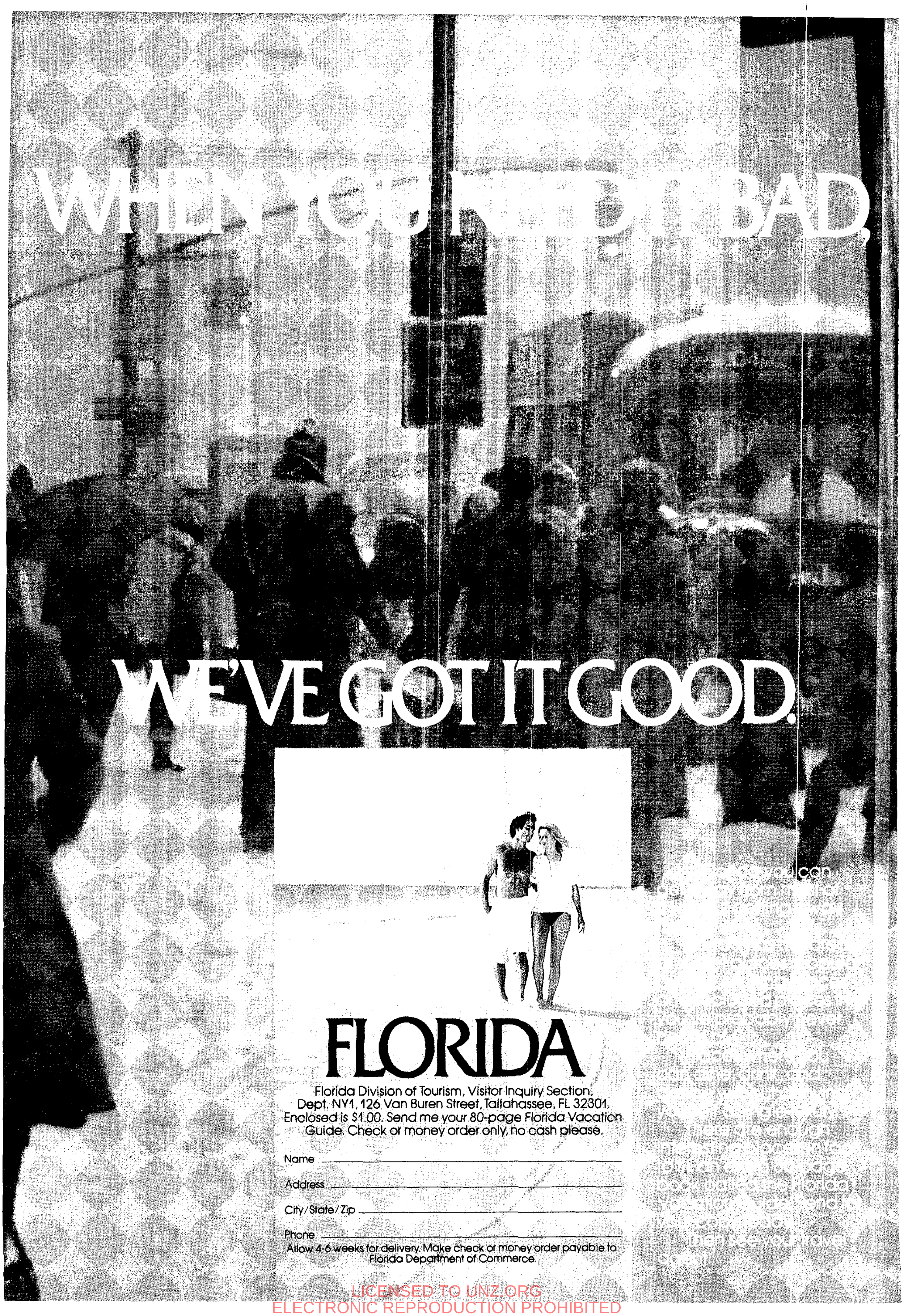
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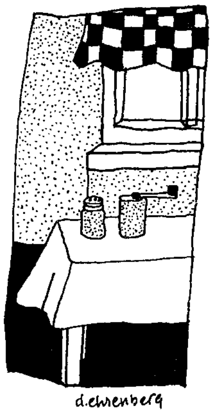
hardens in the earth as granite will—if it should flow out upon the earth—harden as rhyolite, that what hardens within the earth as diorite will harden upon the earth as andesite, that what hardens within the earth as gabbro will harden upon the earth as basalt, the difference from pair to pair being a matter of chemical composition and the differences within each pair being a matter of texture and of crystalline form, with the darker rock at the gabbro end and the lighter rock the granite. All of that—not to mention such wee appendixes as the fact that diabase is a special texture of gabbro—was difficult enough for the layman to remember before the diffractometers and the spectrometers and the electron probes came along to present their multiplex cavils. What had previously been described as the granite of the world turned out to be a large family of rock that included granodiorite, monzonite, syenite, adamellite, trondhjemite, alaskite, and a modest amount of true granite. A great deal of rhyolite, under scrutiny, became dacite, rhyodacite, quartz latite. Andesite was found to contain enough silica, potassium, sodium, and aluminum to be the fraternal twin of granodiorite. These points are pretty fine. The home terms still apply. The enthusiasm geologists show for adding new words to their conversation is, if anything, exceeded by their affection for the old. They are not about to drop granite. They say granodiorite when they are in church and granite the rest of the week.



When I was seventeen and staring up the skirts of Eastern valleys, I was taught the rudiments of what is now referred to as the Old Geology. The New Geology is the package phrase for the effects of the revolution that occurred in earth science in the nineteen-sixties, when geologists clambered onto sea-floor spreading, when people began to discuss continents in terms of their velocities, and when the interactions of some twenty parts of the globe became known as plate tectonics. There were few hints of all that when I was seventeen, and now, a shake later, middle-aged and fading, I wanted to learn some geology again, to feel the difference between the Old and the New, to sense if possible how the science had settled down a decade after its great upheaval, but less in megapictures than in day-to-day contact with country rock, seeing what had not changed as well as what had changed. The thought occurred to me that if you were to walk a series of roadcuts with a geologist something illuminating would in all likelihood occur. This was long before I met Karen Kleinspehn, or, for that matter, David Love, of the United States Geological Survey, or Anita Harris, also of the Survey, or Eldridge Moores, of the University of California at Davis, all of whom would eventually take me with them through various stretches of the continent. What I did first off was what anyone would do. I called my local geologist. I live in Princeton, New Jersey, and the man I got in touch with was Kenneth Deffeyes, a senior professor who teaches introductory geology at Princeton University. It is an assignment that is angled wide. Students who have little aptitude for the sciences are required to take a course or two in the sciences en route to some cerebral Valhalla dangled high by the designers of curriculum. Deffeyes' course is one that such students are drawn to select. He calls it Earth and Its Resources. They call it Rocks for Jocks.

Deffeyes is a big man with a tenured waistline. His hair flies behind him like Ludwig van Beethoven's. He lectures in sneakers. His voice is syllabic, elocutionary, operatic. He has been described by a colleague as "an intellectual roving shortstop, with more ideas per square metre than anyone else in the department—they just tumble out." His surname rhymes with "the maze." He has been a geological engineer, a chemical oceanographer, a sedimentary petrologist. As he lectures, his eyes search the hall. He is careful to be clear but also to bring forth the full promise of his topic, for he knows that while the odd jock and the pale poet are the white of his target the bull's-eye is the future geologist. Undergraduates do not come to Princeton intending to study geology. When freshmen fill out cards stating their three principal interests, no one includes rocks. Those who will make the subject their field of major study become interested after they arrive. It is up to Deffeyes to interest them—and not a few of them—or his department goes into a subduction zone. So his

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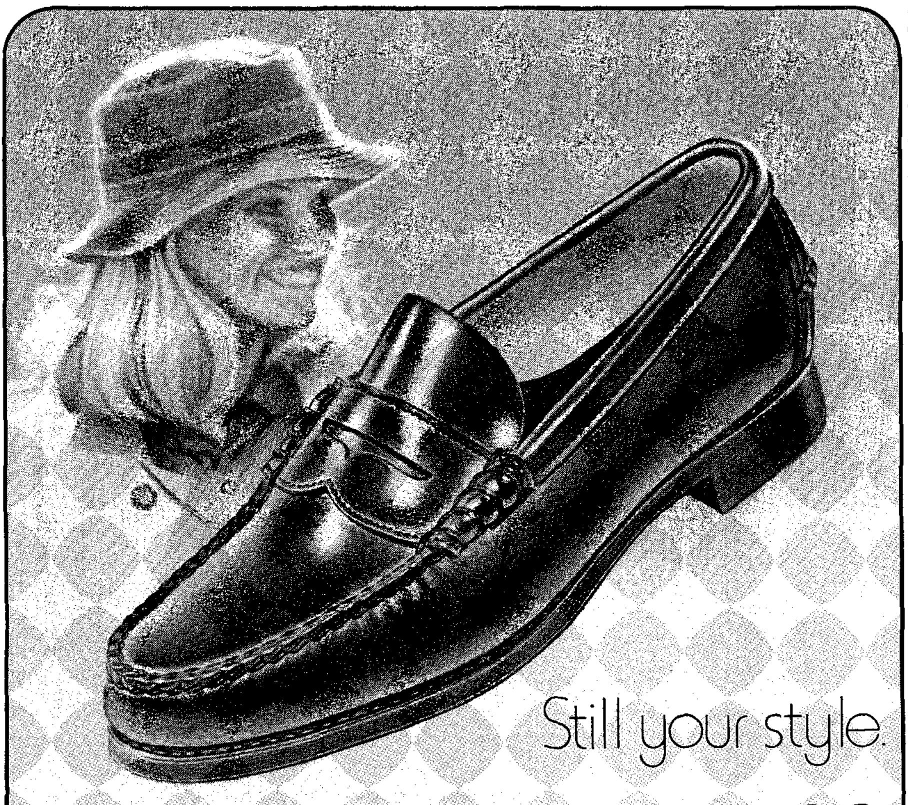

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eyes search the hall. People out of his course have been drafted by the Kansas City Kings and have set records in distance running. They have also become professors of geological geophysics at Caltech and of petrology at Harvard.

Deffeyes' own research has gone from Basin and Range sediments to the floor of the deep sea to unimaginable events in the mantle, but his enthusiasms are catholic and he appears to be less attached to any one part of the story than to the entire narrative of geology in its four-dimensional recapitulations of space and time. His goals as a teacher are ambitious to the point of irrationality: At the very least, he seems to expect a hundred mint geologists to emerge from his course—expects perhaps to turn on his television and see a certified igneous petrographer up front with the starting Kings. I came to know Deffeyes when I wondered how gold gets into mountains. I knew that most old-time hard-rock prospectors had little to go on but an association of gold with quartz. And I knew the erosional details of how gold comes out of mountains and into the rubble of streams. What I wanted to learn was what put the gold in the mountains in the first place. I asked a historical geologist and a geomorphologist. They both recommended Deffeyes. He explained that gold is not merely rare. It can be said to love itself. It is, with platinum, the noblest of the noble metals—those which resist combination with other elements. Gold wants to be free. In cool crust rock, it generally is free. At very high temperatures, however, it will go into compounds; and the gold that is among the magmatic fluids in certain pockets of interior earth may be combined, for example, with chlorine. Gold chloride is "modestly" soluble, and will dissolve in water that comes down and circulates in the magma. The water picks up many other elements, too: potassium, sodium, silicon. Heated, the solution rises into fissures in hard crust rock, where the cooling gold breaks away from the chlorine and—in specks, in flakes, in nuggets even larger than the eggs of geese—falls out of the water as metal. Silicon precipitates, too, filling up the fissures and enveloping the gold with veins of silicon dioxide, which is quartz.

When I asked Deffeyes what one might expect from a close inspection of roadcuts, he said they were windows into the world as it was in other

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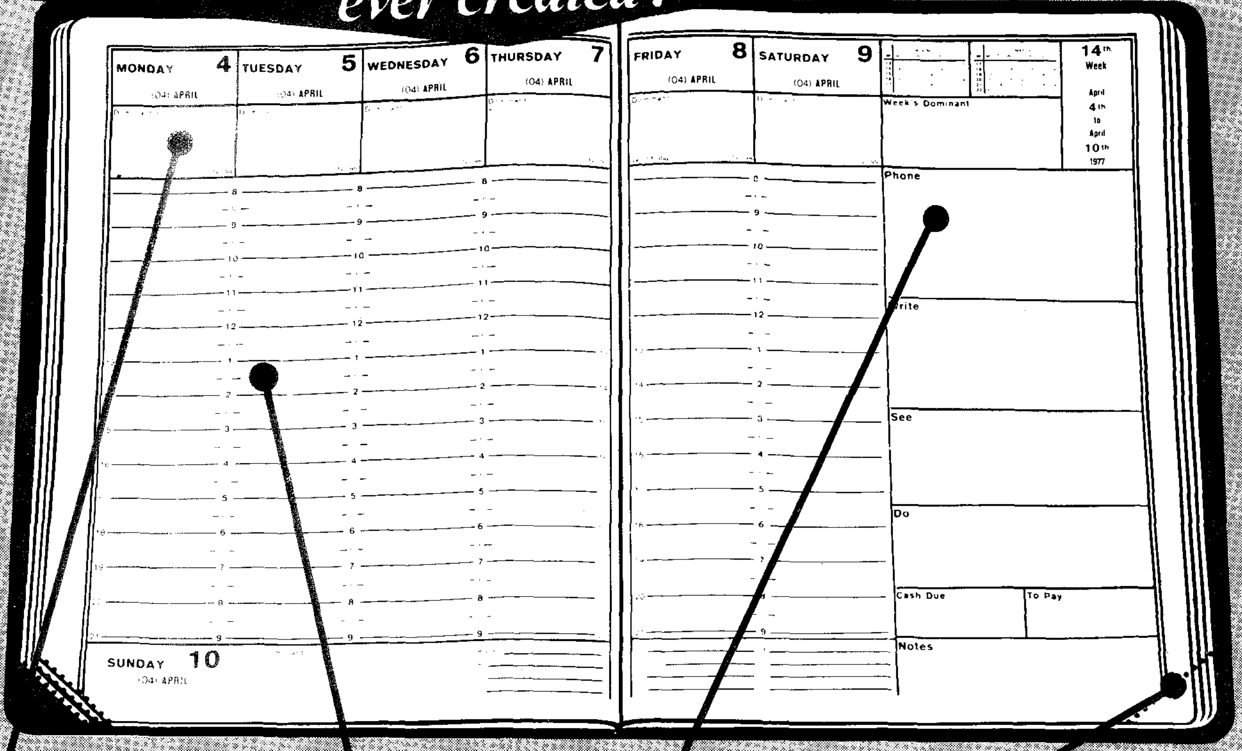

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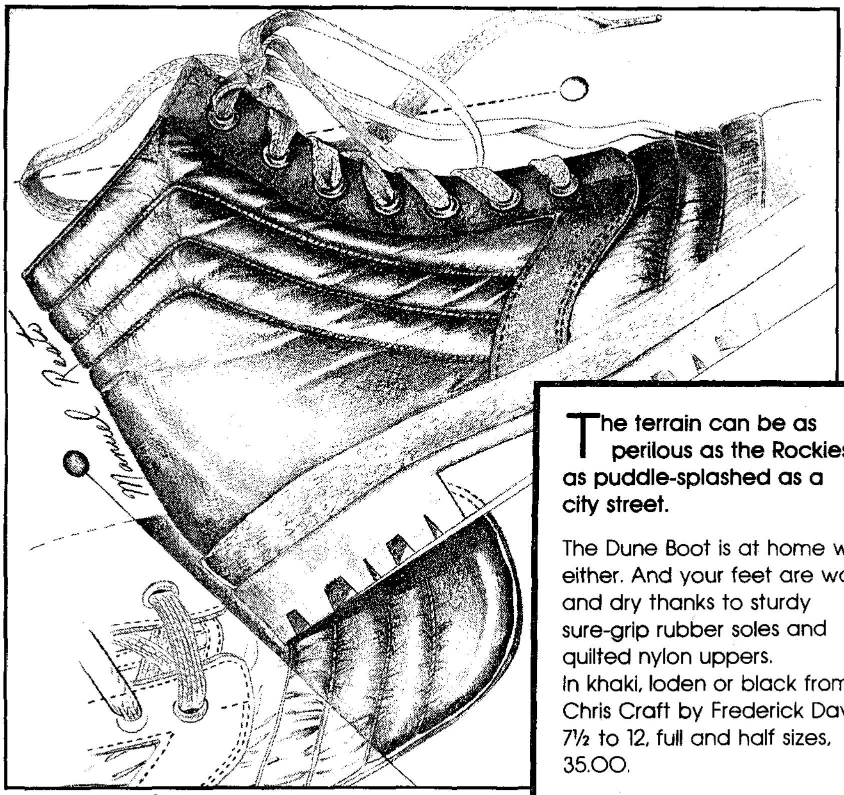
times. We made plans to take samples of highway rock. I suggested going north up some new interstate to see what the blasting had disclosed. He said if you go north, in most places on this continent, the geology does not greatly vary. You should proceed in the direction of the continent itself. Go west. I had been thinking of a weekend trip to Whiteface Mountain, or something like it, but now, suddenly, a vaulting alternative came to mind. What about Interstate 80, I asked him. It goes the distance. How would it be? "Absorbing," he said. And he mused aloud: After 80 crosses the Border Fault, it pussyfoots along on morainal till that levelled up the fingers of the foldbelt hills. It does a similar dance with glacial debris in parts of Pennsylvania. It needs no assistance on the craton. It climbs a ramp to the Rockies and a fault-block staircase up the front of the Sierra. It is geologically shrewd. It was the route of animal migrations, and of human history that followed. It avoids melodrama, avoids the Grand Canyons, the Jackson Holes, the geologic operas of the country, but it would surely be a sound experience of the big picture, of the history, the construction, the components of the continent. And in all likelihood it would display in its roadcuts rock from every epoch and era.

In the year that followed, I would go back and forth across the interstate like some sort of shuttle working out on a loom, accompanying geologists on purposes of their own or being accompanied by them from cut to cut and coast to coast. At any location on earth, as the rock record goes down into time and out into earlier geographies it touches upon tens of hundreds of stories, wherein the face of the earth often changed, changed utterly, and changed again, like the face of a crackling fire. The rock beside the road exposes one or two levels of the column of time and generally implies what went on immediately below and what occurred (or never occurred) above. To tell all the stories would be to tell pretty much the whole of geology in many volumes across a fifty-foot shelf, a task for which I am in every conceivable way unqualified. I am a layman who has travelled for a couple of years with a small core sampling of academic and government geologists ranging in experience from a graduate student to an authentic *éminence grise*, and what I intend to do now is to distill the trips of those



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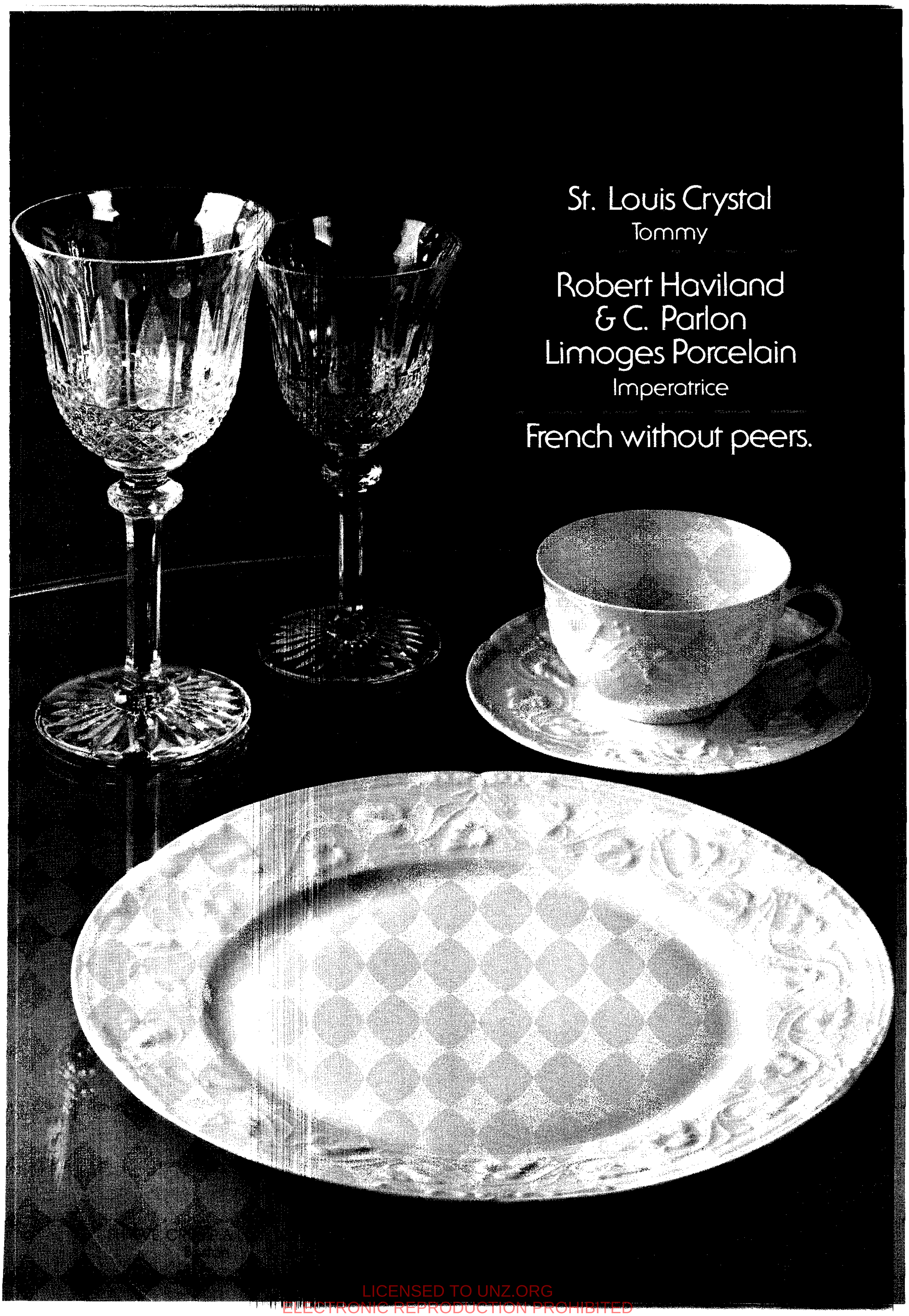
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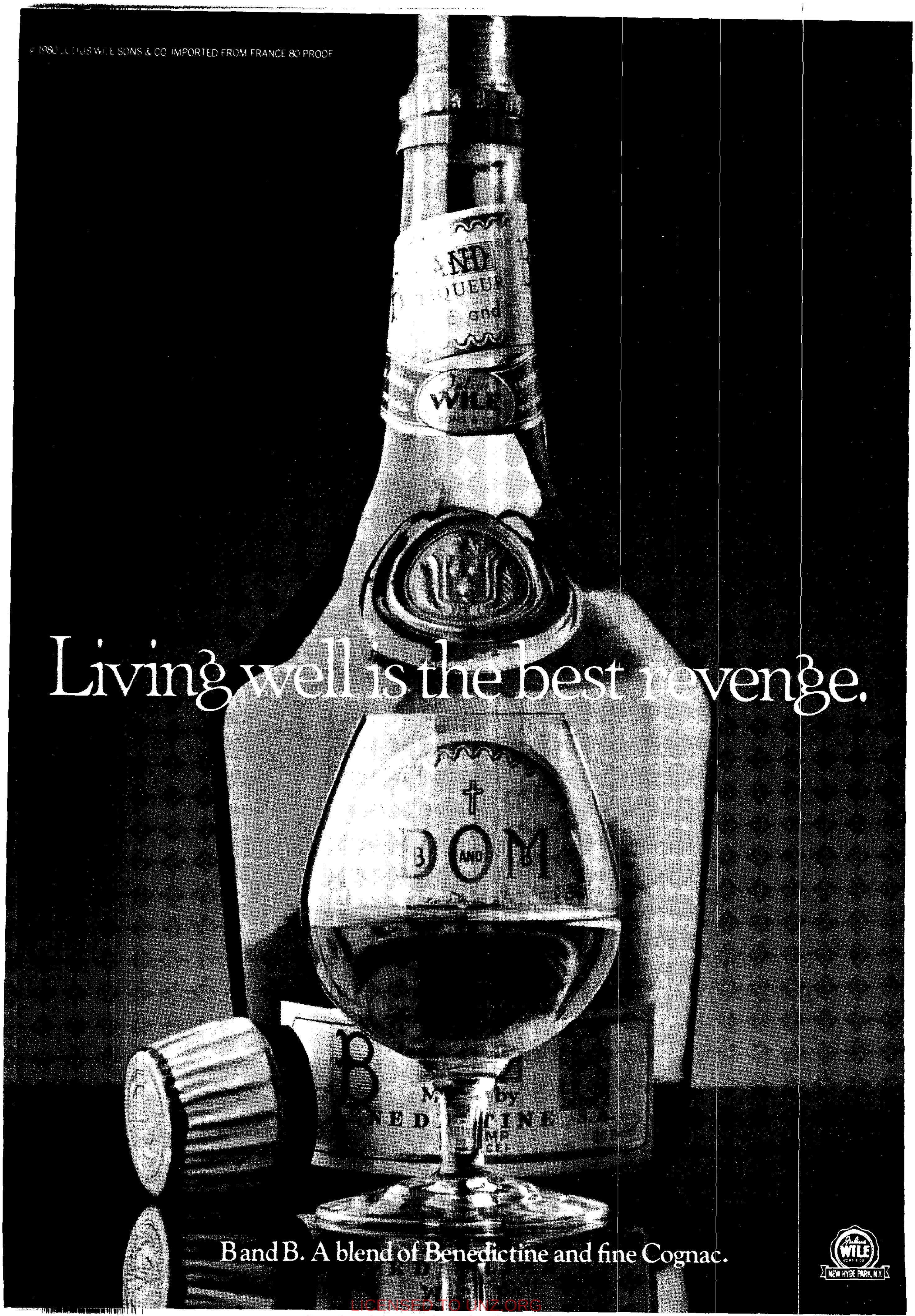
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years. I wish to make no attempt to speak for all geology or even to sweep in a great many facts that came along. I want to choose some things that interested me and through them to suggest the general history of the continent by describing events and landscapes that geologists see written in rocks.

To poke around in a preliminary way, Deffeyes and I went up to the Palisades Sill, where I was to return with Karen Kleinspehn, borrowed some diabase with a ten-pound sledge, and then began to travel westward, traversing the Hackensack Valley. It was morning. Small airplanes engorged with businessmen were settling into Teterboro. Deffeyes pointed out that if this were near the end of Wisconsinan time, when the ice was in retreat, those airplanes would have been settling down through several hundred feet of water, with the runway at the bottom of a lake. Glacial Lake Hackensack was the size of Lake Geneva and was host to many islands. It had the Palisades Sill for an eastern shoreline, and on the west the lava hill that is now known as the First Watchung Mountain. The glacier had stopped at Perth Amboy, leaving its moraine there to block the foot of the lake, which the glacier fed with meltwater as it retreated to the north. Nearly two hundred million years earlier, the runway would have been laid out on a baking red flat beside the first, cooling Watchung—glowing from cracks, from lava fountains, but generally black as carbon. Basalt flows don't light up the sky. Three hundred million years before that, the airplanes would have been settling down toward the same site through water—in this instance, salt water—on the eastern shelf of a broad low continent, where an almost pure limestone was forming, because virtually nothing from the worn-away continent was eroding into the shallow sea. Three random moments from the upper ninth of time.

In Paterson, I-80 chops the Watchung lava. Walking the cut from end to end, Deffeyes picked up some peripheral shale—Triassic red shale. He put it in his mouth and chewed it. "If it's gritty it's a silt bed, and if it's creamy it's a shale," he said. "This is creamy. Try it." I would not have thought to put it in coffee. In the blocky basaltic wall of the road, there were many small pockets, caves the size of peas, caves the size of lemons. As magma approaches the surface of the earth, it is so perfused with gases that it fizzes

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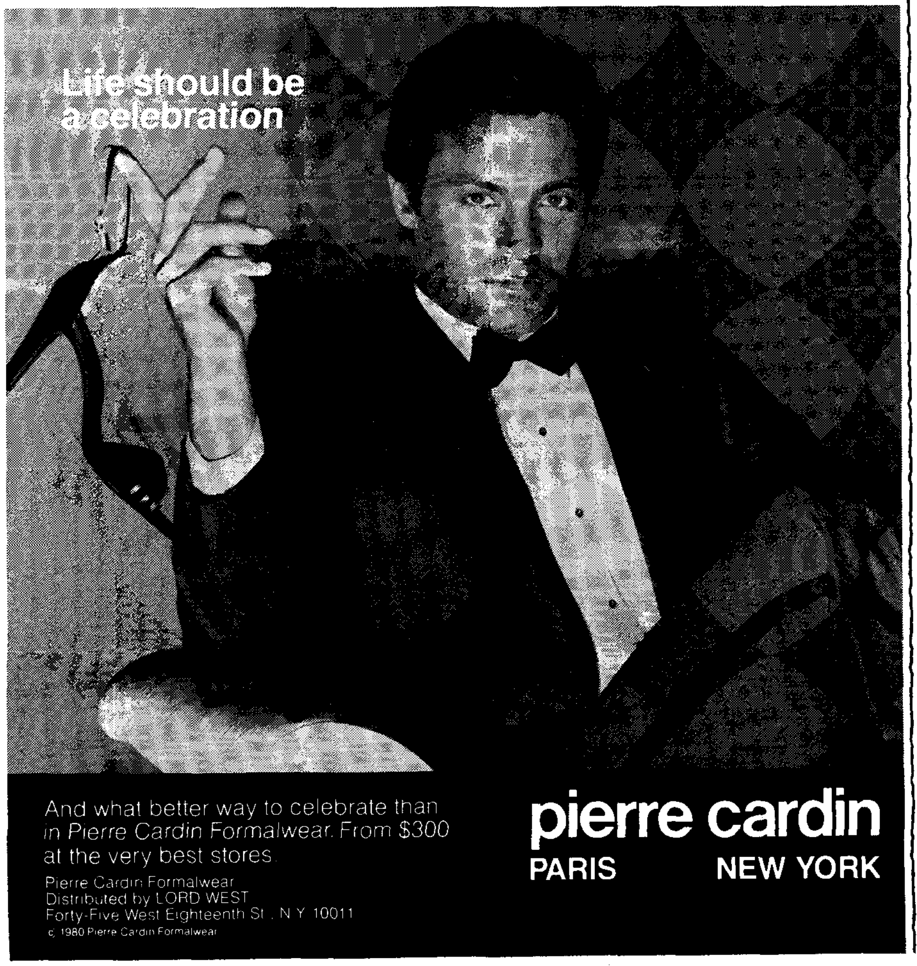

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like ginger ale. In cooling basalt, gas bubbles remain, and form these mini-caves. For a century and more, nothing much fills them. Slowly, though, over a minimum of about a million years, they can fill with zeolite crystals. Until well after the Second World War, not a whole lot was known about the potential uses of zeolite crystals. Nor was it known where they could be found in abundance. Deffeyes did important early work in the field. His doctoral dissertation, which dealt with two basins and two ranges in Nevada, included an appendix that started the zeolite industry. Certain zeolites (there are about thirty kinds) have become the predominant catalysts in use in oil refineries, doing a job that is otherwise assigned to platinum. Now, in Paterson, Deffeyes searched the roadcut vugs (as the minute caves are actually called) looking for zeolites. Some vugs were large enough to suggest the holes that lobsters hide in. They did indeed contain a number of white fibrous zeolite crystals—smooth and soapy, of a type that resembled talc or asbestos—but the cut had been almost entirely cleaned out by professional and amateur collectors, undeterred by the lethal traffic not many inches away. Nearly all the vugs were now as empty as they had been in their first hundred years. In the shale beyond the lava we saw the burrows of Triassic creatures. An ambulance from Totowa flew by with its siren wailing.

We moved on a few miles into the Great Piece Meadows of the Passaic River Valley, flat as a lake floor, poorly drained land. A meadow in New Jersey is any wet spongy acreage where you don't sink in above your chin. Great Piece Meadows, Troy Meadows, Black Meadows, the Great Swamp—Whippany, Parsippany, Madison, and Morristown are strewn among the reeds. The whole region, very evidently, was the bottom of a lake, for a lake itself is by definition a sign of poor drainage, an aneurysm in a river, a highly temporary feature on the land. Some lakes dry up. Others disappear after the outlet stream, cutting back into the outlet, empties the water. This one—Glacial Lake Passaic—vanished about ten thousand years ago after the retreating glacier exposed what is now the Passaic Valley. The lake drained gradually into the new Passaic River, which fell a hundred feet into Glacial Lake Hackensack, and, en route, went over a waterfall that would one day in ef-

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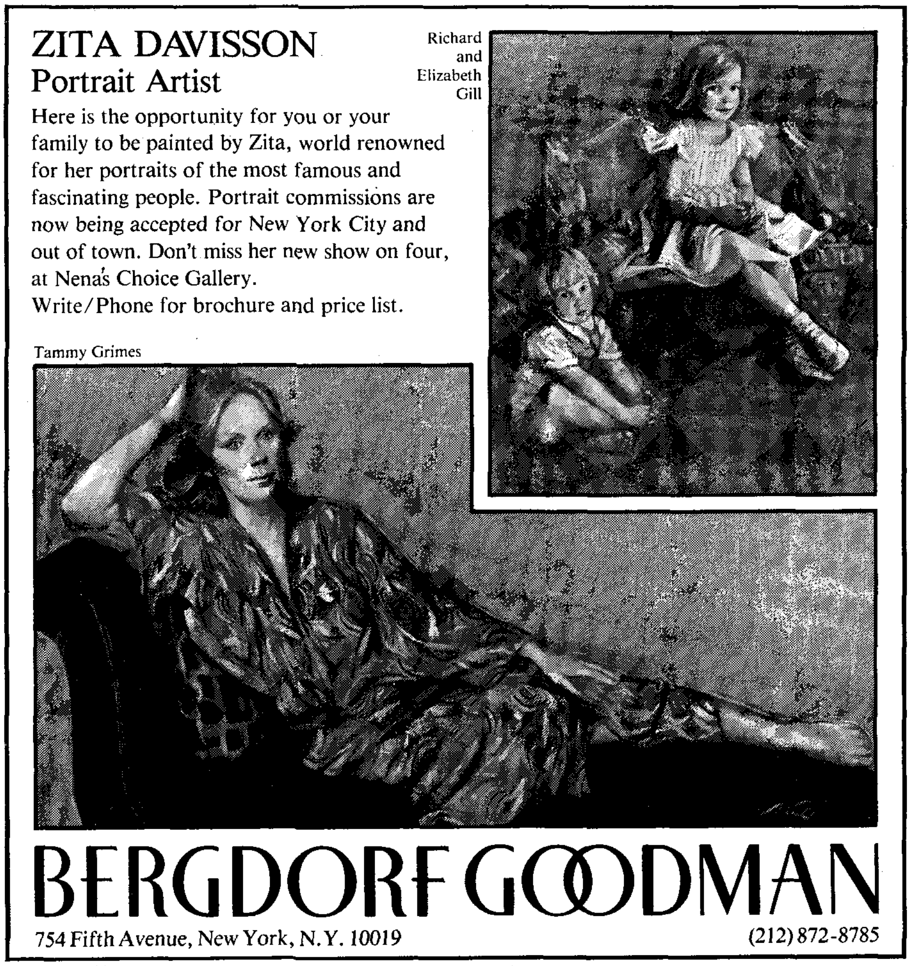
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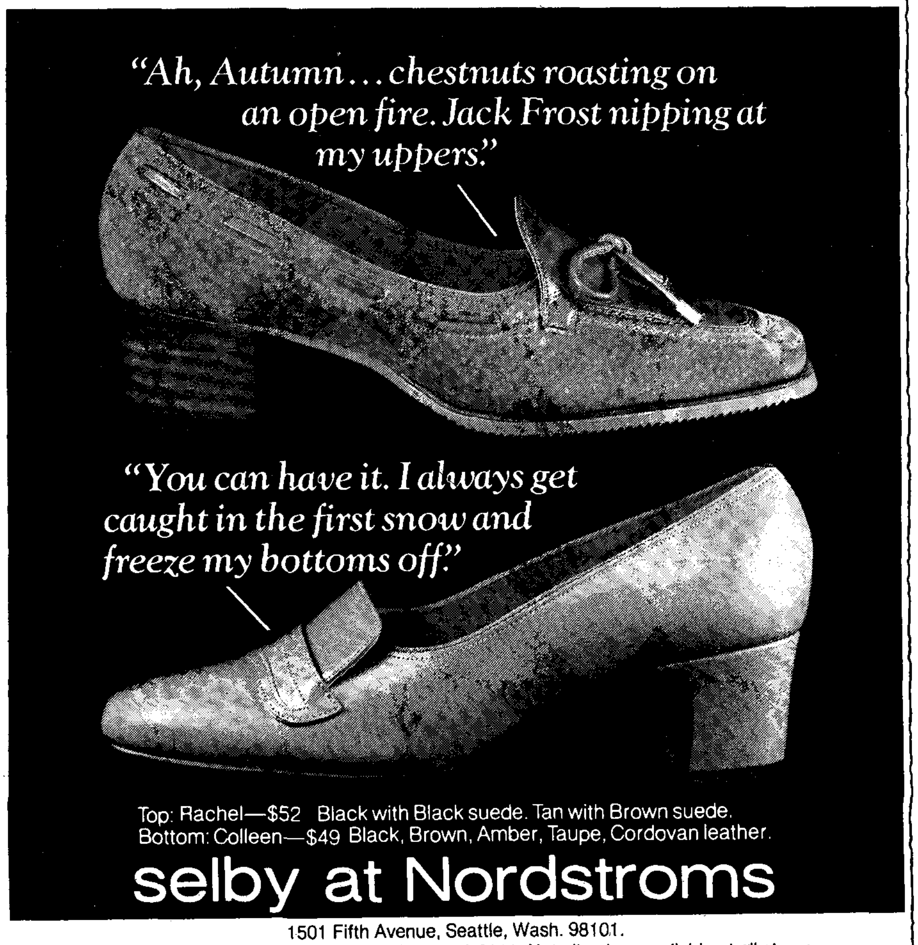
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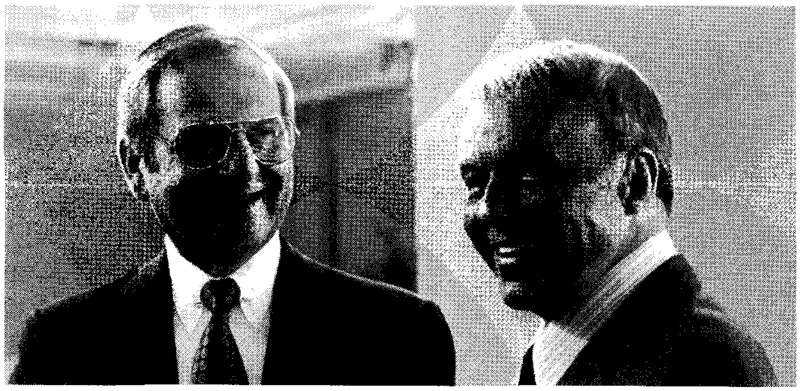
fect found the city of Paterson by turning its first mill wheel. At the time of its greatest extent, Lake Passaic was two hundred feet deep, thirty miles long, and ten miles wide, and seems to have been a scene of great beauty. Its margins are still decorated with sandspits and offshore bars, wave-cut cliffs and stream deltas, set in suburban towns. The lake's west shore was the worn-low escarpment of the Border Fault, and its most arresting feature was a hook-shaped basaltic peninsula that is now known to geologists as a part of the Third Watchung Lava Flow and to the people of New Jersey as Hook Mountain.

Deffeyes became excited as we approached Hook Mountain. The interstate had blasted into one toe of the former peninsula, exposing its interior to view. Deffeyes said, "Maybe someone will have left some zeolites here. I want them so bad I can taste them." He jumped the curb with his high-slung Geology Department vehicle, got out his hammers, and walked the cut. It was steep and competent, with brown oxides of iron over the felt-textured black basalt, and in it were tens of thousands of tiny vugs, a high percentage of them filled with pearl-lustred crystals of zeolite. To take a close look, he opened his hand lens—a small-diameter, ten-power Hastings triplet. "You can do a nice act in a jewelry store," he suggested. "You whip this thing out and you say the price is too high. These are beautiful crystals. Beautiful crystals imply slow growth. You don't get in a hurry and make something that nice." He picked up the sledge and pounded the cut, necessarily smashing many crystals as he broke their matrix free. "These crystals are like Vietnamese villages," he went on. "You have to destroy them in order to preserve them. They contain aluminum, silicon, calcium, sodium, and an incredible amount of imprisoned water. 'Zeolite' means 'the stone that boils.' If you take one small zeolite crystal, of scarcely more than a pinhead's diameter, and heat it until the water has come out, the crystal will have an internal surface area equivalent to a bedspread. Zeolites are often used to separate one kind of molecule from another. They can, for example, sort out molecules for detergents, choosing the ones that are biodegradable. They love water. In refrigerators, they are used to adsorb water that accidentally gets into the Freon. They could be used in automobile gas tanks to adsorb

The Chairman of the Board tells "The Chairman of the Board" why it's time for Imperial.

Lee Iacocca talks to Frank Sinatra about the future of luxury cars in America.



On July 18, 1980 Frank Sinatra, the entertainment industry's "Chairman of the Board," joined Lee A. Iacocca, Chairman of the Board of The New Chrysler Corporation, at the first public exhibition of America's newest luxury car, the 1981 Imperial.

This new Imperial is an unusually timely automobile. In price and size it is comparable to Cadillac's Eldorado and the Continental Mark VI. But it is a newer automobile than its competitors and, in significant ways, it is substantially different from either of them; it is these differences that make the Imperial the unique automobile it is.

After opening the exhibition and viewing the new Imperial, Sinatra and Iacocca spent some time discussing what America needs in a luxury car today and how this new Imperial fills those needs.

Sinatra: When you build a luxury car, where do you start? Do you have a design in mind? How do you lay down the specs for a new luxury car?

Iacocca: You try to build a luxury car that's better than the competition. Say you take your leading potential competitor and you might say, 'I'm going to give a customer 105 percent of this guy's riding comfort. Or 100 percent of his cornering ability.' You can set your sights on what the people are already buying.

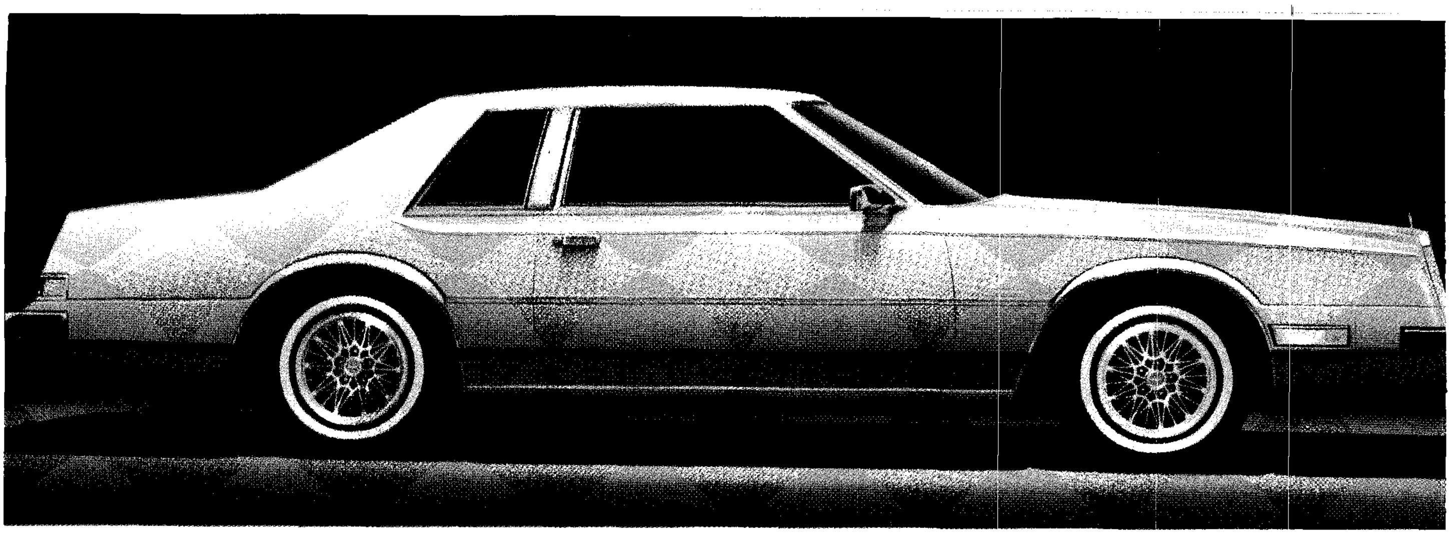
Sinatra: Is that what you did with the new Imperial?

Iacocca: Sure. But our standards for this one were based more on what the people need today than on what the competition is giving them. You know, times have changed in the automobile business.

Sinatra: You mean the energy crunch.

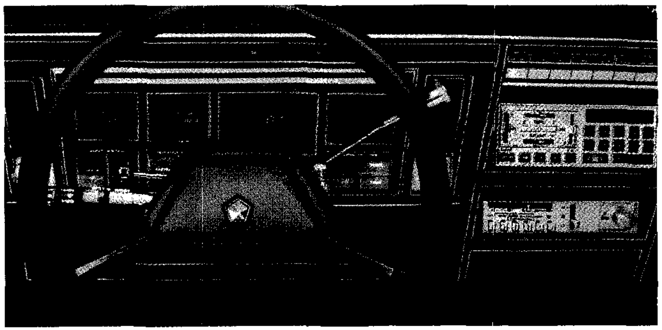
Iacocca: Partly. That's why today you have to try to build a car that's the right kind of car for now and, hopefully, for tomorrow as well. Now, you've owned a lot of cars.

Sinatra: You'd better believe it.



"...the styling actually helps the car perform the way you need a car to perform these days."

Iacocca: What do you think an American luxury car should be today?
Sinatra: I don't know where to start.
Iacocca: Start with the way it should look.
Sinatra: Well, first of all, I'd want it to look simple. I like a clean look. Because I believe that a lot of chrome looks dated. I think things are getting cleaner and simpler looking and that's how it should be.
Iacocca: Agreed. That's why we tried to keep the Imperial as uncluttered as possible.
Sinatra: It looks rich, Lee. And the shape—it's very clean.
Iacocca: It's what we call slippery.
Sinatra: Slippery?
Iacocca: Slips through the air. In the wind tunnel they give it a number they call a drag coefficient. Tells you how aerodynamic the car is. The lower the number, the better you're doing.
Sinatra: Well, you've come out of the wind tunnel with a very elegant looking automobile.
Iacocca: What pleases me more is that the styling actually helps the car perform the way you need a car to perform these days.
Sinatra: Fine, but what about the things I can't see? What about engineering? You guys had a big reputation for engineering.
Iacocca: I believe we're still ahead. But engineering a car has changed radically in the last ten years.
Sinatra: Come on, Lee, this country can put a man on the moon, but we can't build an automobile right. Where's our technology when it comes to things we use every day?
Iacocca: I hear you. But I've been in this business a lot of years and when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel.
Sinatra: An electronic marvel? What does that mean?
Iacocca: Okay. You mention the space program. Our electronics division down in Huntsville, Alabama, was a prime contractor on the Redstone missile and the Saturn Apollo program. We're an industry leader in automotive electronics, going back to electronic ignition. There are several hundred electronics experts down there in Huntsville and after we switched them from space work to commercial work, the Imperial is one of the things they went to work on.
Sinatra: What did they do?
Iacocca: Worked with our engineers up here in Michigan on developing our system of Electronic Fuel Injection.
Sinatra: That's not new, Lee. Fuel injection's been around for years.
Iacocca: Not like this. The Imperial has the first continuous flow fully electronically controlled fuel injection for any production automobile built in the world.
Sinatra: Why is that good?
Iacocca: First of all, it controls both the fuel delivery and the spark advance, based on information it gets from about a dozen sensors that monitor everything from engine temperature to barometric pressure in the atmosphere. They feed all this information into what we call the Combustion Computer. Then the computer figures the best possible spark advance for all these conditions and the best proportion of air to fuel, and meters out the exact amount you need.
Sinatra: What's in it for me?
Iacocca: Four things. First of all it starts by just a turn of the key. Second, you get the smoothest idle, even on cold mornings. Number three, there are practically no balks. And number four, practically no stalls.
Sinatra: Sounds terrific.
Iacocca: And that's only the half of it. I tell you, we've never had electronics like this. Now, you've got to admit, this instrument panel is rather unusual.
Sinatra: I've driven a lot of cars and I've never seen anything that looked the least bit like it. But why does a digital instrument panel make the Imperial a better car?
Iacocca: Because it makes you a smarter driver. Tell me, what do you need to know when you're driving a car?
Sinatra: I want to know how fast I'm going. How far I've gone. How much gas I've got left. What time it is. That's about it.



"...when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel."

Iacocca: Okay. This instrument panel shows you all of that in words and numbers.
Sinatra: No gauges?
Iacocca: No gauges. This is the only production built American car with a completely electronic digital instrument cluster.
Sinatra: And what do the buttons do?

1981 Imperial
Size and price: comparable to Cadillac Eldorado and Continental Mark VI. ⑯ EPA est. mpg. 26 est. hwy. mpg. Use these estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. ests. lower.

"Every luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard than any car in America."

Iacocca: They turn your instrument panel into an Electronic Communications Center. Push button number one and your speedometer reading changes from miles per hour to kilometers per hour.

Sinatra: Not bad.

Iacocca: Push button number two and your electronic chronometer gives you the date instead of the time. Button number three turns the whole chronometer into an electronic timer that tells you how long you've been driving.

Sinatra: What about how far I've gone?

Iacocca: That's button number four. Push it and the electronic odometer shows you how far you've gone since you started. The next button tells your average speed.

Sinatra: And it's all in miles or kilometers?

Iacocca: That's right. Button six shows how far the gas in your tank will take you under present driving conditions. Number seven shows how many miles you're now getting to the gallon. And number eight gives your miles per gallon over your entire trip.

Sinatra: I've never had that on any car. That's fantastic.

Iacocca: There's more.

Sinatra: More buttons to push?

Iacocca: No. This part is all automatic. If either half of the dual hydraulic brake system is defective, a light goes on. If the emergency brake is on, this lights up. If your oil pressure or battery voltage are too low, or your engine temperature is too high, these lights come on.

Sinatra: That's a lot of lights.

Iacocca: We've got chimes, too. If you don't buckle up, your Imperial will chime at you. Leave the key in the ignition and it beeps. Leave the lights on and it makes a tone.

Sinatra: Very musical.

Iacocca: I told you we built it for you, Frank.

Sinatra: What about your other customers? Is this stuff all standard equipment on every Imperial you build?

Iacocca: Frank, the only option on the Imperial that is not standard is a power sliding roof. Every other luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard on the Imperial than any car in America. I've got even more luxuries than *you* would ask for.

Sinatra: Try me.

Iacocca: You try me. What features do you want your car to have?

Sinatra: Start with music.

Iacocca: Your choice of four sound systems, standard. All stereo. All with six speakers. What else do you want?

Sinatra: Power steering, power windows, power door locks, power seats.

Iacocca: Of course.

Sinatra: What about speed control? I think that's important.

Iacocca: Of course.

Sinatra: What about leather upholstery?

Iacocca: Frank, this is the only car in the world with an interior by Mark Cross. It's even got a built-in garage door opener and a hood ornament of Cartier crystal.

Sinatra: You're not fooling around with quality on this baby, are you?

Iacocca: I wanted to have a quality automobile to sell. And I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's.

Sinatra: How long is that?

Iacocca: Two years or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first. It covers all parts except tires, all labor and all scheduled maintenance. Our rust warranty lasts a full *three* years.

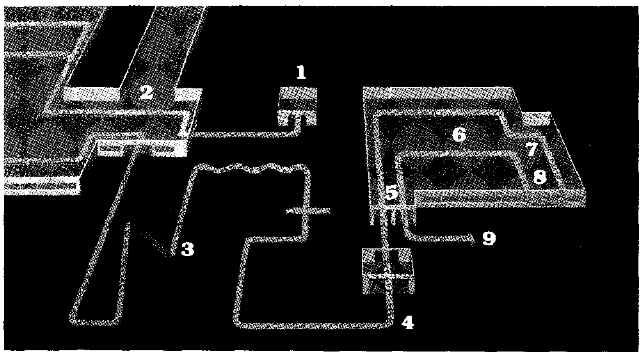
Sinatra: Let me get this straight. I don't even pay for an oil change?

Iacocca: That's right. You're going to have to see the Imperial warranty for the details.

Sinatra: That kind of confidence must have taken guts, Lee.

Iacocca: I know what went into it. Look, every one of these Imperials gets a five-and-a-half-mile test drive by an expert. We built a Quality Assurance Center where the whole vehicle gets a going-over to make sure that nothing gets out that's not first-rate. When an inspector there signs off on the car, the signed papers actually come to the buyer with the car.

Imperial Quality Assurance Program starts with preselected parts (1) and special care assembly (2), goes on to a 5.5-mile test drive (3), hot engine checks (4), water checks (5), checks of suspension, steering (6), electrical systems (7) and metal finish (8) before final sign-off (9).



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water. A zeolite called clinoptilolite is the strongest adsorber of strontium and cesium from radioactive wastes. The clinoptilolite will adsorb a great deal of lethal material, which you can then store in a small space. When William Wyler made 'The Big Country,' there was a climactic chase scene in which the bad guy was shot and came clattering down a canyon wall in what appeared to be a shower of clinoptilolite. Geologists were on the phone to Wyler at once. 'Loved your movie. Where was that canyon?' There are a lot of zeolites in the Alps, in Nova Scotia, and in North Table Mountain in Colorado. When I was at the School of Mines, I used to go up to North Table Mountain just to wham around. Some of the best zeolites in the world are in this part of New Jersey."

There were oaks and maples on top of Hook Mountain, and, in the wall of the roadcut, basal rosettes of woolly mullein, growing in the rock. The Romans drenched stalks of mullein with suet and used them for funeral torches. American Indians taught the early pioneers to use the long flannel leaves of this plant as innersoles. Only three miles west of us was the Border Fault, where the basin had touched the range, where the stubby remnants of the fault scarp are now under glacial debris. Deffeyes said that the displacement along the fault—the eventual difference between two points that had been adjacent when the faulting began—exceeded fifteen thousand feet. Of course, this happened over several millions of years, and the mountains fronting the basin were all the while eroding, so they were never anything like fifteen thousand feet high. Generally, though, in the late Triassic, there would have been about a mile of difference, a mile of relief, between basin and range. In flash floods, boulders came raining off the mountains and piled in fans at the edge of the basin, ultimately to be filled in with sands and muds and to form conglomerate, New Jersey's so-called Hammer Creek Conglomerate—multicircled, polkadotted headcheese rock, sometimes known as puddingstone. Here where the basin met the range, the sediments piled up so much that after all of the erosion of two hundred million years what remains is three miles thick. "I was in a bar once in Austin, Nevada," Deffeyes said, "and there was a sudden torrential downpour. The bartender began nailing plywood over the door. I wondered why he was doing that,

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until boulders came tumbling down the main street of the town. When you start pulling a continent apart, you have a lot of consequences of the same event. Faulting produced this basin. Sediments filled it in. Pull things apart and you produce a surface vacancy, which is faulting, and a subsurface vacancy, which causes upwelling of hot mantle that intrudes as sills or comes out as lava flows. In the Old Geology, you might have seen a sill within the country rock and said, 'Ah, the sill came much later.' With the New Geology, you see that all this was happening more or less at one time. The continent was splitting apart and the ultimate event was the opening of the Atlantic. If you look at the foldbelt in northwest Africa, you see the other side of the New Jersey story. The folding there is of the same age as the Appalachians, and the subsequent faulting is Triassic. Put the two continents together on a map and you will see what I mean. Fault blocks like this one are still in evidence, but discontinuously, from the Connecticut Valley to South Carolina. They are all parts of the suite that opened the Atlantic seaway. The story is very similar in the Great Basin—in the West, in the Basin and Range. The earth is splitting apart there, quite possibly opening a seaway. It is not something that happened a couple of hundred million years ago. It only began in the Miocene, and it is going on today. What we are looking at here in New Jersey is not just some little geologic feature, like a zeolite crystal. This is the opening of the Atlantic. If you want to see happening right now what happened here two hundred million years ago, you can see it all in Nevada."

BASIN. Fault. Range. Basin. Fault. Range. A mile of relief between basin and range. Stillwater Range. Pleasant Valley. Tobin Range. Jersey Valley. Sonoma Range. Pumpernickel Valley. Shoshone Range. Reese River Valley. Pequop Mountains. Steptoe Valley. Ondographic rhythms of the Basin and Range. We are maybe forty miles off the interstate, in the Pleasant Valley basin, looking up at the Tobin Range. At the nine-thousand-foot level, there is a stratum of cloud against the shoulders of the mountains, hanging like a ring of Saturn. The summit of Mt. Tobin stands clear, above the cloud. When we crossed the range, we came through a ranch on the ridgeline where sheep were fenced around a running brook

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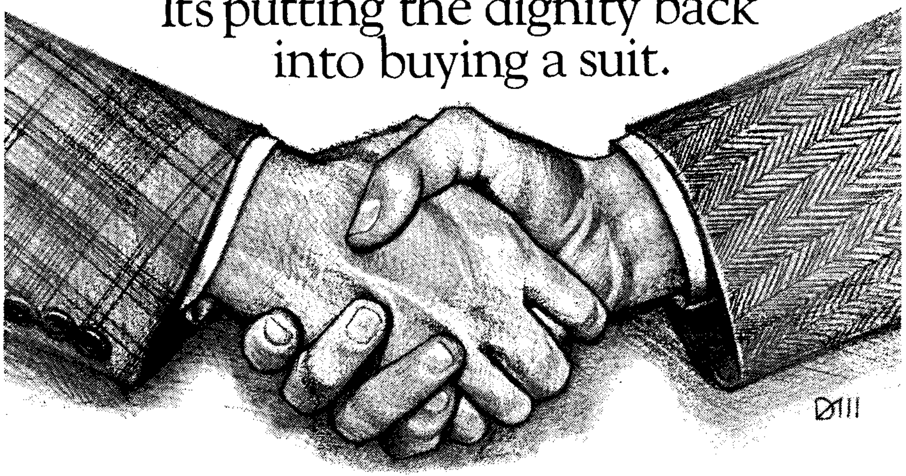

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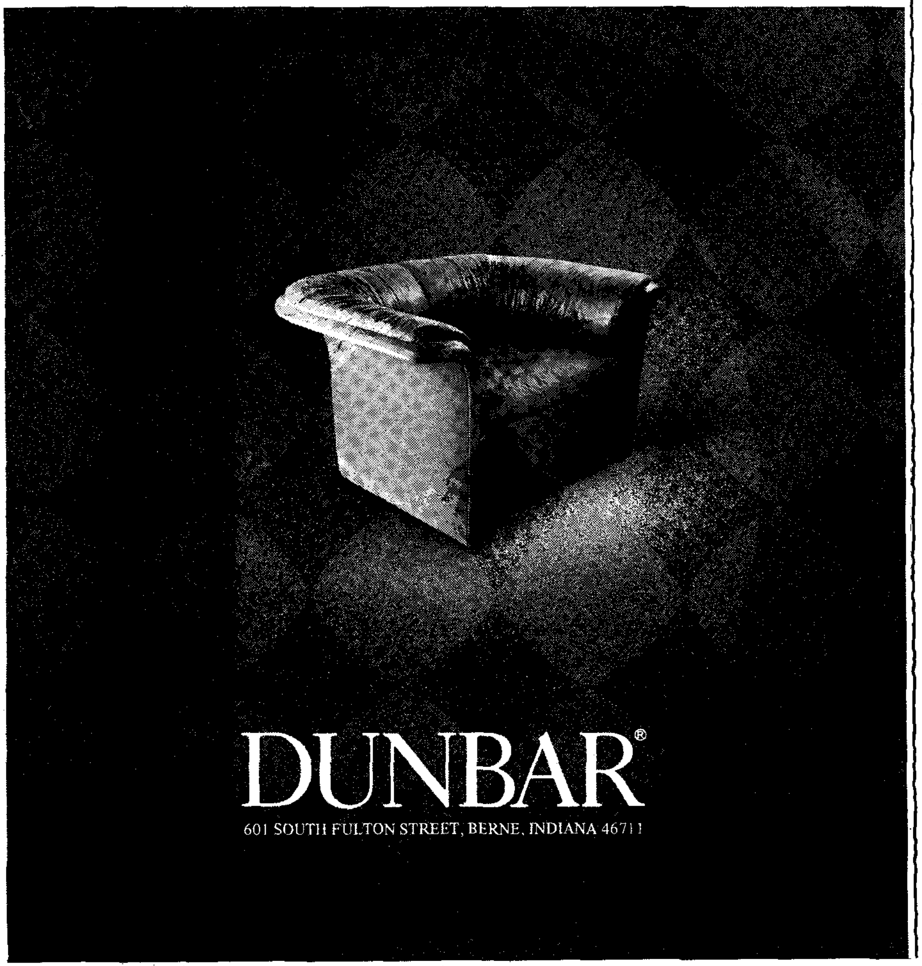
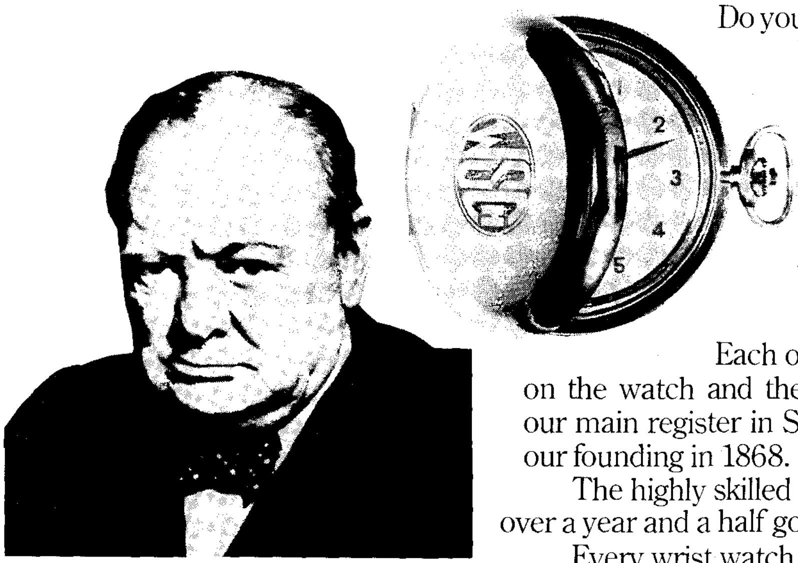


Pope Pius XI, Winston Churchill and perhaps you.



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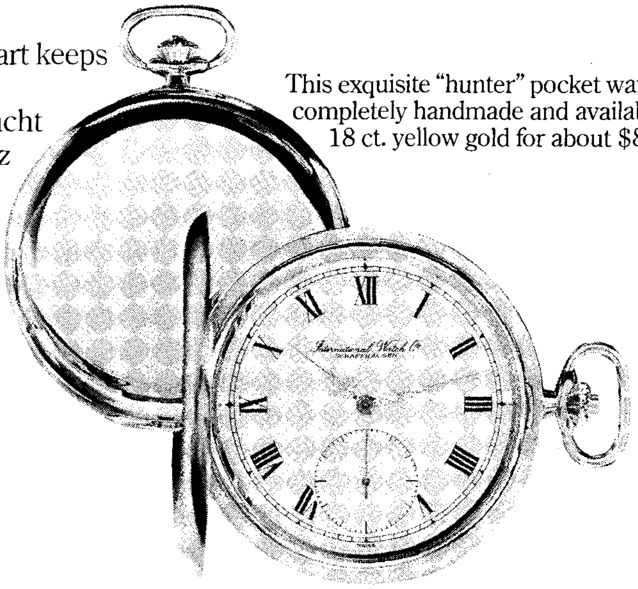

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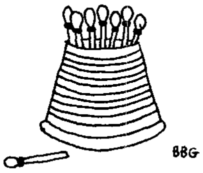
and bales of hay were bright green. Junipers in the mountains were thickly hung with berries, and the air was unadulterated gin. This country from afar is synopsized and dismissed as "desert"—the home of the coyote and the pocket mouse, the side-blotched lizard and the vagrant shrew, the MX rocket and the pallid bat. There are minks and river otters in the Basin and Range. There are deer and antelope, porcupines and cougars, pelicans, cormorants, and common loons. There are Bonaparte's gulls and marbled godwits, American coots and Virginia rails. Pheasants. Grouse. Sandhill cranes. Ferruginous hawks and flammulated owls. Snow geese. This Nevada terrain is not corrugated, like the folded Appalachians, like a tubal air mattress, like a rippled potato chip. This is not—in that compressive manner—a ridge-and-valley situation. Each range here is like a warship standing on its own, and the Great Basin is an ocean of loose sediment with these mountain ranges standing in it as if they were members of a fleet without precedent, assembled at Guam to assault Japan. Some of the ranges are forty miles long, others a hundred, a hundred and fifty. They point generally north. The basins that separate them—ten and fifteen miles wide—will run on for fifty, a hundred, two hundred and fifty miles with lone, daisy-petalled windmills standing over sage and wild rye. Animals tend to be content with their home ranges and not to venture out across the big dry valleys. "Imagine a chipmunk hiking across one of these basins," Deffeyes remarks. "The fauna in the high ranges here are quite distinct from one to another. Animals are isolated like Darwin's finches in the Galápagos. These ranges are truly islands."



Supreme over all is silence. Discounting the cry of the occasional bird, the wailing of a pack of coyotes, silence—a great spatial silence—is pure in the Basin and Range. It is a soundless immensity with mountains in it. You stand, as we do now, and look up at a high mountain front, and turn your head and look fifty miles down the valley, and there is utter silence. It is the silence of the winter forests of the Yukon, here carried high to the ridgelines of the ranges. As the physicist Freeman Dyson has written in "Disturbing the Universe," "It is a soul-shattering silence. You hold your breath and hear absolutely nothing. No rustling of leaves in the wind, no rumbling of distant traffic, no chatter of birds or insects or children. You are alone with God in that silence. There in the white flat silence I began for the first time to feel a slight sense of shame for what we were proposing to do. Did we really intend to invade this silence with our trucks and bulldozers and after a few years leave it a radioactive junkyard?"

What Deffeyes finds pleasant here in Pleasant Valley is the aromatic sage. Deffeyes grew up all over the West, his father a petroleum engineer, and he says without apparent irony that the smell of sagebrush is one of two odors that will unfailingly bring upon him an attack of nostalgia, the other being the scent of an oil refinery. Flash floods have caused boulders the size of human heads to come tumbling off the range. With alluvial materials of finer size, they have piled up in fans at the edge of the basin. ("The cloudburst is the dominant sculptor here.") The fans are unconsolidated. In time to come, they will pile up to such enormous thicknesses that they will sink deep and be heated and compressed to form conglomerate. Erosion, which provides the material to build the fans, is tearing down the mountains even as they rise. Mountains are not somehow created whole and subsequently worn away. They wear down as they come up, and these mountains have been rising and eroding in fairly even ratio for millions of years—rising and shedding sediment steadily through time, always the same, never the same, like row upon row of fountains. In the southern part of the province, in the Mojave, the ranges have stopped rising and are gradually wearing away. The Shadow Mountains. The Dead Mountains, Old Dad Mountains, Cowhole Mountains, Bullion, Mule, and Chocolate Mountains. They are inselberge now, buried ever deeper in their own waste. For the most part, though, the ranges are rising, and there can be no doubt of it here, hundreds of miles north of the Mojave, for we are looking at a new seismic scar that runs as far as we can see. It runs along the foot of the mountains, along the fault where the basin meets the range. From out in the valley, it looks like a long, buff-painted, essentially horizontal stripe. Up close, it is a gap in the vegetation, where plants growing side by side were suddenly separated by several metres, where, one

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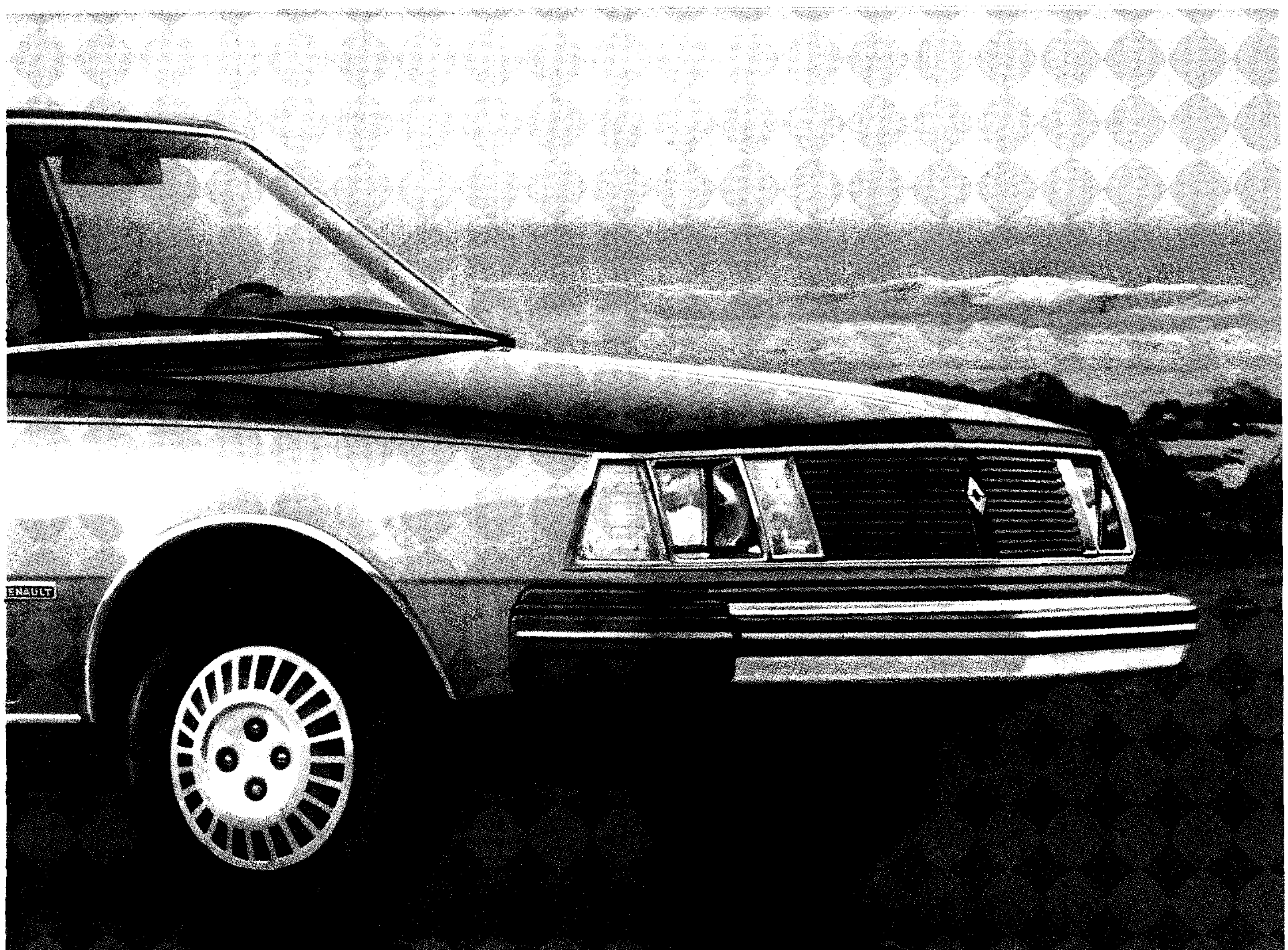

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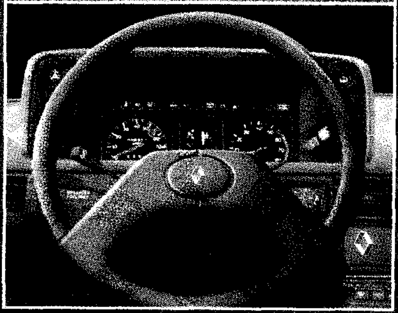

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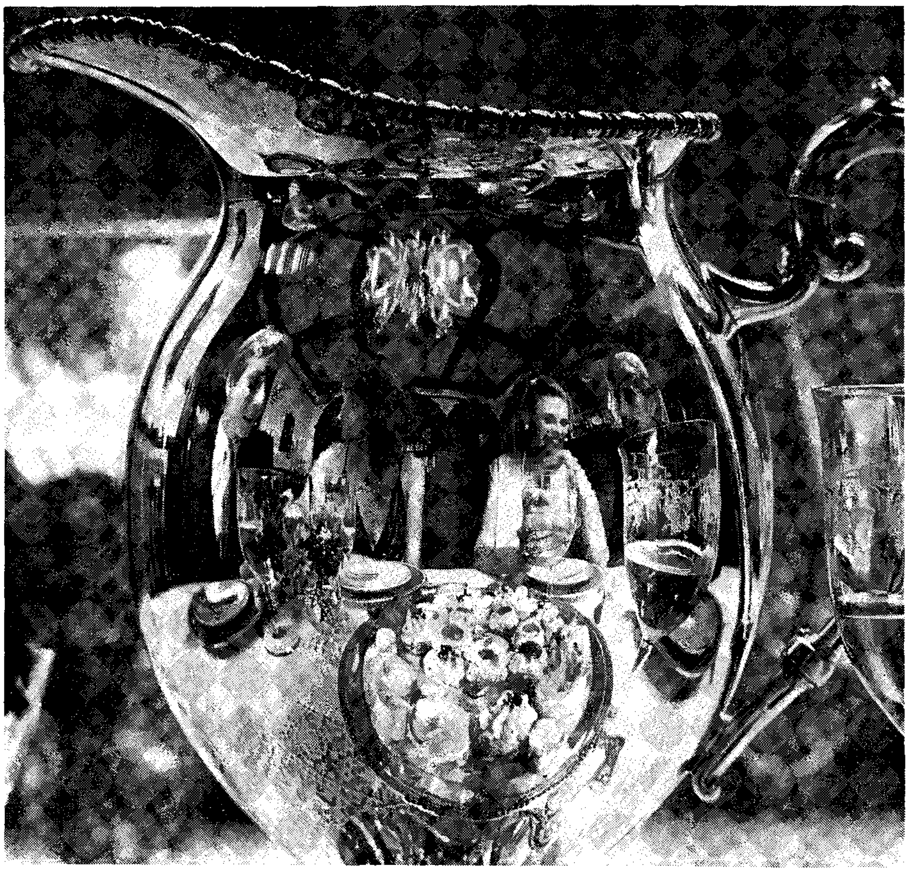
October evening, the basin and the range—Pleasant Valley, Tobin Range—moved, all in an instant, apart. They jumped sixteen feet. The erosion rate at which the mountains were coming down was an inch a century. So in the mountains' contest with erosion they gained in one moment about twenty thousand years. These mountains do not rise like bread. They sit still for a long time and build up tension, and then suddenly jump. Passively, they are eroded for millennia, and then they jump again. They have been doing this for about eight million years. This fault, which jumped in 1915, opened like a zipper far up the valley, and, exploding into the silence, tore along the mountain base for upward of twenty miles with a sound that suggested a runaway locomotive.

"This is the sort of place where you really do not put a nuclear plant," says Deffeyes. "There was other action in the neighborhood at the same time—in the Stillwater Range, the Sonoma Range, Pumpernickel Valley. Actually, this is not a particularly spectacular scarp. The lesson is that the whole thing—the whole Basin and Range, or most of it—is alive. The earth is moving. The faults are moving. There are hot springs all over the province. There are young volcanic rocks. Fault scars everywhere. The world is splitting open and coming apart. You see a sudden break in the sage like this and it says to you that a fault is there and a fault block is coming up. This is a gorgeous, fresh, young, active fault scarp. It's growing. The range is lifting up. This Nevada topography is what you see *during* mountain building. There are no foothills. It is all too young. It is live country. This is the tectonic, active, spreading, mountain-building world. To a nongeologist, it's just ranges, ranges, ranges."

Most mountain ranges around the world are the result of compression, of segments of the earth's crust being brought together, bent, mashed, thrust and folded, squeezed up into the sky—the Himalaya, the Appalachians, the Alps, the Urals, the Andes. The ranges of the Basin and Range came up another way. The crust—in this region between the Rockies and the Sierra—is spreading out, being stretched, being thinned, being literally pulled to pieces. The sites of Reno and Salt Lake City, on opposite sides of the province, have moved apart fifty miles. The crust of the Great Basin has broken into blocks. The blocks are



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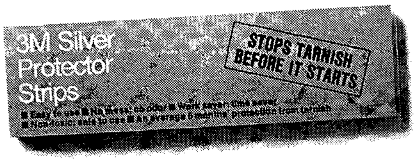

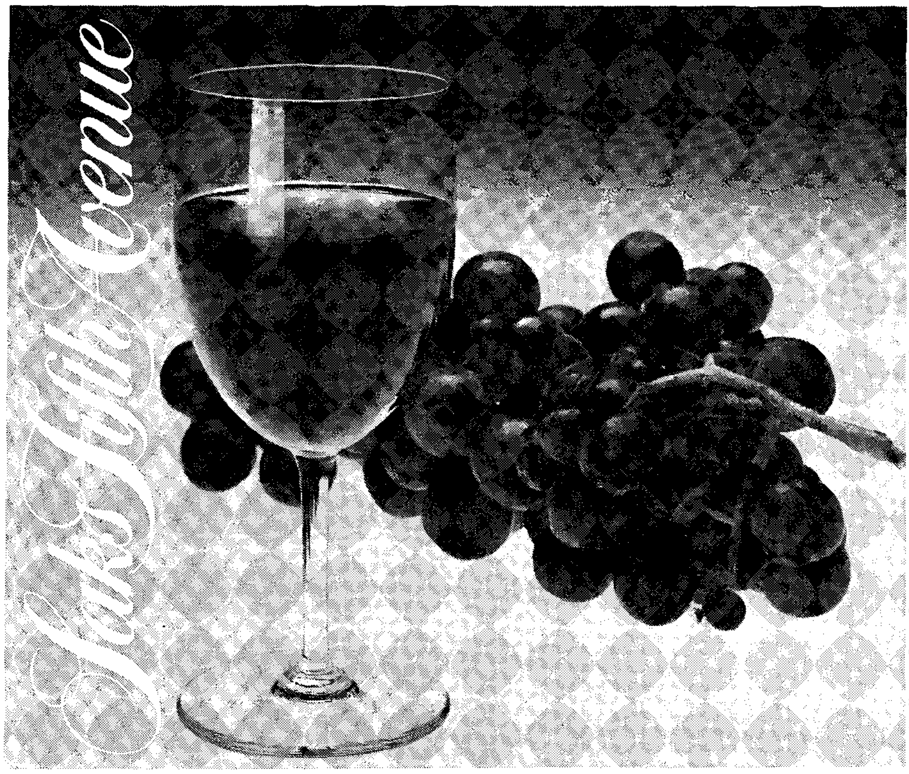

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not, except for simplicity's sake, analogous to dominoes. They are irregular in shape. They more truly suggest stretch marks. Which they are. They trend north-south because the direction of the stretching is east-west. The breaks, or faults, between them are not vertical but dive into the earth at roughly sixty-degree angles, and this, from the outset, affected the centers of gravity of the great blocks in a way that caused them to tilt. Classically, the high edge of one touched the low edge of another and formed a kind of trough, or basin. The high edge—sculpted, eroded, serrated by weather—turned into mountains. The detritus of the mountains rolled into the basin. The basin filled with water—at first, it was fresh blue water—and accepted layer upon layer of sediment from the mountains, accumulating weight, and thus unbalancing the block even further. Its tilt became more pronounced. In the manner of a seesaw, the high, mountain side of the block went higher and the low, basin side went lower until the block as a whole reached a state of precarious and temporary truce with God, physics, and mechanical and chemical erosion, not to mention, far below, the agitated mantle, which was running a temperature hotter than normal, and was, almost surely, controlling the action. Basin and range. Integral fault blocks: low side the basin, high side the range. For five hundred miles they nudged one another across the province of the Basin and Range. With extra faulting, and whatnot, they took care of their own irregularities. Some had their high sides on the west, some on the east. The escarpment of the Wasatch Mountains—easternmost expression of this immense suite of mountains—faced west. The Sierra—the westernmost, the highest, the predominant range, with Donner Pass only halfway up it—presented its escarpment to the east. As the developing Sierra made its skyward climb—as it went on up past ten and twelve and fourteen thousand feet—it became so predominant that it cut off the incoming Pacific rain, cast a rain shadow (as the phenomenon is called) over lush, warm, Floridian and verdant Nevada. Cut it off and kept it dry.

We move on (we're in a pickup) into dusk—north up Pleasant Valley, with its single telephone line on sticks too skinny to qualify as poles. The big flanking ranges are in alpenglow. Into the cold clear sky come the ranking stars. Jackrabbits appear, and criss-

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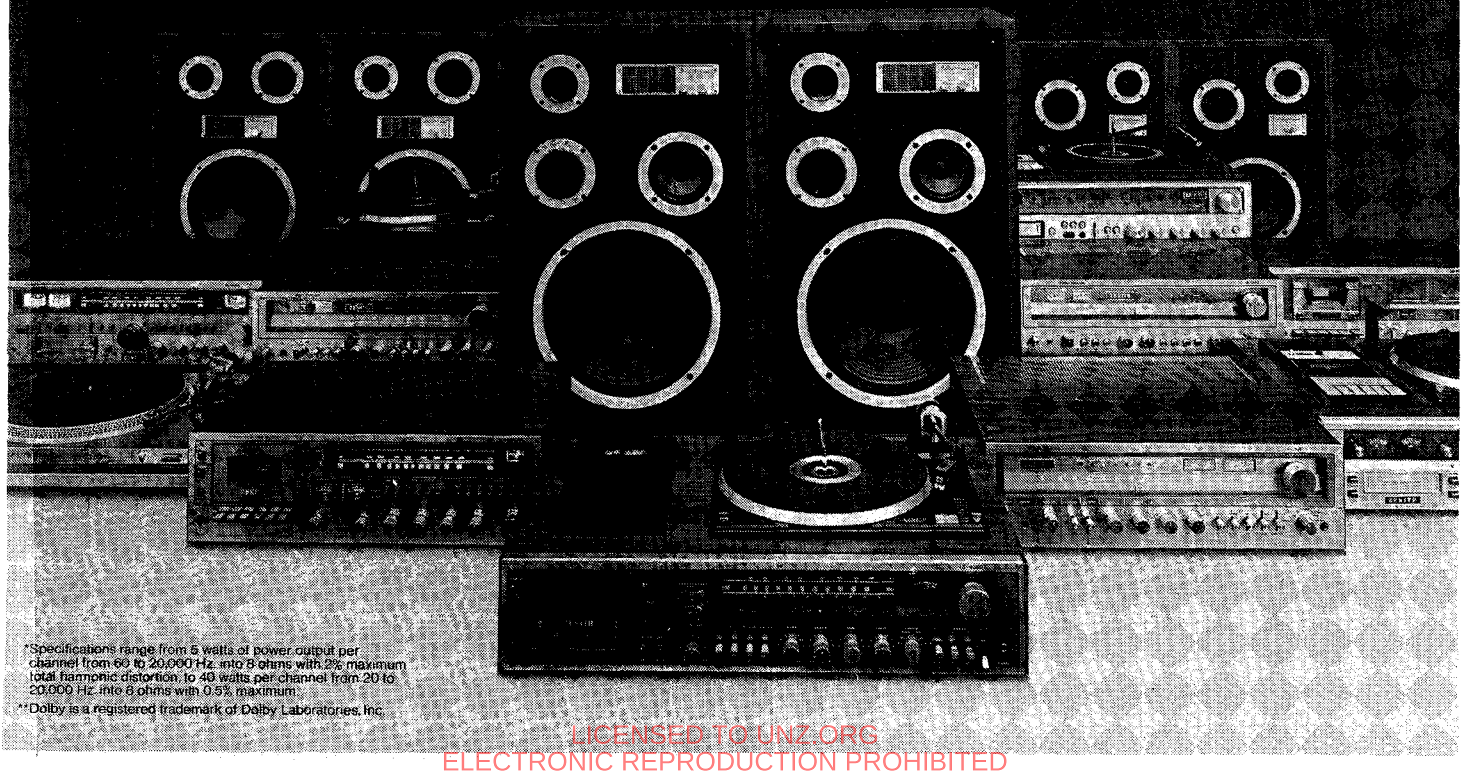

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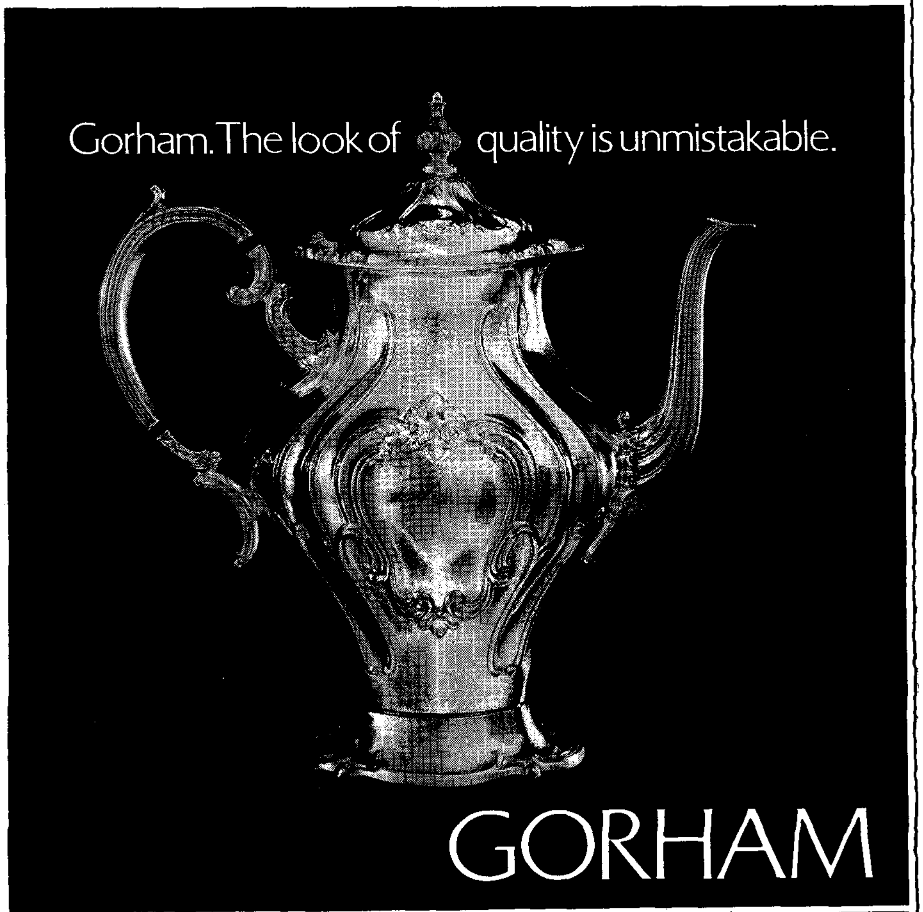

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cross the road. We pass the darkening shapes of cattle. An eerie trail of vapor traverses the basin, sent up by a clear, hot stream. It is only a couple of feet wide, but it is running swiftly and has multiple sets of hot white rapids. In the source springs, there is a thumping sound of boiling and rage. Beside the springs are lucid green pools, rimmed with accumulated travertine, like the travertine walls of Lincoln Center, the travertine pools of Havasu Canyon, but these pools are too hot to touch. Fall in there and you are Brunswick stew. "This is a direct result of the crustal spreading," Deffeyes says. "It brings hot mantle up near the surface. There is probably a fracture here, through which the water is coming up to this row of springs. The water is rich in dissolved minerals. Hot springs like these are the source of vein-type ore deposits. It's the same story that I told you about the hydrothermal transport of gold. When rainwater gets down into hot rock, it brings up what it happens to find there—silver, tungsten, copper, gold. An ore-deposit map and a hot-springs map will look much the same. Seismic waves move slowly through hot rock. The hotter the rock, the slower the waves. Nowhere in the continental United States do seismic waves move more slowly than they do beneath the Basin and Range. So we're not woofing when we say there's hot mantle down there. We've measured the heat."

The basin-range fault blocks in a sense are floating on the mantle. In fact, the earth's crust everywhere in a sense is floating on the mantle. Add weight to the crust and it rides deeper, remove cargo and it rides higher, exactly like a vessel at a pier. Slowly disassemble the Rocky Mountains and carry the material in small fragments to the Mississippi Delta. The delta builds down. It presses ever deeper on the mantle. Its depth at the moment exceeds twenty-five thousand feet. The heat and the pressure are so great down there that the silt is turning into siltstone, the sand into sandstone, the mud into shale. For another example, the last Pleistocene ice sheet loaded two miles of ice onto Scotland, and that dunked Scotland in the mantle. After the ice melted, Scotland came up again, lifting its beaches high into the air. Isostatic adjustment. Let go a block of wood that you hold underwater and it adjusts itself to the surface isostatically. A frog sits on the wood. It goes down. He vomits. It goes up a little. He jumps. It adjusts. Wherever

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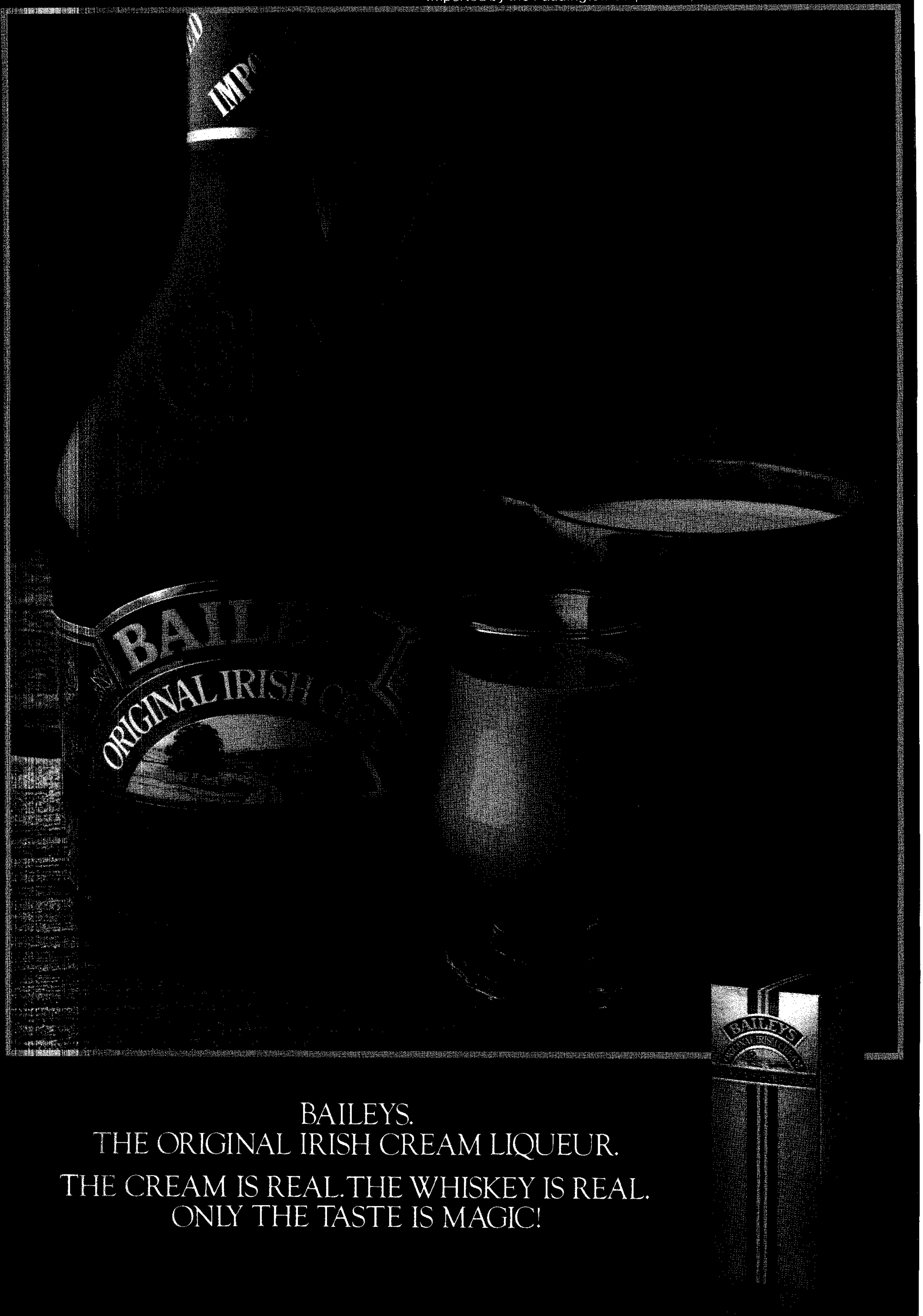
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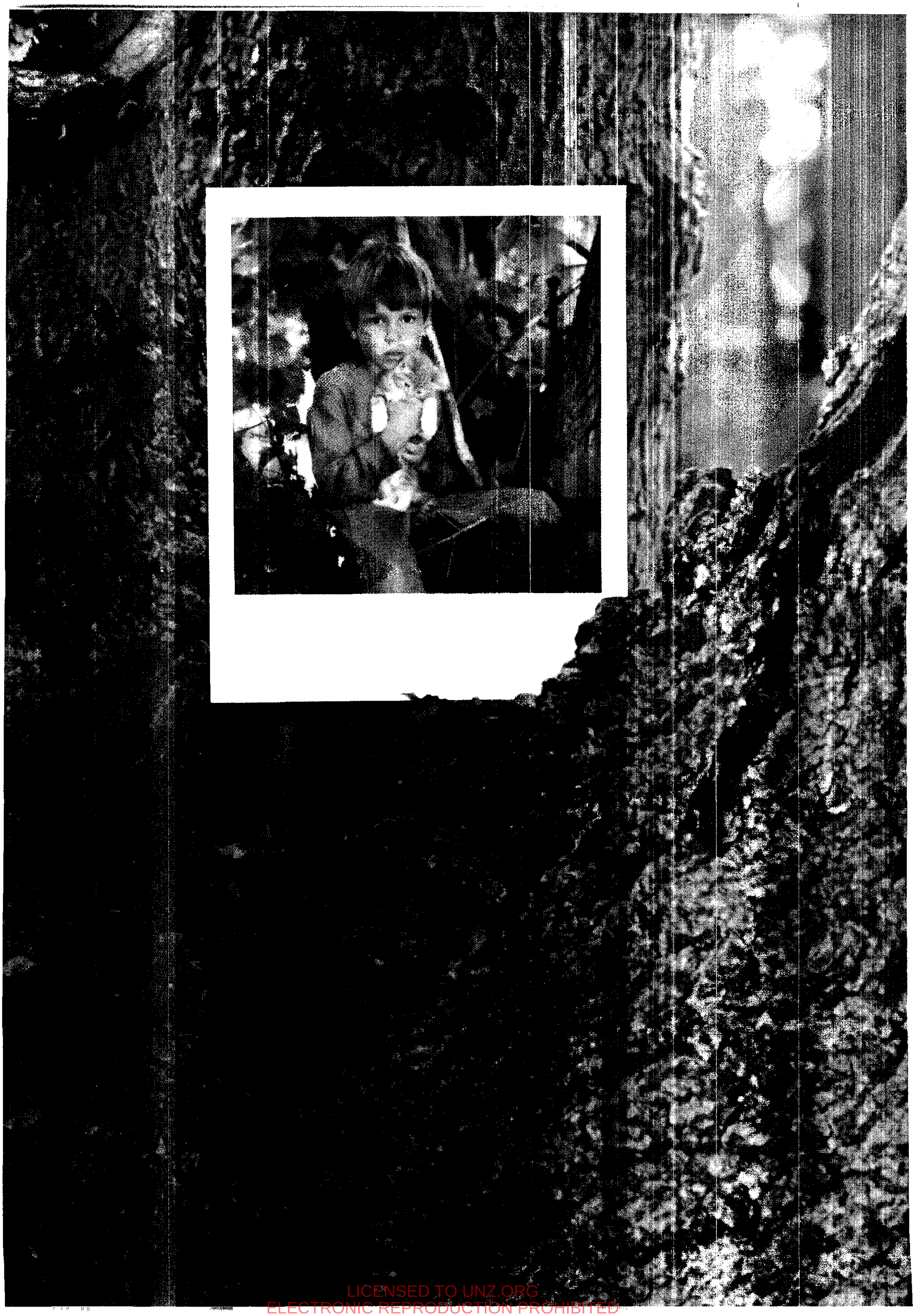

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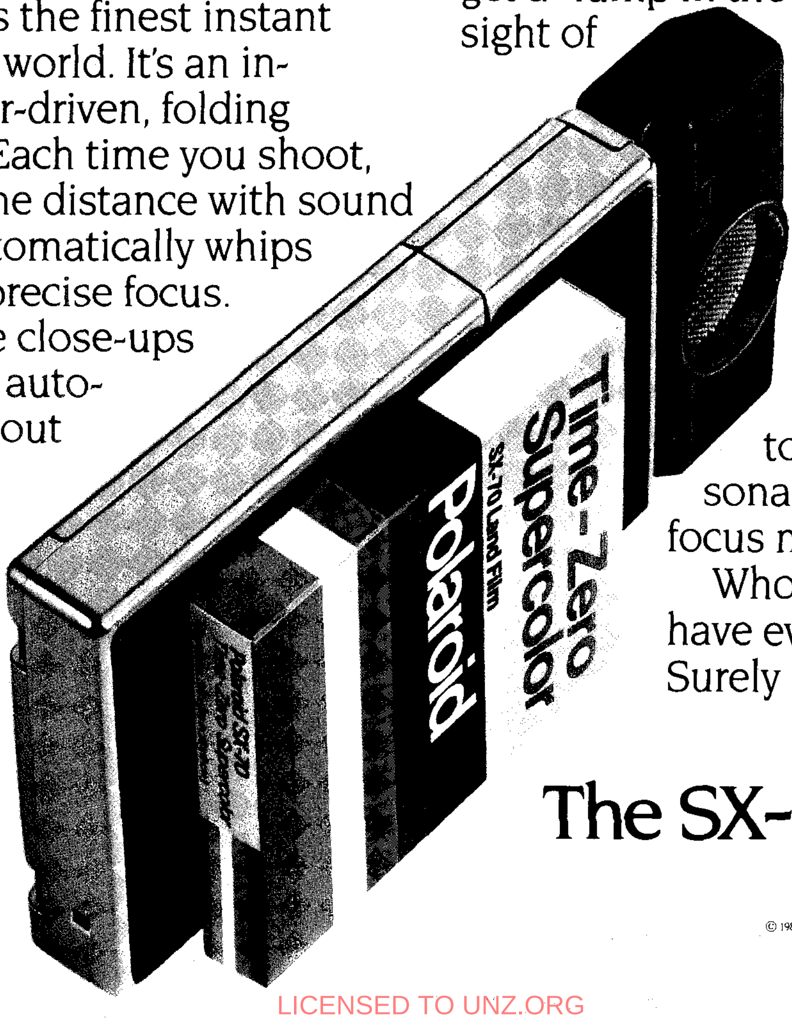

The SX-70 Sonar

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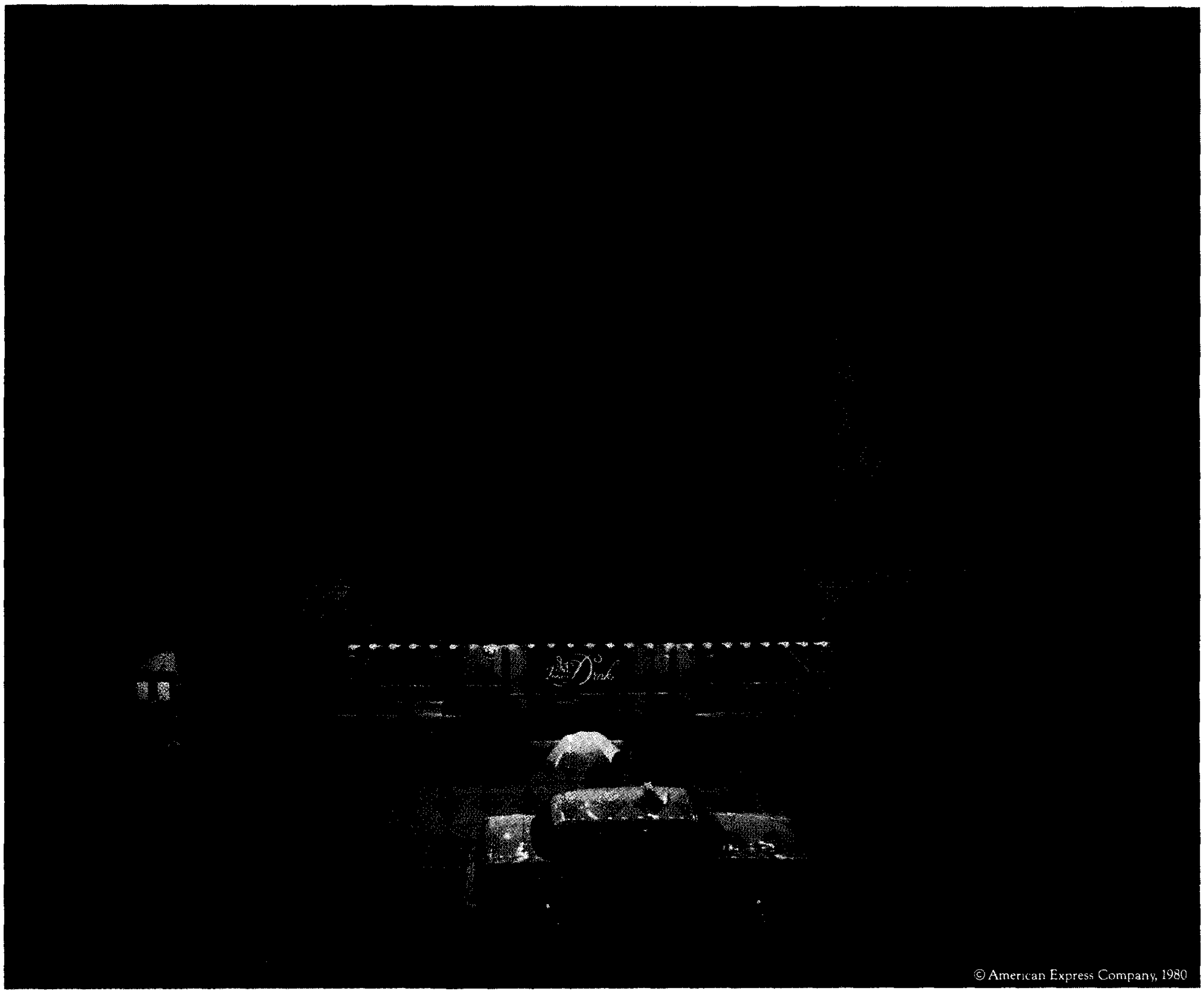

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landscape is eroded away, what remains will rise in adjustment. Older rock is lifted to view. When, for whatever reason, crust becomes thicker, it adjusts downward. All of this—with the central image of the basin-range fault blocks floating in the mantle—may suggest that the mantle is molten, which it is not. The mantle is solid. Only in certain pockets near the surface does it turn into magma and squirt upward. The temperature of the mantle varies widely, as would the temperature of anything that is two thousand miles thick. Under the craton, it is described as chilled. By surface standards, though, it is generally white hot, everywhere around the world—white hot and solid but magisterially viscous, permitting the crust above it to "float." Deffeyes was in his bathtub one Saturday afternoon thinking about the viscosity of the mantle. Suddenly he stood up and reached for a towel. "Piano wire!" he said to himself, and he dressed quickly and went to the library to look up a book on piano tuning and to calculate the viscosity of the wire. Just what he guessed—10^{22} poises. Piano wire. Look under the hood of a well-tuned Steinway and you are looking at strings that could float a small continent. They are rigid, but ever so slowly they will sag, will slacken, will deform and give way, with the exact viscosity of the earth's mantle. "And that," says Deffeyes, "is what keeps the piano tuner in business." More miles, and there appears ahead of us something like a Christmas tree alone in the night. It is Winnemucca, there being no other possibility. Neon looks good in Nevada. The tawdriness is refined out of it in so much wide black space. We drive on and on toward the glow of colors. It is still far away and it has not increased in size. We pass nothing. Deffeyes says, "On these roads, it's ten to the minus five that anyone will come along." The better part of an hour later, we come to the beginnings of the casino-flashing town. The news this year is that dollar slot machines are outdrawing nickel slot machines for the first time, ever.

Deffeyes' purposes in coming to Nevada are pure and noble. His considerable energies appear to be about equally divided between the pursuit of pure science and the pursuit of noble metal. In order to enloft mankind's understanding of the basins, he has been taking paleomagnetic samples of basin sediments. He seeks insight

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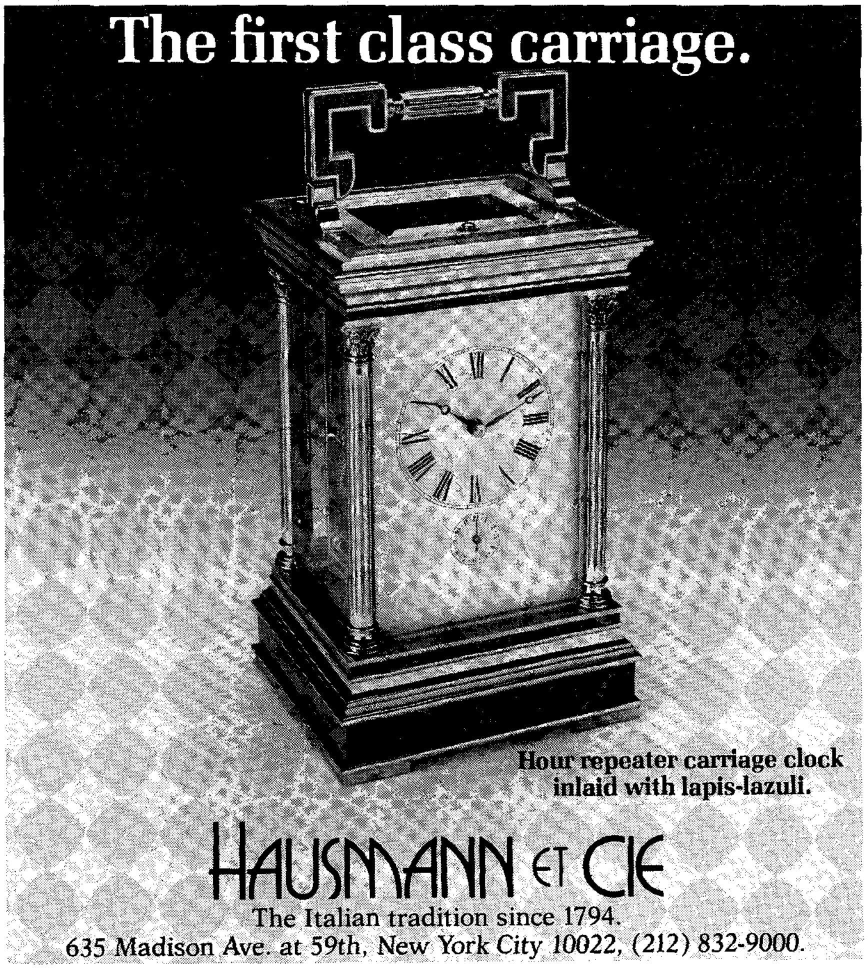
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into the way in which the rifting earth comes apart. He wants to perceive the subtle differences in the histories of one fault block and another. His ideas about silver, on the other hand, may send his children to college. This is, after all, Nevada, whose geology bought the tickets for the Spanish-American War. George Hearst found his fortune in the ground here. There were silver ores of such concentration that certain miners did nothing more to the heavy gray rocks than pack them up and ship them to Europe. To be sure, those days and those rocks—those supergene enrichments—are gone, but it has crossed the mind of Deffeyes that there may be something left for Deffeyes. Banqueting Sybarites surely did not lick their plates.

We rented the pickup in Salt Lake City—a white Ford. "If we had a bale of hay in here we'd be Nevada authentic," Deffeyes remarked, and he swept snow off the truck with a broom. November. Three inches on the ground and more falling, slanting in to us from the west. We squinted, and rubbed the insides of the windows, and passed low commercial buildings that drifted in and out of sight. "WILD DUCKS & PHEASANTS PROCESSED. DEER CUT & WRAPPED. DRIVE-IN WINDOW. 7:00 TILL MIDNIGHT." Behind us we could not see, of course, the wall of the Wasatch, its triangles and pinnacles white, but westward of the city visibility improved, and soon other mountains—the Oquirrh Mountains—came looming out of the blankness, their strata steeply dipping and as distinct as the stripes of an awning. "Those are Pennsylvanian and Permian sandstones and limestones," Deffeyes said. "There was glaciation in the Southern Hemisphere at the time. The ice came and went. Sea level kept flapping up and down. So the deposition has a striped look."

When a mountain range comes up into the air, a whole lot comes up with it. The event that had lifted the Oquirrhs—the stretching of the crust until it broke into blocks—was only among the latest of many episodes that have adjusted dramatically the appearance of central Utah. As we could plainly see from the interstate, the rock now residing in that striped mountainside had once been brutally shoved around—shoved, not pulled, and with such force that a large part of it had been tipped up more than ninety degrees, to and well beyond the vertical. Overturned. Such violence can happen on an epic scale. There is

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Sheila C.

“When I was 25 I was really the perfect wife, the perfect mother and the perfect homemaker.

“I drove a great big stationwagon.

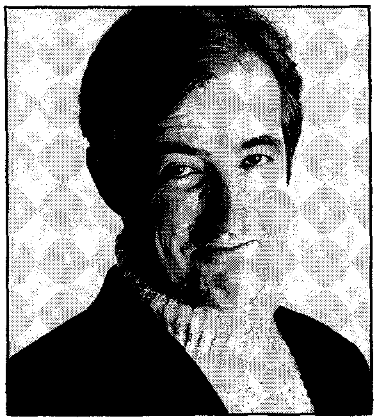
“Well, I'm no longer 25 and I'm no longer anyone's wife—my kids are grown and have kids of their own and I have a career.

“And that stationwagon is just a rusted memory.

“You know what I did? I went out and bought myself an Alfa Romeo Spider.

“It's red and it's got a convertible top and sometimes when I pass those ladies in their huge stationwagons full of kids, and dogs, and groceries I wave—and say to myself, there but for the grace of my Alfa go I.”

“When I was a young man I dreamed that one day I would own an Alfa Romeo.



Bill B.

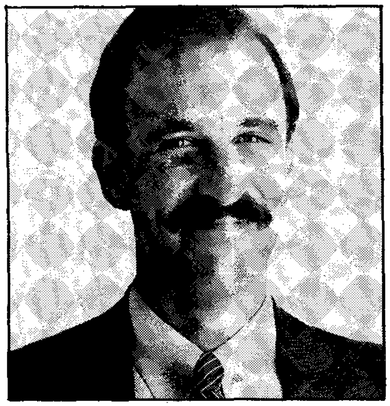
“But then I got married and Jennifer arrived a year later; two years after that, Robert.

“My dream of owning an Alfa gave way to the reality of a mortgage, dentist's bills, and college tuition.

“But now Jennifer is married and has a Jennifer of her own, Robert Junior is through law school.

“And this 50 year old kid went out and bought himself an Alfa Romeo Spider.

“Do I love my Alfa as much as I thought I would? Well, It's a dream come true.”



Ray R.

“I limped through college and graduate school with one crummy used car after another.

“But now that I've got a grown up job with grown up responsibility, I thought I'd treat myself to a brand new car.

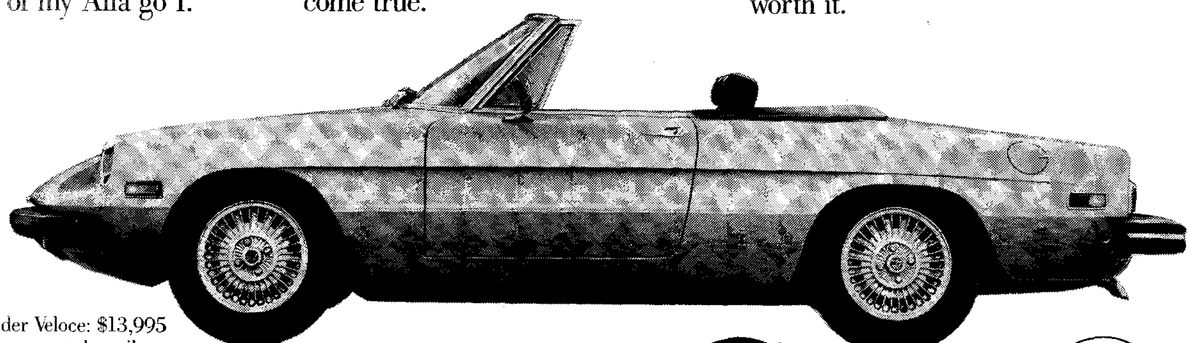
“Well, at first, I thought the world had passed me by—all those cars were so boring!

“Then I discovered the Alfa Spider. First of all, it's a convertible! And most of all it's an Alfa Romeo.

“What a machine!

“Today when I leave the office after all those meetings, my hair cut short, necktie in place, I'll jump into my very own Alfa Romeo Spider.

“You know, all that college was worth it.”



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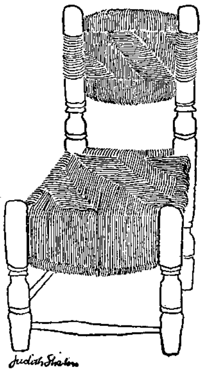
an entire nation in Europe that is upside down. It is not a superpower, but it is a whole country nonetheless—San Marino, overturned. Basin and Range faulting, on its own, has never overturned anything. The great fault blocks have a maximum tilt of thirty degrees. The event that so deformed the rock in the Oquirrhs took place roughly sixty million years ago—fifty-two million years before the Oquirrhs came into existence—and it was an event that made alpine fresh compressional mountains, which had their time here under the sun and were disassembled by erosion, taken down and washed away; and now those crazily upended stripes within the Oquirrhs are the evidence and fragmental remains of those ancestral mountains, brought up out of the earth and put on view as a component of new mountains. The new mountains—the mountains of the Basin and Range—are packages variously containing rock that formed at one time or another during some five hundred and fifty million years, or an eighth of the *earth's total time. It was thought until* recently that older rock was in certain of the ranges, but improved techniques of dating have shown that not to be true. Seven-eighths of the earth's time is lost here, gone without evidence—rock that disintegrated and went off to be recycled. One-eighth, for all that, is no small amount of earth history, and as the great crustal blocks of the Basin and Range have tipped their mountains into the air, with individual faults offset as much as twenty thousand feet, they have brought to the surface and have randomly exposed former seafloors and basaltic dikes, entombed rivers and veins of gold, volcanic spewings and dunal sands—chaotic, concatenated shards of time. In the Basin and Range are the well-washed *limestones of clear and sparkling* shallow Devonian seas. There are dark, hard, cherty siltstones from some deep ocean trench full of rapidly accumulating Pennsylvanian guck. There are Triassic sediments rich in fossils, scattered pods of Cretaceous granite, Oligocene welded tuffs. There is not much layer-cake geology. The layers have too often been tortured by successive convulsive events.



The welded tuffs were the regional surface when basin-range faulting began. And for more than twenty million previous years they had been the surface, the uppermost rock, with scant relief in the topography of these vast volcanic plains, whose great size *and barren aspect are commensurate* with the magnitude of the holocaust that brought the rock onto the land. Up through perhaps a hundred fissures, dikes, chimneys, vents, fractures came a violently expanding, exploding mixture of steam and rhyolite glass, and, in enormous incandescent clouds, heavier than air, it scudded across the landscape like a dust storm. The volcanic ash that would someday settle down on Herculaneum and Pompeii was a light powder compared with this stuff, and as the great ground-covering clouds oozed into the contours of the existing landscape they sent streams hissing to extinction, and covered the streambeds and then the valleys, and—with wave after wave of additional cloud—obliterated entire drainages like plaster filling a mold. They filled in every gully and gulch, cave, swale, and draw until almost nothing stuck above a blazing level plain, and then *more clouds came exploding from* below and in unimpeded waves spread out across the plain. Needless to say, every living creature in the region died. Single outpourings settled upon areas the size of Massachusetts, and before the heavy ash stopped flowing it had covered twenty times that. Moreover, it was hot enough to weld. As the great clouds collapsed and condensed, they formed a compact rock in large part consisting of volcanic glass. It was so thick—as much as three hundred metres thick—that quartz crystals and feldspars formed slowly in the cooling glass. "When you bury a countryside in that much rock so hot it welds, that is the ultimate environmental catastrophe," Deffeyes remarked. "I'm glad there hasn't been *one recently.*"

The province, stung like that, sat still here for twenty-two million years, with volcanism continuing only on its periphery, while erosion worked on the tuff, making draws and gulches, modest valleys and unspectacular hills, but not extensively altering the essentially level plain. There was no repetition of the foaming, frothing outpourings that had completely changed many tens of thousands of square miles of the face of the earth, but so much disturbance arising from and within

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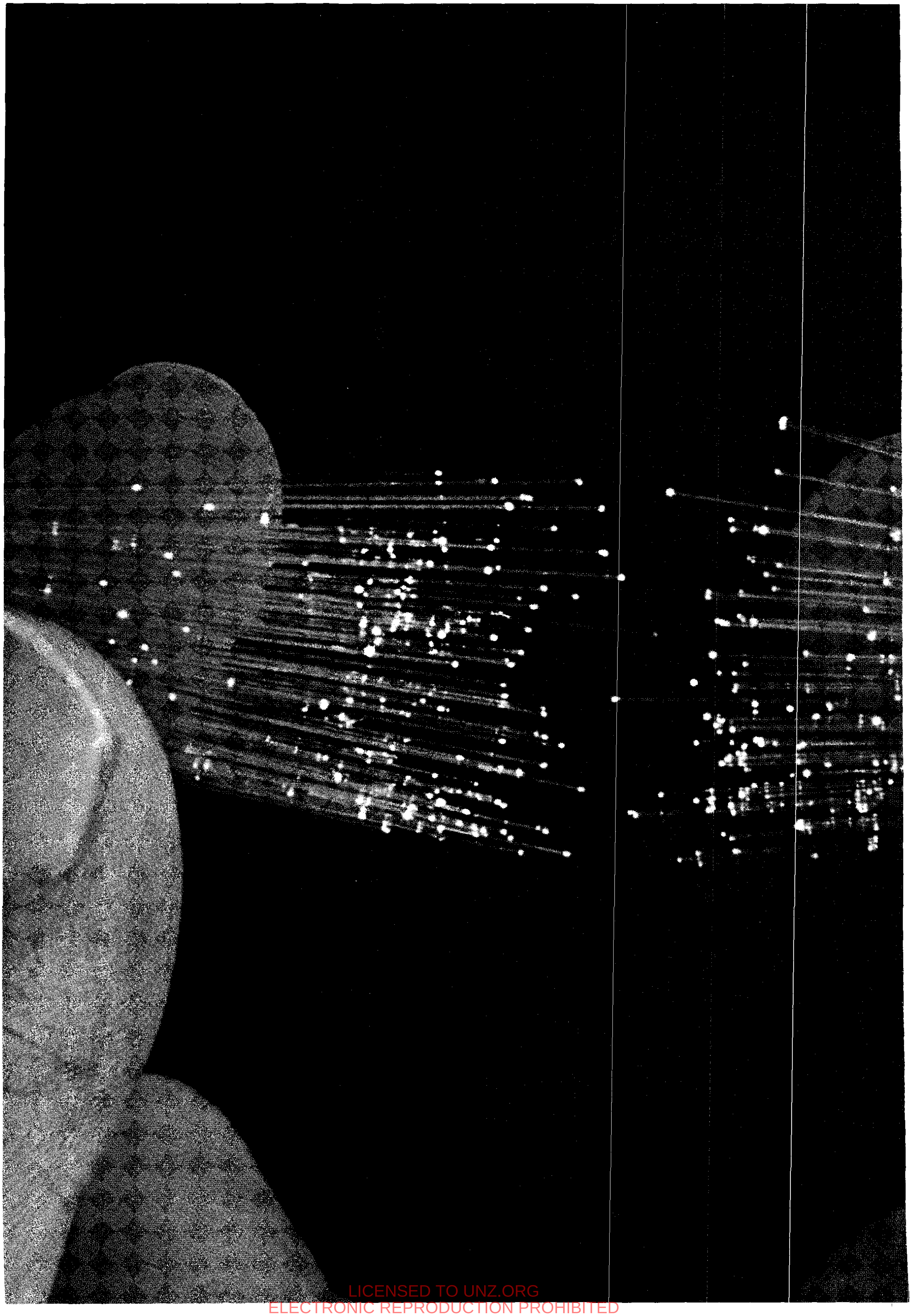

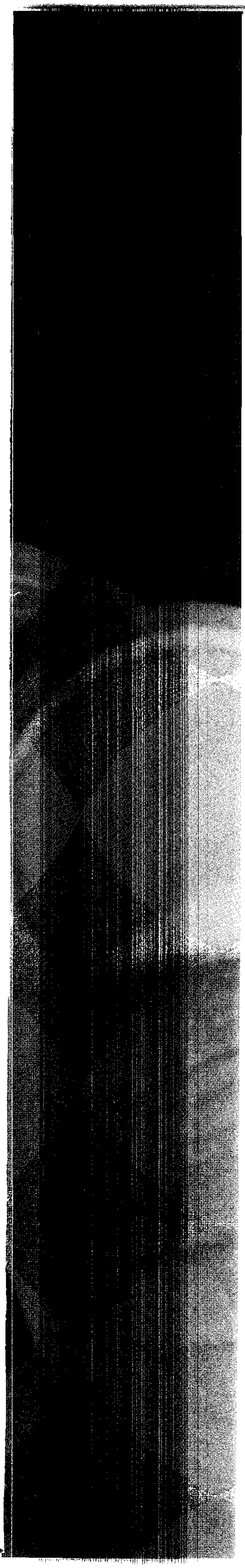

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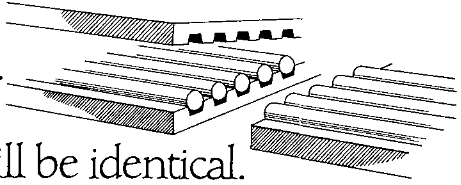

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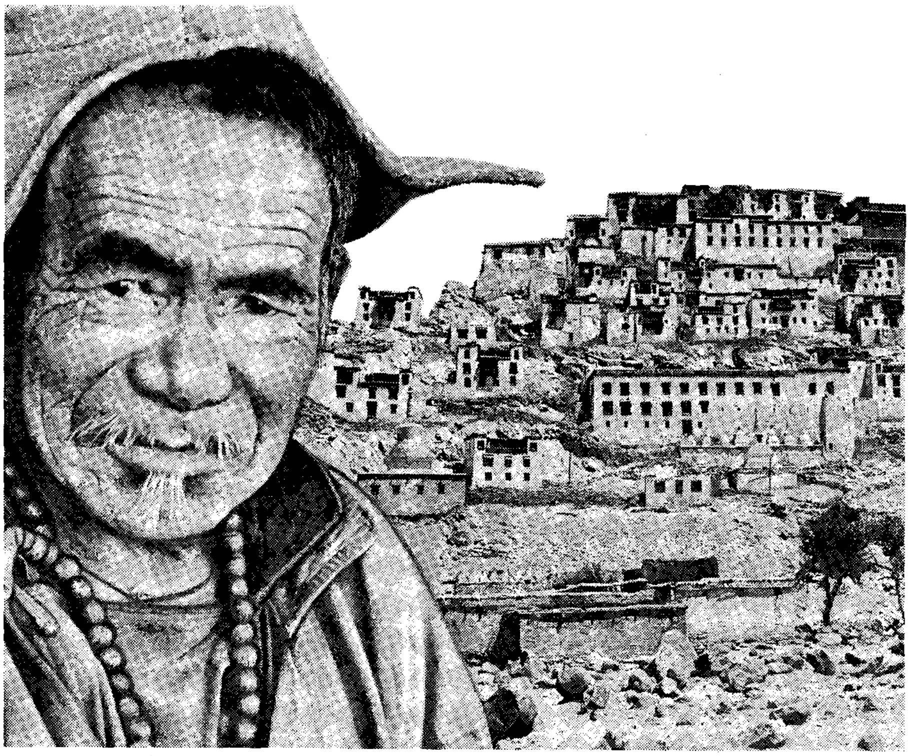
the underlying earth was obviously precursive of disturbances to follow, when the plains of welded tuff and some thousands of feet below them began to rift into crustal blocks and become the Basin and Range.

The basins filled immediately with water, and life came into the lakes. "Late-Miocene fossils are the earliest we have wherever we have found fossils in those lakebeds," Deffeyes said. "So Basin and Range faulting can be dated to the late Miocene—about eight million years ago." Gradually, as the rain shadow lengthened, the lakes "turned chemical"—became saline or alkaline (bitter)—and eventually they dried up. There are basalt flows in the Basin and Range that are also post-Miocene—lavas that poured out on the surface well after the block faulting had begun, like the Watchungs of New Jersey. There are ruins of cinder cones—evidence of fairly recent local violence—and, in the basins and on the ranges, widespread falls of light ash from volcanoes beyond the province. You see, too, the stream deltas, shoreline terraces, and wave-cut cliffs of big lakes that came into the Great Basin after Pleistocene glaciation began. The change in world climate that made ice in the north temporarily preëmpted the rain shadow and dropped into the Great Basin torrents from the sky. In a region where evaporation had greatly exceeded precipitation, the reverse was now the case, and the big lakes in time connected the basins and made islands of the ranges—Lake Manlius (its bed is now, in part, Death Valley); Lake Lahontan, near Reno (its bed is now, in part, the Humboldt and Carson sinks); and Lake Bonneville. Lake Bonneville grew until it was the size of Lake Erie. Then it grew some more. At Red Rock Pass, in Idaho, it spilled over the brim of the Great Basin and into the Snake River plain. By now it was as large as Lake Michigan. It was not a glacial lake, just a sort of side effect of the distant glaciation, and it sat there for thousands of years with limestone terraces forming and waves cutting benches at the shoreline. Eventually, it began to drop, in stages, pausing wherever evaporation and precipitation were in temporary equilibrium, and more benches were cut and more terraces were made, and then, as the rain shadow took over again, the water shrank back past Erie size and kept on shrinking and turning more and more chemical and getting smaller and shallower and shallower



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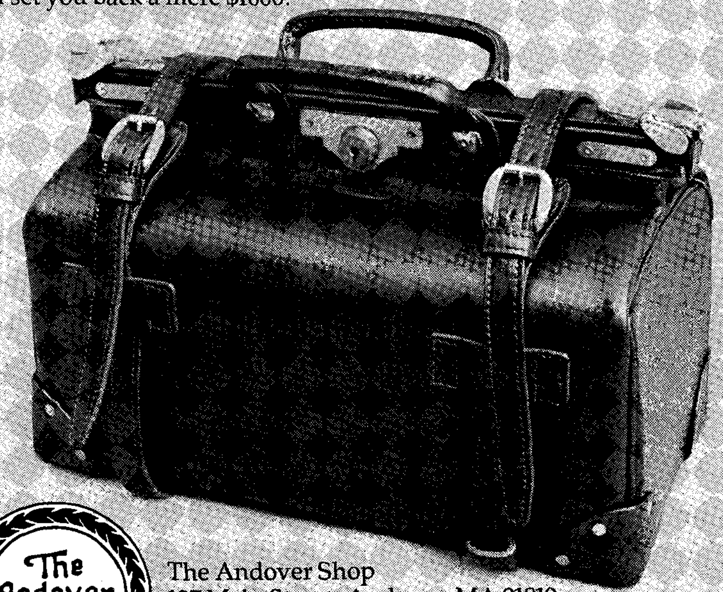

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and smaller and near the end of its days became the Great Salt Lake.

The Great Salt Lake reached out to our right and disappeared in snow. In a sense, there was no beach. The basin flatness just ran to the lake and kept on going, wet. The angle formed at the shoreline appeared to be about 179.9 degrees. There were dark shapes of islands, firmaments in the swirling snow—elongate, north-south-trending islands, the engulfed summits of buried ranges. "Chemically, this is one of the toughest environments in the world," Deffeyes said. "You swing from the saltiest to the most dilute waters on the planet in a matter of hours. Some of the most primitive things living are all that can take that. The brine is nearly saturated with sodium chloride. For a short period each year, so much water comes down out of the Wasatch that large parts of the lake surface are relatively fresh. Any creature living there gets an osmotic shock that amounts to hundreds of pounds per square inch. No higher plants can take that, no higher animals—no multicelled organisms. Few bacteria. Few algae. Brine shrimp, which do live there, die by the millions from the shock."

I have seen the salt lake incredibly beautiful in winter dusk under snow-streamer curtains of cloud moving fast through the sky, with the wall of the Wasatch a deep rose and the lake islands rising from what seemed to be rippled slate. All of that was now implied by the mysterious shapes in the foreshortening snow. I didn't mind the snow. One June day, moreover, with Karen Kleinspehn—on her way west for summer field work—I stopped in the Wasatch for a picnic of fruit and cheese beside a clear Pyrenean stream rushing white over cobbles of quartzite and sandstone through a green upland meadow—cattle in the meadow, cottonwoods along the banks of this clear, fresh, suggestively confident, vitally ignorant river, talking so profusely on its way to its fate, which was to move among paradisal mountain landscapes until, through a terminal canyon, the Great Basin drew it in. No outlet. Three such rivers feed the Great Salt Lake. It does indeed consume them. Descending, we ourselves went through a canyon so narrow that the Union Pacific Railroad was in the median of the interstate and on into an even steeper canyon laid out as if for skiing in a hypnotizing rhythm of christiania turns under high walls of rose-brick

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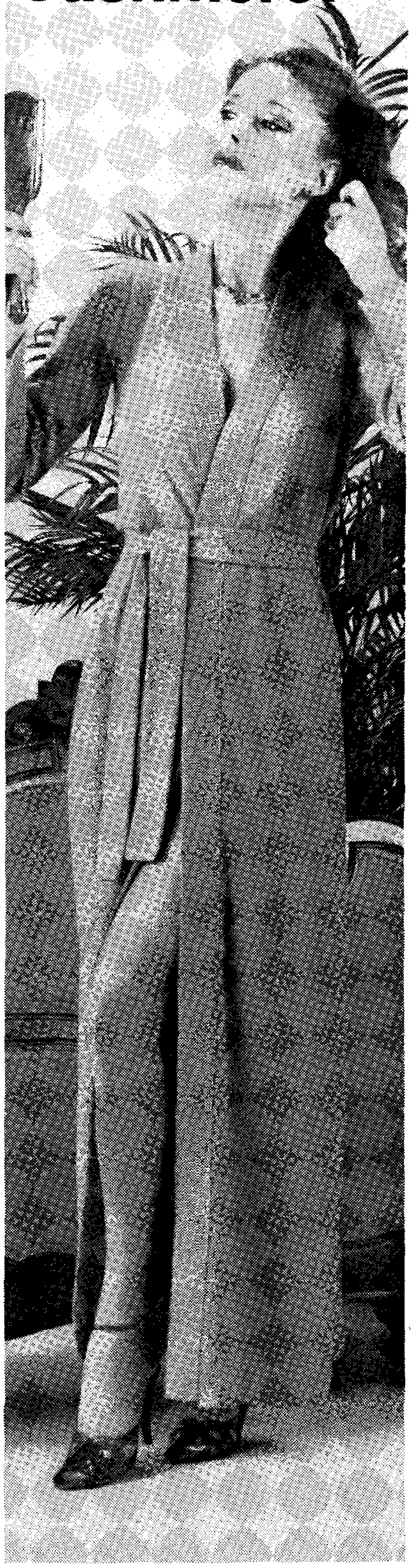
Nugget sandstone and brittle shattered marine limestone covered with scrub oaks. "Good God, we are dropping out of the sky," said Kleinspehn, hands on the wheel, plunging through the big sheer roadcuts, one of which suddenly opened to distance, presented the Basin and Range.

" 'This is the place.' "

"You can imagine how he felt."

In the foreground was the alabaster city, with its expensive neighborhoods strung out along the Wasatch Fault, getting ready to jump fifteen feet. In the distance were the Oquirrhs, the Stansburys, the lake. Sunday afternoon and the Mormons were out on the flats by the water in folding chairs at collapsible tables, end to end like refectory tables, twenty people down to dinner, with acres of beachflat all to themselves and seagulls around them like sacred cows. To go swimming, we had to walk first—several hundred yards straight out, until the water was ankle-deep. Then we lay down on our backs and floated. I have never been able to float. When I took the Red Cross tests, age nine to fifteen, my feet went down and I hung in the water with my chin wrenched up like something off Owl Creek Bridge. I kicked, slyly kicked to push my mouth above the surface and breathe. I could not truly float. Now I tried a backstroke and, like some sort of hydrofoil, went a couple of thousand feet on out over the lake. Only my heels, rump, and shoulder blades seemed to be wet. I rolled over and crawled. I could all but crawl on my hands and knees. And this was June, at the south end—the least salty season, the least salty place in the whole of the Great Salt Lake.

Rolling up on one side, and propped on an elbow, I could see the Promontory Mountains across the water to the north, an apparent island but actually a peninsula, reaching southward into the lake. In 1869, a golden spike was carried into the Promontories and driven into a tie there to symbolize the completion of the first railroad to cross the North American continent—exactly one century before the first footprint on the moon, a span of time during which Salt Lake City and Reno would move apart by one human stride. In that time, also, the railroad twice became dissatisfied with the local arrangements of its roadbed—losing affection for the way of the golden spike (over the mountains) and building a causeway and wooden trestle across the lake itself, barely touching the Promontory peninsula at its south-



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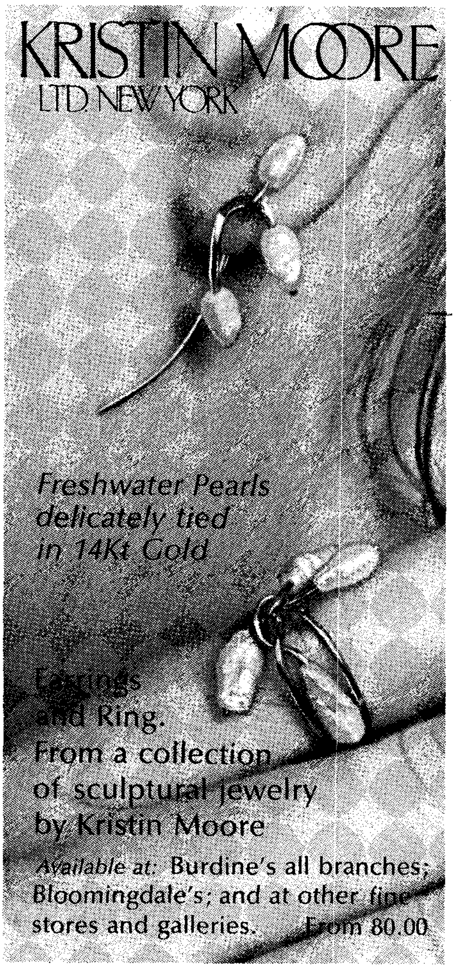

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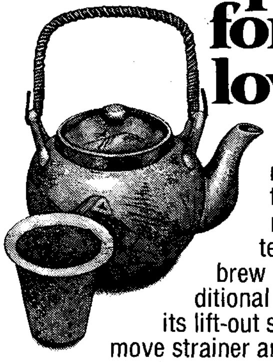

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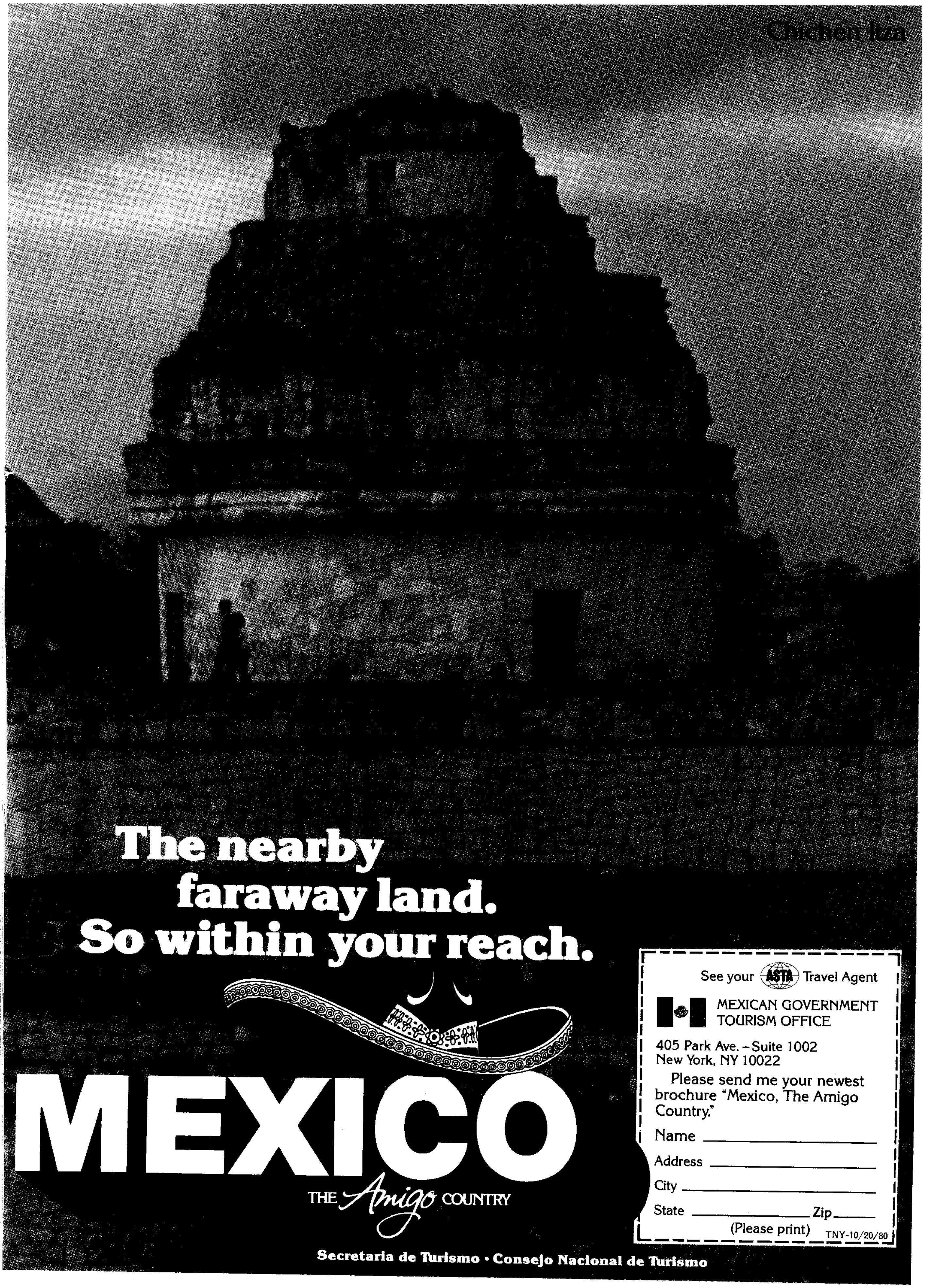
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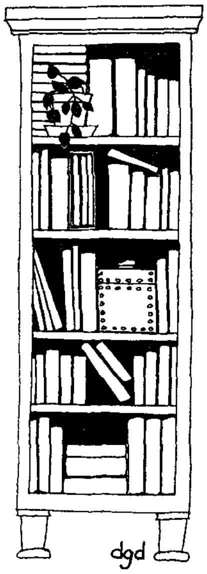
ern tip. In the late nineteen-fifties, the trestle section was replaced by rock. The causeway traverses the lake like a solid breakwater, dividing it into halves. The principal rivers that flow into the Great Salt Lake all feed the southern half. The water on the north side of the causeway is generally a foot or two lower and considerably saltier than the water on the other side. Evaporate one cupful of Great Salt Lake North and you have upward of a third of a cup of salt. Evaporate a cupful of Great Salt Lake South and you have about a quarter of a cup of salt, or—nonetheless—eight times as much as from a cup of the ocean. As the lake drew at our bodies, trying to pull fresh water through our skins, it closed our pores tight and our lips swelled and became slightly numb. The water stung savagely at the slightest scratch and felt bitter as strep in the back of the throat.

We filled a bag with eggstones from the bottom, with oölites, the Salt Lake sand. It was by no means ordinary sand—not the small, smoothed-off ruins of mountains, carried down and dumped by rivers. It was sand that had formed in the lake. Just as raindrops are created around motes of dust, oölites form around bits of rock so tiny that in wave-tossed water they will stir up and move. They move, and settle, move, and settle. And while they are up in the water calcium carbonate forms around them in layer after layer, building something like a pearl. Slice one in half with a diamond saw and you reveal a perfect bull's-eye, or, as its namer obviously imagined it, a stone egg, white and yolk—an oölite. Underwater on the Bahama Banks are sweeping oölitic dunes. When a geologist finds oölites embedded in rock—in, say, some Cambrian outcrop in the Lehigh Valley—the Bahamas come to mind, and the Great Salt Lake, and, by inference, a shallow, lime-rich Cambrian sea. Our sample bag was like a ten-pound sack of sugar. I rolled over on my back, set it on my stomach, and, floating a little lower, kicked in to shore.

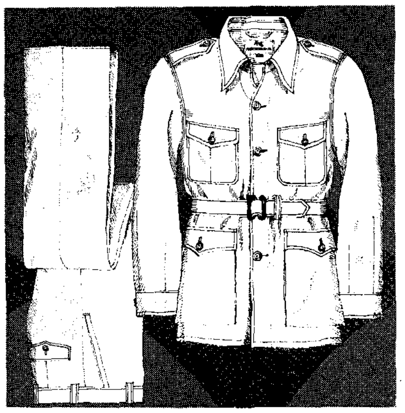


On the firm flat beach of the Great Salt Lake were many hundreds of thousands of brine flies—broad dark patches of them hopping and buzzing a steady collective electrical hum. A sacred gull made short bursts through the brine flies, its bill clapping. Three years before gulls ate crickets and saved the Mormons, Kit Carson shot gulls to feed the starving emigrants. Gulls, though, and brine flies are natural survivors. Now, at the end of spring runoff, dead creatures were everywhere. Osmotic shock had killed shrimp outnumbering the flies. Corpses, a couple of centimetres each, lay in hydrogen-sulphide decaying stink. Interlayered with the oölites on the bottom of the lake was a kind of galantine of brine shrimp, the greasy black muck of quintillions dead.

Salt crystals clung like snow to our hair, and were spread on our faces like powder. In man-made ponds near the shore, the sun was making Morton's salt. Spaced along the beach were water towers, courtesy of the State of Utah. You pulled a rope and took a shower.

And now in the autumn snow, Deffeyes and I could see shoreline terraces of Lake Bonneville a thousand feet above us on mountain slopes. That a lake so deep had been brought down to a present average depth of thirteen feet was food for melancholia. Still shrinking, it had long since become the world's second-deadest body of water. In a couple of hundred years, it could match the Dead Sea.

"Mother of God, that's nice," said Deffeyes suddenly, braking down the pickup on the shoulder of the road. The tip of the nose of the Stansbury Mountains had been sliced off by the interstate to reveal a sheer and massive section of handsome blue rock, thinly bedded, evenly bedded, forty metres high. Its parallel planes were tilting, dipping, gently to the east, with the exception of some confused and crumpled material that suggested a snowball splatted against glass, or a broken-down doorway in an otherwise undamaged wall. Deffeyes said, "Let's Richter the situation," and he got out and crossed the road. With his hammer, he chipped at the rock, puzzled the cut. He scraped the rock and dropped acid on the scrapings. Tilted by the western breeze, the snow was dipping sixty degrees east. The bedding planes were dipping twenty degrees east; and the stripes of Deffeyes' knitted cap were dipping fifty degrees



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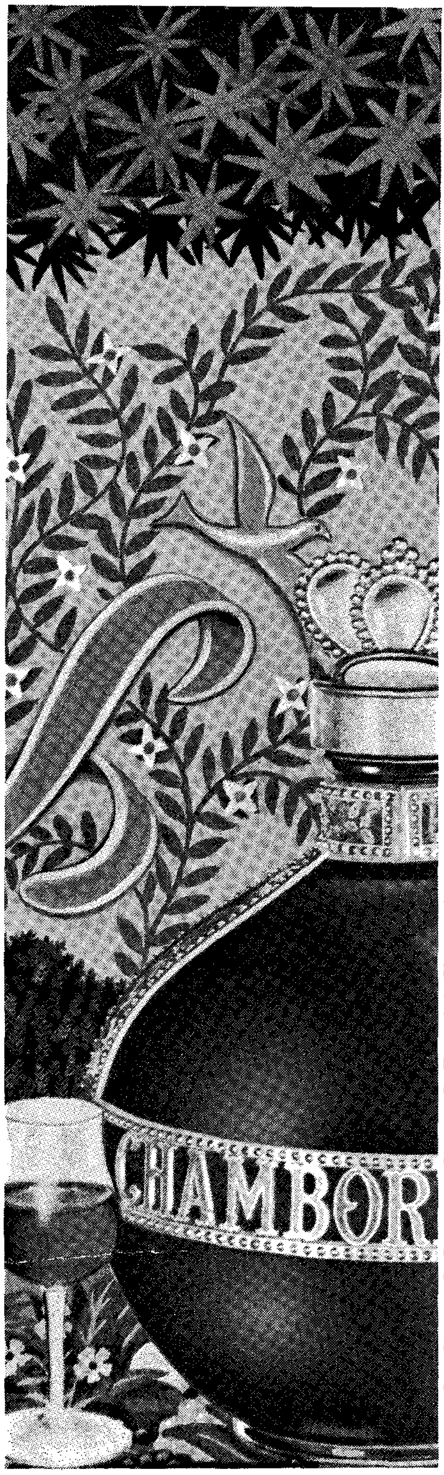

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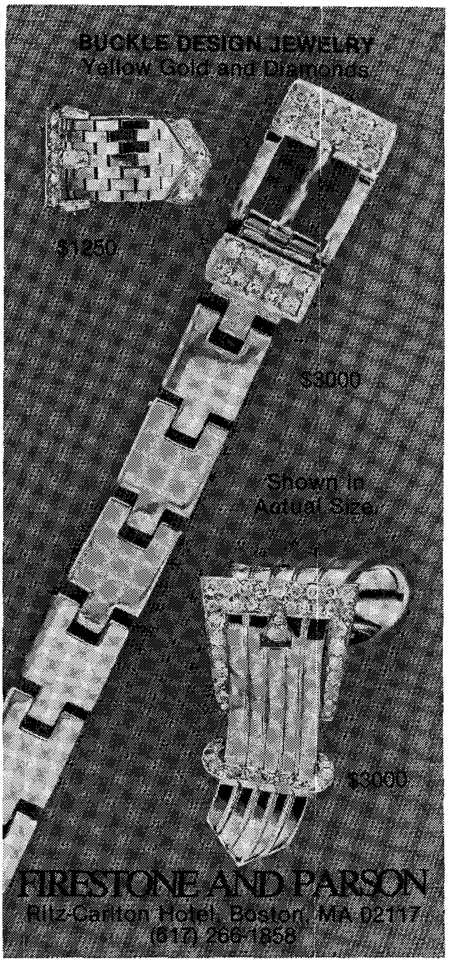
north. The cap had a big tassel, and with his gray-wisped hair coming out from under in a curly mélange he looked like an exaggerated elf. He said he thought he knew what had caused "that big goober" in the rock, and it was almost certainly not a manifestation of some major tectonic event—merely local violence, a cashier shot in a grab raid, an item for an inside page. The cut was mainly limestone, which had collected as lime mud in an Ordovician sea. The goober was dolomite.

Limestone is calcium carbonate. Dolomite is calcium carbonate with magnesium added. Together they are known as the carbonate rocks. Deffeyes was taught in college that while it seemed obvious to infer that magnesium precipitating out of water changes limestone into dolomite there was no way to check this out empirically because dolomite was forming nowhere in the world. Deffeyes found that impossible to believe. Deffeyes was already a uniformitarian—a geologist who believes that the present is the key to the past, that if you want to understand how a rock is formed you go watch it forming now. Watch basalt flows at Mauna Loa. Watch the festooned crossbeddings of future sandstones being sketched by the currents of Hatteras. Watch a flooding river blanket the tracks of a bear. Surely, somewhere, he thought, limestone must be changing into dolomite now. Not long after graduate school, he and two others went to Bonaire, in the Netherlands Antilles, where they found a lagoon that was concentrating under the sun and "making a juice very rich in magnesium." The juice was flowing through the limestone below and changing it into dolomite. They presented the news in *Science*. When the rock of this big Utah roadcut had been the limy bottom of the Ordovician sea, the water had been so shallow that the lime mud had occasionally been above the surface and had dried out and cracked into chips, and then the water rose and the chips became embedded in more lime mud, and the process happened again and again so that the limestone now is a self-containing breccia studded with imprisoned chips—an accident so lovely to the eye you want to slice the rock and frame it.

In age, the blue stone approached five hundred million years. Captain Howard Stansbury, USA, whose name would rest upon the mountains of which the rock was a component, was approaching fifty when he came into



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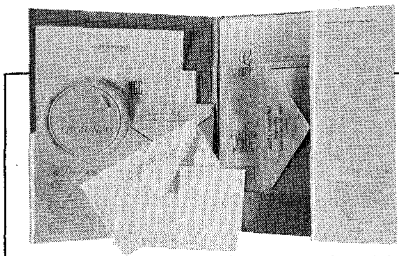

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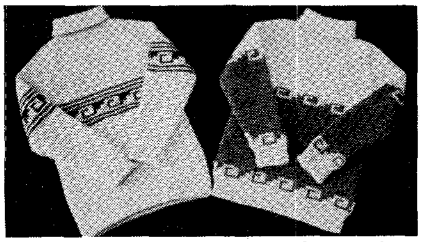

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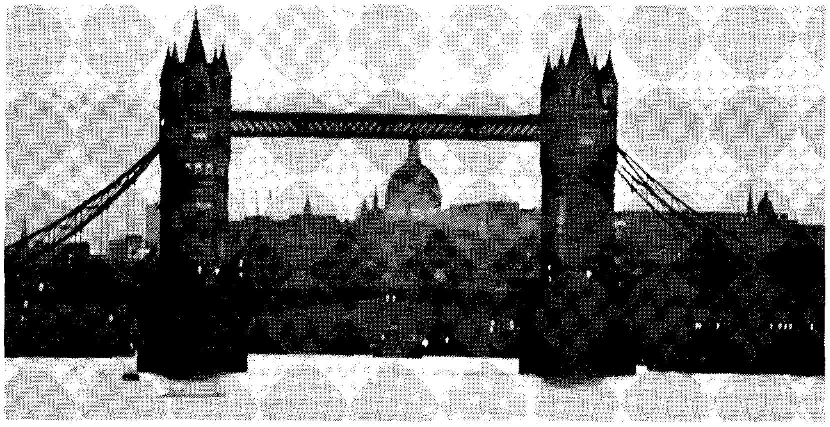

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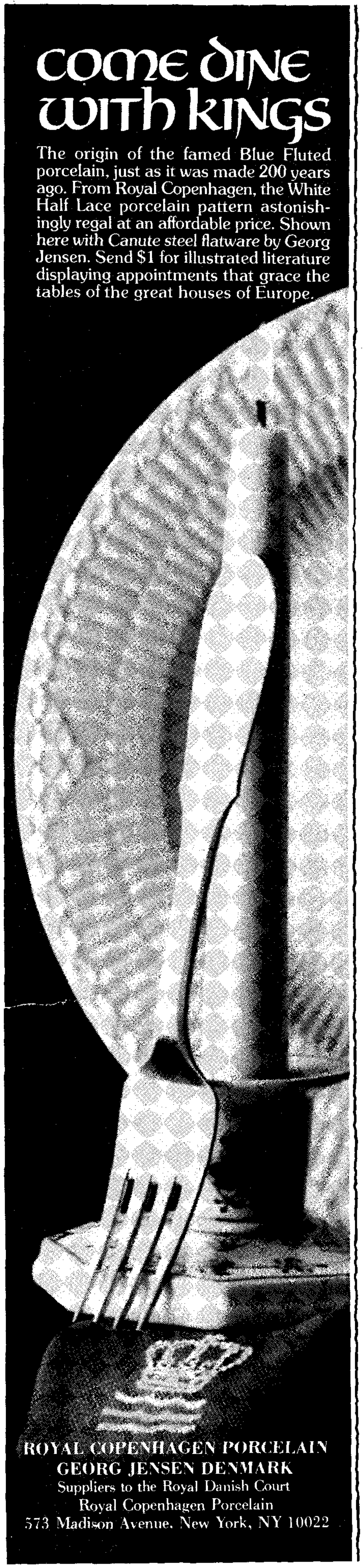
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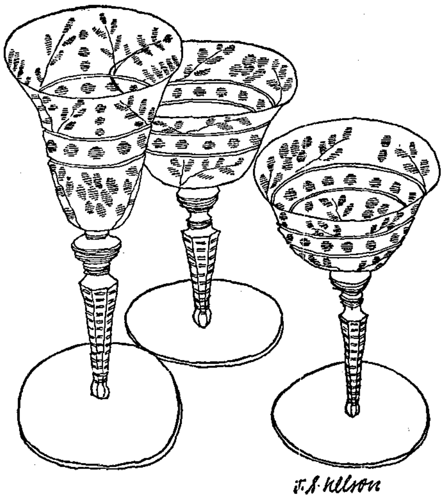
the Great Basin in 1849. He had been making lighthouses in Florida. The government preferred that he survey the salt lake. With sixteen mules, a water keg, and some India-rubber bags, he circumambulated the lake, and then some. People told him not to try it. He ran out of water but not of luck. And he came back with a story of having seen—far out on the westward flats—scattered books, clothing, trunks, tools, chains, yokes, dead oxen, and abandoned wagons. The Donner Party went around the nose of the Stansburys in late August, 1846, rock on their left, lake marshes on their right. This huge blue roadcut, in its supranatural way, would have frightened them to death. They must have filed along just about where Deffeyes had parked the pickup, on the outside shoulder of the interstate. Deffeyes and I went back across the road, waiting first for a three-unit seven-axle tractor-trailer to pass. Deffeyes described it as "a freaking train."

Stansbury Mountains, Skull Valley . . . The Donner Party found good grass in Skull Valley, and good water, and a note by a post at a spring. It had been torn to shreds by birds. The emigrants pieced it together. "Two days—two nights—hard driving—cross desert—reach water." They went out of Skull Valley over the Cedar Mountains into Ripple Valley and over Grayback Mountain to the Great Salt Lake Desert. Grayback Mountain was basalt, like the Watchungs of New Jersey. The New Jersey basalt flowed about two hundred million years ago. The Grayback Mountain basalt flowed thirty-eight million years ago. Well into this century, it was possible to find among the dark-gray outcrops of Grayback Mountain pieces of wagons and of oxhorn, discarded earthenware jugs. The snow suddenly gone now, and in cold sunshine, Deffeyes and I passed Grayback Mountain and then had the Great Salt Lake Desert before us—the dry bed of Bonneville—broader than the periphery of vision. The interstate runs close to but not parallel to the wagon trail, which trends a little more northwesterly. The wagon trail aims directly at Pilot Peak of the Pilot Range, which we could see clearly, upward of fifty miles away—a pyramidal summit with cloud coming off it in the wind like a banner unfurling. Across the dry lakebed, the emigrants homed on Pilot Peak, standing in what is now Nevada, above ten thousand feet. Along the fault scarp, at the base of Pilot Peak, are cold springs. When the emigrants arrived at the springs, their tongues were bloody and black.

"Imagine those poor sons of bitches out here with their animals, getting thirsty," Deffeyes said. "It's a wonder they didn't string the guy that invented this route up by his thumbs."

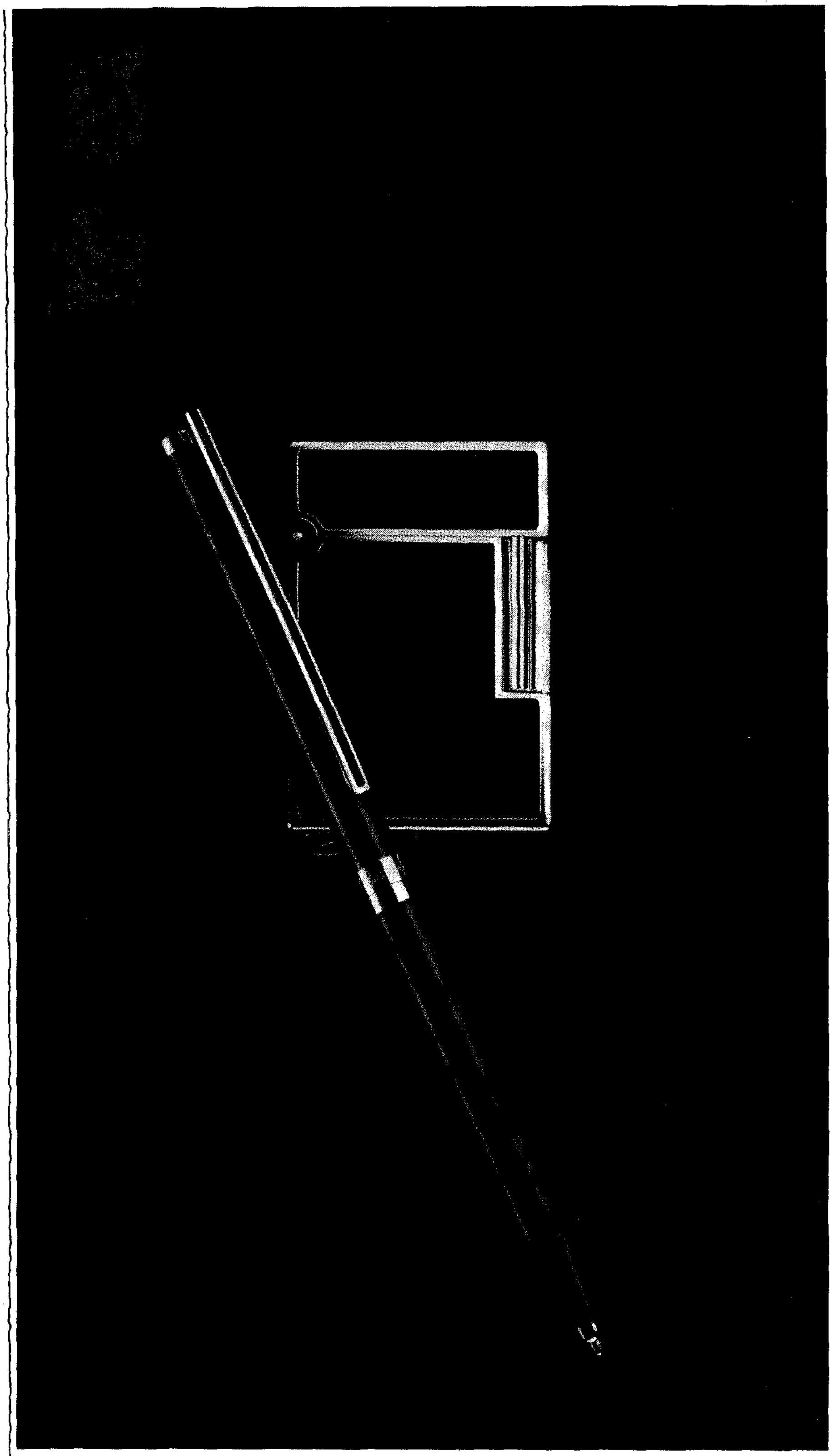
The flats for the most part were alkaline, a leather-colored mud superficially dry. Dig down two inches and it was damp and greasy. Come a little rain and an ox could go in to its knees. The emigrants made no intended stops on the Great Salt Lake Desert. They drove day and night for the Pilot Range. In the day, they saw mirages—towers and towns and shimmering lakes. Sometimes the lakes were real—playa lakes, temporary waters after a storm. Under a wind, playa lakes move like puddles of mercury in motion on a floor—two or three hundred square miles of water on the move, here today, there tomorrow, gone before long like a mirage, leaving wagons mired in unimagined mud. Very few emigrants chose to cross the Bonneville flats, although the route was promoted as a shortcut—"a nigher route"—rejoining the main migration four basins into Nevada. It was the invention of Lansford Hastings and was known as the Hastings Cutoff. Hastings wrote the helpful note in Skull Valley. His route was geologically unfavorable, but this escaped his knowledge and notice. His preoccupations were with politics. He wished to become President of California. He saw California—for the moment undefendably Mexican—as a new nation, under God, conceived at liberty and dedicated to the proposition that anything can be accomplished through promotion: President Lansford Hastings, in residence in a Western White House. His strategy for achieving high office was

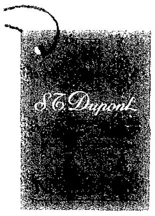


to create a new shortcut on the way west, to promote both the route and the destination through recruiting and pamphleteering, to attract emigrants by the thousands year after year, and as their counsellor and deliverer to use them as constituent soldiers in the promised heaven. He camped beside the trail farther east. He attracted the Donners. He attracted Reeds, Kesebergs, Murphys, McCutchens, drew them southward away from the main trek and into the detentive scrub oak made fertile by the limestones of the Wasatch. The Donners were straight off the craton—solid and trusting, from Springfield, Illinois. Weeks were used hacking a path through the scrub oaks, which were living barbed wire. Equipment was abandoned on the Bonneville flats to lighten up loads in the race against thirst. Even in miles, the nigher route proved longer than the one it was shortcutting, on the way to a sierra that was named for snow.

Deffeyes and I passed graffiti on the Bonneville flats. There being nothing to carve in and no medium substantial enough for sprayed paint, the graffitists had lugged cobbles out onto the hard mud—stones as big as grapefruit, ballast from the interstate—and in large dotted letters had written their names: ROSS, DAWN, DON, JUDY, MARK, MOON, ERIC, fifty or sixty miles of names. YARD SALE. Eric's lithography was in basalt and dolomite, pieces of Grayback Mountain, apparently, pieces of the Stansburys. His name, if it sits there a century or so, will eventually explode. Salt will work into the stones along the grain boundaries. When this happens, water evaporates out of the salt, and salt crystals keep collecting and expanding until they explode the rock. In Death Valley are thousands of little heaps of crumbs that were once granite boulders. Salt exploded them. Salt gets into fence posts and explodes them at the base.

Near the far side of Utah, the flats turned blinding white, corn-snow white, and revolving winds were making devils out of salt. Over the whiteness you could see the salt go off the curve of the earth. When the drivers of jet cars move at Mach .8 over the Bonneville Salt Flats, they feel that they are always about to crest a hill. Dig into the salt and it turns out to be a crusty white veneer, like cake icing, more than an inch thick—an almost pure sodium chloride. Below it are a few inches of sand-size salt particles, and below them a sort of creamy yo-





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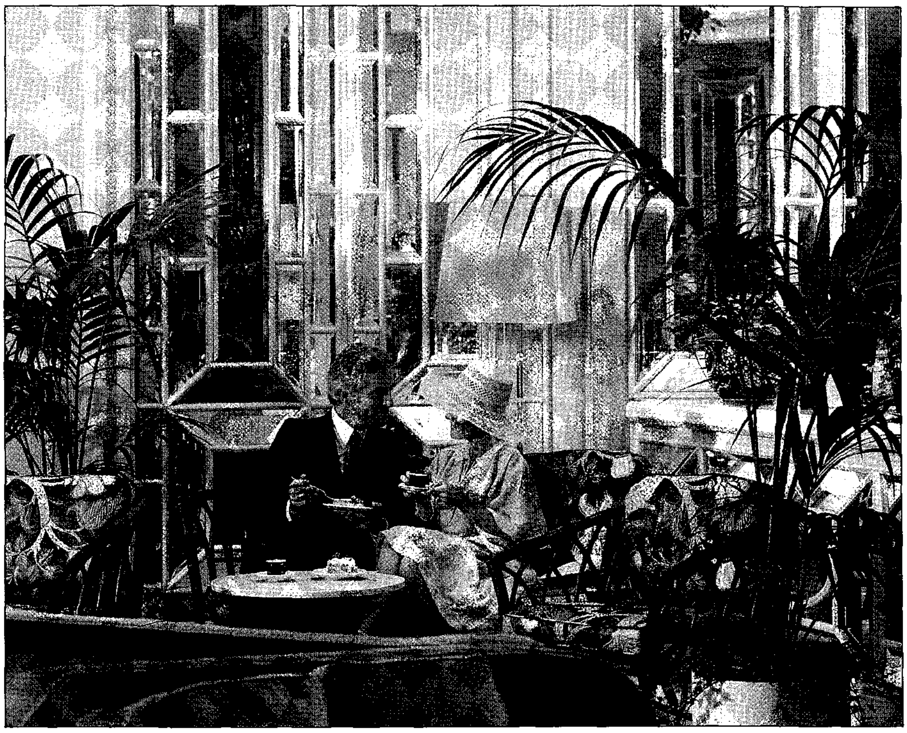

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gurt mud that is the color of blond coffee. In much the manner in which these salts were left behind by the shrinking outline of the saline lake, there were times around the edges of North America when the shrinking ocean stranded bays that gradually dried up and left plains of salt. When the ocean came back, came up again, it spread inland over the salt, which was not so much dissolved as buried, under layers of sediment washing in from the continent. With the weight of more and more sediment, the layers of salt went deep. Salt has a low specific gravity and is very plastic. Pile eight thousand feet of sediment on it and it starts to move. Slowly, blobularly, it collects itself and moves. It shoves apart layers of rock. It mounds upon itself, and, breaking its way upward, rises in mushroom shape—a salt dome. Still rising into more shales and sandstones, it bends them into graceful arches and then bursts through them like a bullet shooting upward through a splintering floor. The shape becomes a reverse teardrop. Generally, after the breakthrough, there will be some big layers of sandstone leaning on the salt dome like boards leaning up against a wall. The sandstone is porous and probably has a layer of shale above it, which is not porous. Any fluid in the sandstone will not only be trapped under the shale but will also be trapped by the impermeable salt. Enter the strange companionship of oil and salt. Oil also moves after it forms. You never find it where God put it. It moves great distances through porous rock. Unless something traps it, it will move on upward until it reaches daylight and turns into tar. You don't run a limousine on tar, let alone a military-industrial complex. If, however, the oil moves upward through inclined sandstone and then hits a wall of salt, it stops, and stays—trapped. Run a little drill down the side of a salt dome and when you hit "sand" it may be full of oil. In the Gulf of Mexico were many of the bays that dried up covered with salt. Where the domes are now, there are towers in the Gulf. A number of salt domes are embedded in the Mississippi Delta, and have been mined. There are rooms inside them with ceilings a hundred feet high—room after room after room, like convention halls, with walls, floors, and ceilings of salt, above ninety-nine per cent pure.

Deffeyes was saying, "It's likely that in under this salt flat are mountain structures just as complicated as any of the ranges. They're just buried."

We picked up some shattered limestones and welded tuffs close by the Nevada state line. The tuff was hard, heavy, crystalline rock, freckled with feldspars and quartz. You would never dig a city out of that. The ranges now were anything but buried, and Pilot Peak reached above the shadowed basin and high into sunlight, a mile above its valleys. Soon we were climbing the Toano Range. "Here comes another roadcut," said Deffeyes near the summit. "You can feel them coming on. The Taconic Parkway would drive you nuts. I-80 gives you one when you're ready for it." What it gave in the Toanos was granite—not some sibling, son, or cousin but granite himself: sparkling black hornblendes evenly spaced through a snowy field of feldspars and quartz. It was of much the same age as the celebrated rock of the Sierra. Its presence here suggested that the great crustal meltings in the tectonic drama farther west put out enough heat even in eastern Nevada to cook up this batch of fresh granite.

In this manner we moved along from roadcut to roadcut, range to range, like barnyard poultry pecking up rock, seeing what the fault blocks had lifted from below. We crossed the Goshute Valley and went up into the Pequops into red Devonian shales, Devonian siltstones, Devonian limestones—a great many millions of years older than the granite, and from another world. These were marine rocks (by and large), full of crinoids and other marine fossils. Nothing about their appearance differed from sediment that might have collected over Illinois or Iowa in midcontinental, epicratonic seas. They provided not so much as a hint that they were actually from the continental shelf, that Pequop Summit is more or less where North America ended in Devonian time. The first attempt to move covered wagons directly across the continent to California ended at the Pequops, too. The wagons were abandoned at a spring by the eastern base of the mountains, a short hike off the interstate. Later emigrants made cooking fires with the wood of the wagons. Deffeyes was spitting out the siltstones but chewing happily on the shales.

The oölites of the Great Salt Lake were forming in the present. The dolomite of the Stansbury Mountains was five hundred million years old. The tuff had been welded for thirty million

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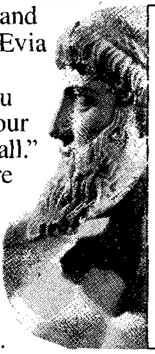

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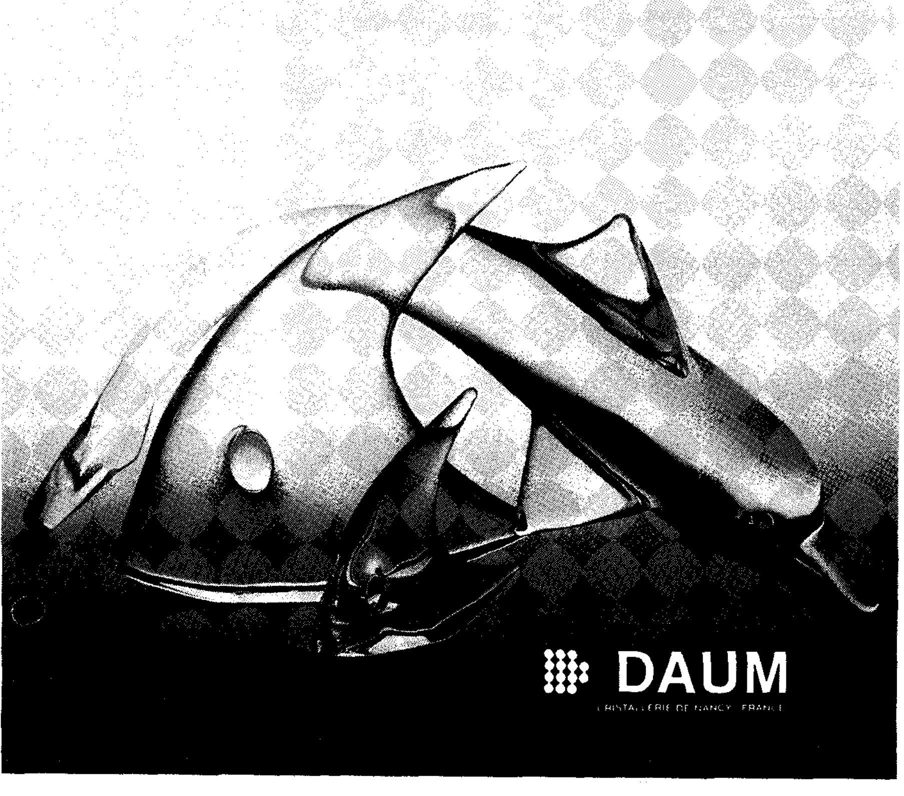

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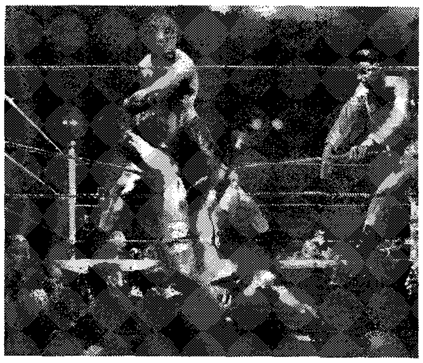
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years. The age of the granite was a hundred million years. The rock of Pequop Summit was four times as old as that. On a scale of zero to five hundred, those samplings were bunched toward the extremes, with nothing representing the middle three hundred million years. That was just chance, though—just what the faults had happened to throw up—and farther down the road, at Golconda, would come a full-dress two-hundred-million-year-old Triassic show.

Geologists mention at times something they call the Picture. In an absolutely unidiomatic way, they have often said to me, "You don't get the Picture." The oölites and dolomite—tuff and granite, the Pequop siltstones and shales—are pieces of the Picture. The stories that go with them—the creatures and the chemistry, the motions of the crust, the paleoenvironmental scenes—may well, as stories, stand on their own, but all are fragments of the Picture.

The foremost problem with the Picture is that ninety-nine per cent of it is missing—melted or dissolved, torn down, washed away, broken to bits, to become something else in the Picture. The geologist discovers lingering remains, and connects them with dotted lines. The Picture is enhanced by filling in the lines—in many instances with stratigraphy: the rock types and ages of strata, the scenes at the times of deposition. The lines themselves to geologists represent structure—folds, faults, flat-lying planes. Ultimately, they will infer why, how, and when a structure came to be—for example, why, how, and when certain strata were folded—and that they call tectonics. Stratigraphy, structure, tectonics. "First you read ze Kafka," I overheard someone say once in a library elevator. "Ond zen you read ze Turgenev. Ond zen ond only zen are—you—ready—for—ze Tolstoy."

And when you have memorized Tolstoy, you may be ready to take on the Picture. Multidimensional, world-wide in scope and in motion through time, it is sometimes called the Big Picture. The Megapicture. You are cautioned not to worry if at first you do not wholly see it. Geologists don't see it, either. Not all of it. The modest ones will sometimes scuff a boot and describe themselves and their colleagues as scientific versions of the characters in John Godfrey Saxe's version of the Hindu fable of the blind men and the elephant. "We are blind men feeling the elephant," David

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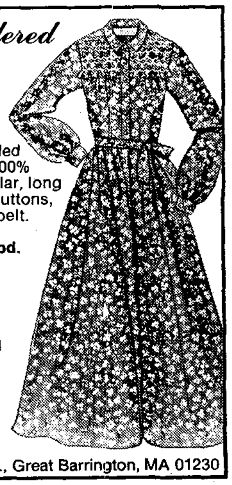
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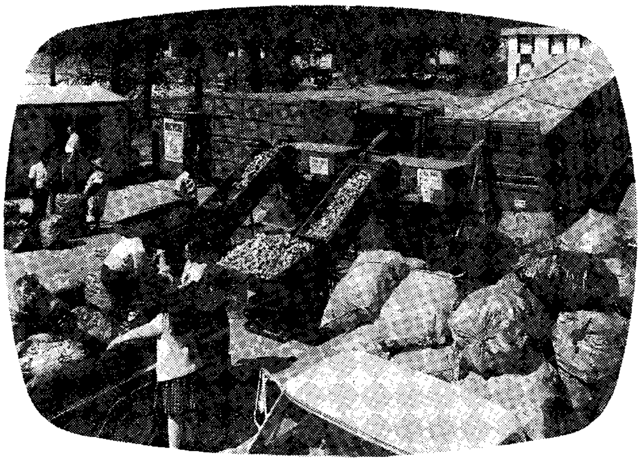

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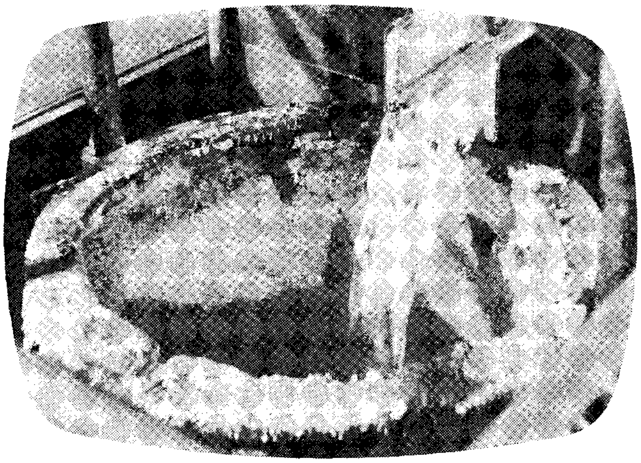

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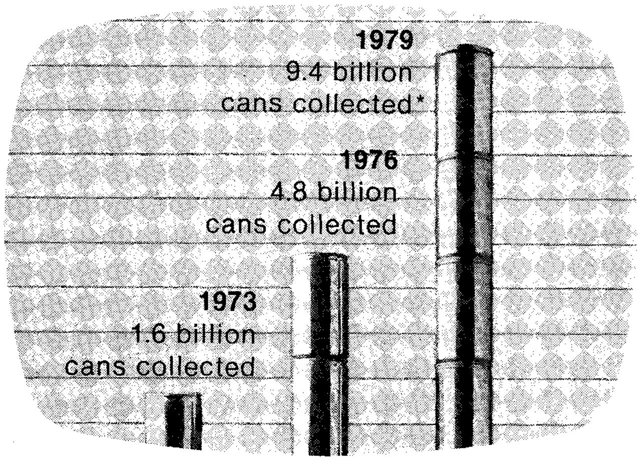

It's growing. More and more Americans are collecting used aluminum cans. Last year alone over nine billion cans were turned in for recycling. That's almost six times as many cans as were collected in 1973.

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Love, of the Geological Survey, has said to me at least fifty times. It is not unknown for a geological textbook to include snatches of the poem.

> It was six men of Indostan
>   To learning much inclined,
> Who went to see the Elephant
>   (Though all of them were blind),
> That each by observation
>   Might satisfy his mind.

The first man of Indostan touches the animal's side and thinks it must be some sort of living wall. The second touches a tusk and thinks an elephant is like a spear. The others, in turn, touch the trunk, an ear, the tail, a knee—"snake," "fan," "rope," "tree."

> And so these men of Indostan
>   Disputed loud and long,
> Each in his own opinion
>   Exceeding stiff and strong,
> Though each was partly in the right,
>   And all were in the wrong!

The blind men and the elephant are kept close at hand mainly to slow down what some graduate students refer to as "arm-waving"—the delivery, with pumping elbows, of hypotheses so breathtakingly original that the science seems for the moment more imaginative than descriptive. Where it is solid, it is imaginative enough. Geologists are famous for picking up two or three bones and sketching an entire and previously unheard-of creature into a landscape long established in the Picture. They look at mud and see mountains, in mountains oceans, in oceans mountains to be. They go up to some rock and figure out a story, another rock, another story, and as the stories compile through time they connect—and long case histories are constructed and written from interpreted patterns of clues. This is detective work on a scale unimaginable to most detectives, with the notable exception of Sherlock Holmes, who was, with his discoveries and interpretations of little bits of grit from Blackheath or Hampstead, the first forensic geologist, acknowledged as such by geologists to this day. Holmes was a fiction, but he started a branch of a science; and the science, with careful inference, carries fact beyond the competence of invention. Geologists, in their all but closed conversation, inhabit scenes that no one ever saw, scenes of global sweep, gone and gone again, including seas, mountains, rivers, forests, and archipelagoes of aching beauty rising in volcanic violence to settle down quietly and then forever disappear—*almost* disappear. If some fragment has remained in the crust somewhere and something has lifted the fragment to view, the geologist in his tweed cap goes out with his hammer and his sandwich, his magnifying glass and his imagination, and rebuilds the archipelago.

I once dreamed about a great fire that broke out at night at Nasser Aftab's House of Carpets. In Aftab's showroom under the queen-post trusses were layer upon layer and pile after pile of shags and broadlooms, hooks and throws, para-Persians and polyesters. The intense and shrivelling heat consumed or melted most of what was there. The roof gave way. It was a night of cyclonic winds, stabs of unseasonal lightning. Flaming debris fell on the carpets. Layers of ash descended, alighted, swirled in the wind, and drifted. Molten polyester hardened on the cellar stairs. Almost simultaneously there occurred a major accident in the ice-cream factory next door. As yet no people had arrived. Dead of night. Distant city. And before long the west wall of the House of Carpets fell in under the pressure and weight of a broad, braided ooze of six admixing flavors, which slowly entered Nasser Aftab's showroom and folded and double-folded and covered what was left of his carpets, moving them, as well, some distance across the room. Snow began to fall. It turned to sleet, and soon to freezing rain. In heavy winds under clearing skies, the temperature fell to six below zero. Celsius. Representatives of two warring insurance companies showed up just in front of the fire engines. The insurance companies needed to know precisely what had happened, and in what order, and to what extent it was Aftab's fault. If not a hundred per cent, then to what extent was it the ice-cream factory's fault? And how much fault must be—regrettably—assigned to God? The problem was obviously too tough for the Chicken Valley Police Department, or, for that matter, for any ordinary detective. It was a problem, naturally, for a field geologist. One shuffled in eventually. Scratched-up boots. A puzzled look. He picked up bits of wall and ceiling, looked under the carpets, tasted the ice cream. He felt the risers of the cellar stairs. Looking up, he told Hartford everything it wanted to know. For him this was so simple it was a five-minute job.

From the high ridges right down to the level of the road, there was snow all over the Ruby Mountains. "Ugh,"

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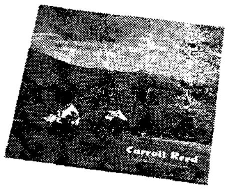

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said Deffeyes—his comment on the snow.

"Spoken like a skier," I said.

He said, "I'm a retired skier."

He skied for the School of Mines. In other Rocky Mountain colleges and universities at the time, the best skiers in the United States were duly enrolled and trying to look scholarly and masquerading as amateurs to polish their credentials for the 1952 Olympic Games. Deffeyes was outclassed even on his own team, but there came a day when a great whiteout sent the superstars sprawling on the mountain. Deffeyes' turn for the slalom came late in the afternoon, and just as he was moving toward the gate the whiteout turned to alpenglow, suddenly bringing into focus the well-compacted snow. He shoved off, and was soon bombing. He was not hurting for weight even then, He went down the mountain like an object dropped from a tower. In the end, his time placed him high among the ranking stars.

Now, in the early evening, crossing Independence Valley, Deffeyes seemed scarcely to notice that the white summits of the Ruby Range—above eleven thousand feet, and the highest mountains in this part of the Great Basin—were themselves being reddened with alpenglow. He was musing aloud, for reasons unapparent to me, about the melting points of tin and lead. He was saying that as a general rule material will flow rather than fracture if it is hotter than half of its melting point measured from absolute zero. At room temperature, you can bend tin and lead. They are solid but they flow. Room temperature is more than halfway between absolute zero and the melting points of tin and lead. At room temperature, you cannot bend glass or cast iron. Room temperature is less than halfway from absolute zero to the melting points of iron and glass. "If you go down into the earth here to a depth that about equals the width of one of these fault blocks, the temperature is halfway between absolute zero and the melting point of the rock. The crust is brittle above that point and plastic below it. Where the brittleness ends is the bottom of the tilting fault block, which rests—floats, if you like—in the hot and plastic, slowly flowing lower crust and upper mantle. I think this is why the ranges are so rhythmic. The spacing between them seems to be governed by their depth—the depth of the cold brittle part of the crust. As you cross these valleys from one range to the next, you can sense

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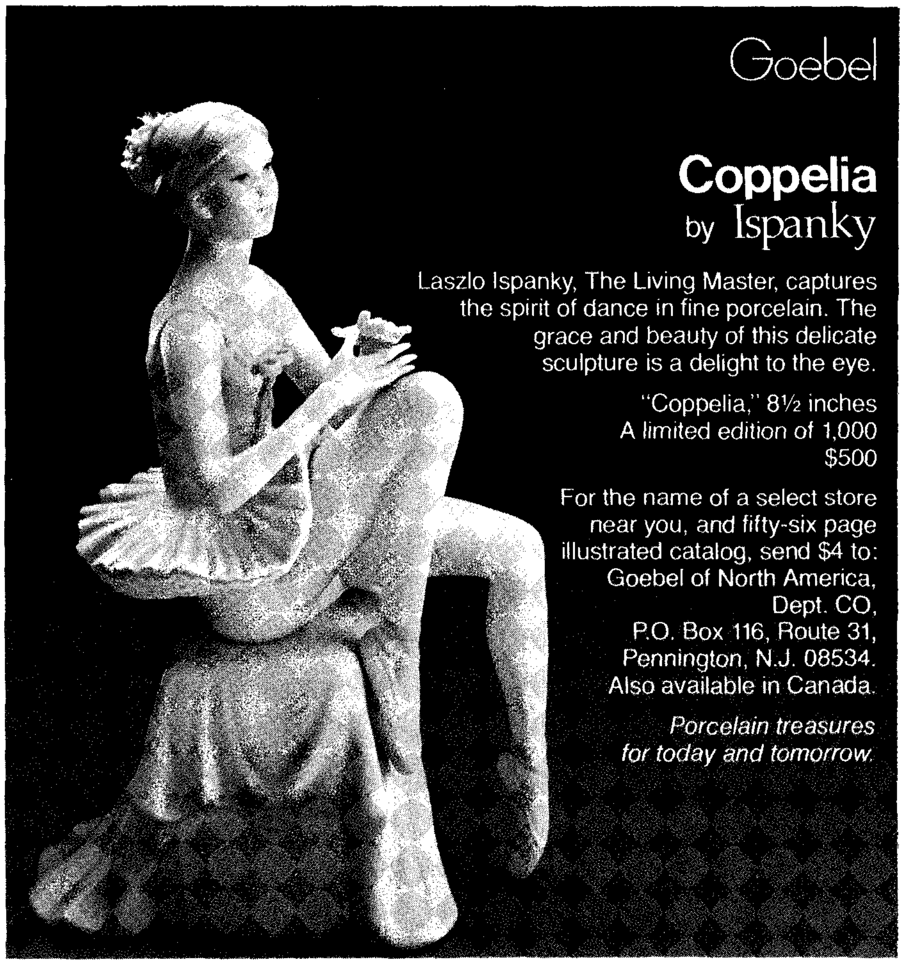
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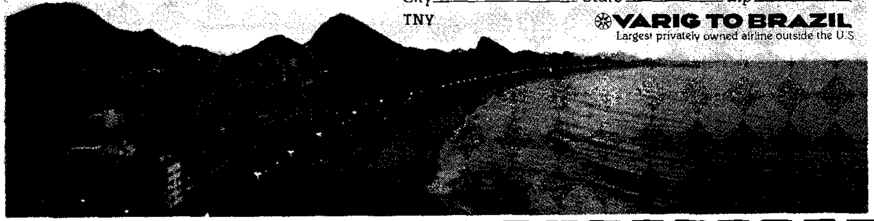

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how deep the blocks are. If they were a lot deeper than their width—if the temperature gradient were different and the cold brittle zone went down, say, five times the surface width—the blocks would not have mechanical freedom. They could not tilt enough to make these mountains. So I suspect the blocks are shallow—about as deep as they are wide. Earthquake history supports this. Only shallow earthquakes have been recorded in the Basin and Range. At the western edge of Death Valley, there are great convex mountain faces that are called turtlebacks. To me they are more suggestive of whales. You look at them and you see that they were once plastically deformed. I think the mountains have tilted up enough there to be giving us a peek at the original bottom of a block. Death Valley is below sea level. I would bet that if we could scrape away six thousand feet of gravel from these mile-high basins up here what we would see at the base of these mountains would look like the edge of Death Valley. I haven't published this hypothesis. I think it sounds right. I haven't done any field work in Death Valley. I was just lucky enough to be there in 1961 with the guy who first mapped the geology. I have been lucky all through the years to work in the Basin and Range. The Basin and Range impresses me in terms of geology as does no other place in North America. It's not at all easy, anywhere in the province, to say just what happened and when. Range after range—it is mysterious to me. A lot of geology is mysterious to me."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

Labor Day, 1980—a time to reflect on what workers have meant to this city:

Its skyline a parade of high-rise monuments glistening with labor's sweat. Its neighborhoods a patchwork of bungalows, six-flats and shopping strips built on workers' toil.

Changes, thousands of them, have molded Chicago's face into new looks, its heart into new moods; but it still can turn back to glance at a roistering youth.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

Better send that roistering youth to the showers.

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—A third world war "is evitable," says Chinese Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Times.*

In what language?

THE THEATRE

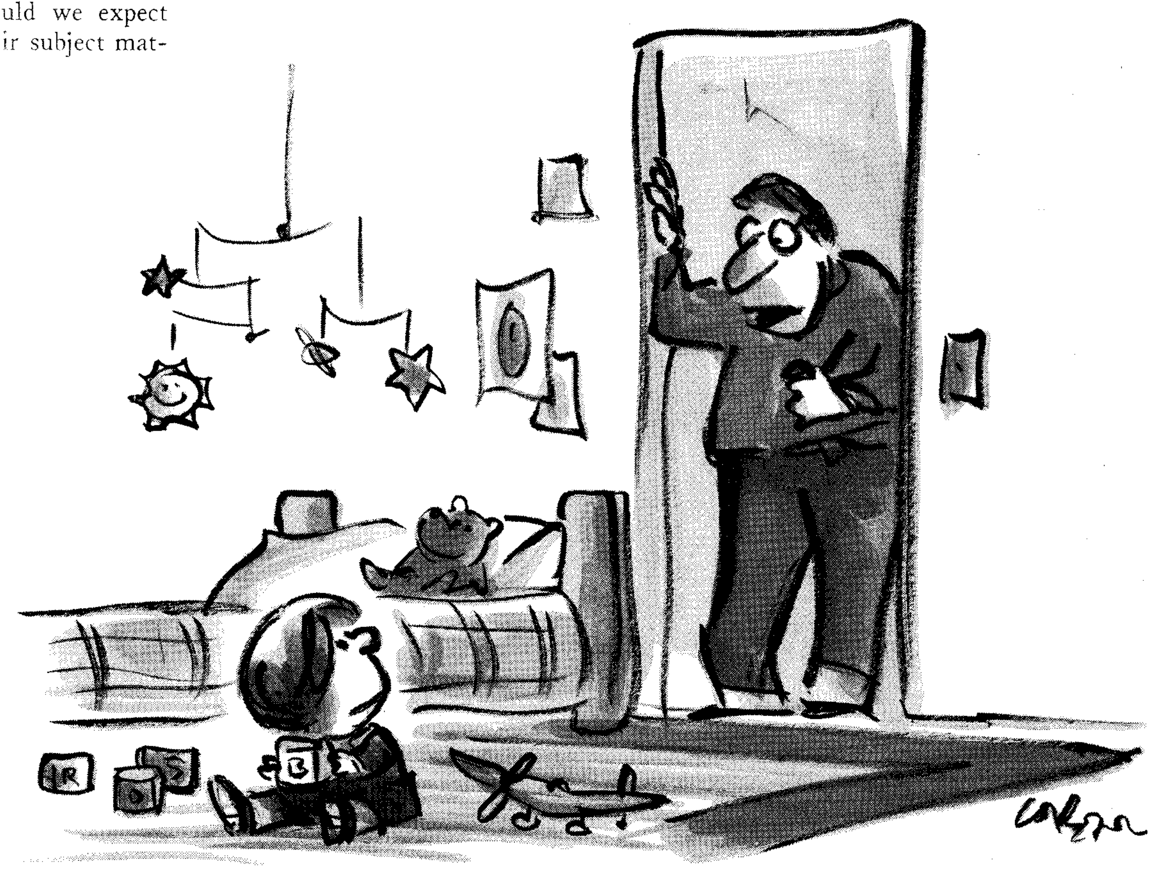
Nonconformists

"DIVISION STREET," at the Ambassador, is the kind of rowdy farce that I admire. It is recklessly extravagant in thought, word, and deed, and the amount of energy expended in the course of carrying out its totally improbable plot would no doubt suffice to drive a locomotive from Montauk to Malibu. Since its author, Steve Tesich, is still a young man, we have to assume that he has been reading omnivorously from the cradle; if anyone were so ill-advised as to attempt a doctoral dissertation on the literary origins of "Division Street," he would be obliged to start with a handful of Greek and Roman comic playwrights and wind up, breathing hard, with Mel Brooks. Oscar Wilde is here, seated cheek by jowl with George S. Kaufman, to Kaufman's obvious discomfiture; here, too, looking even more dishevelled than usual, are Laurel and Hardy and other crowned clowns of the recent past. The play is a palimpsest of classic sight gags and pratfalls; all that it lacks is some means of bringing itself to an intelligible conclusion, and that is a common failing of farces, which tend to be perpetual-motion machines. What else should we expect of them, given that their subject matter is the folly of mankind?

The hero of "Division Street" is a thirty-seven-year-old man named Chris, who, back in the sixties, had been a celebrated Abbie Hoffman-like agitator, and who now seeks only to earn his living as an ordinary businessman in Chicago. Unluckily, his anonymity is invaded when, having eaten some stuffed cabbage in a cheap Serbian restaurant, he falls violently ill in the street and is photographed. The picture is published in newspapers throughout the country and is mistakenly thought to indicate that Chris is launching a new protest against the injustices of contemporary society. Former allies are quick to arrive on his doorstep: they include Dianah, his estranged wife, who carries a bullhorn and speaks mostly in words plucked from the lyrics of popular songs; Betty, a black transsexual policewoman; and a miserable wretch named Roger, who disguises himself as an old man in order to avoid the horror of being pursued by women in need of sexual fulfillment. To this group are added Mrs. Bruchinski, hailed by Roger as being four minorities in one (she is a woman, she is elderly, she is black, and she is—by adoption—Polish); Yovan, the proprietor of the Serbian restaurant, who hopes to avenge his culinary honor by murdering Chris; Yovan's daughter, Nadja, a prostitute, once married to Roger; and Sal, a wispy lawyer to whom nobody pays the slightest attention, even when he flashes. These eight characters dart on and off the stage with feverish abandon, oscillating between hitting one another and embracing one another, at the same time singing either "Those Were the Days" or "We Shall Overcome." Chris struggles to remain disengaged, but in vain; in the last few minutes of the play, he is transformed into a born-again radical, and with his companions marches away to the strains of "America the Beautiful." At once a huge American flag flings itself down from the flies, and curtain calls are taken to a recording of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." All nonsense, of course, and to my mind the merriest possible nonsense, though I ought to note that some of my colleagues came up the aisle with more than ordinarily doleful expressions on their faces.

The cast of "Division Street" is superb. Chris is played by John Lithgow, Mrs. Bruchinski by Theresa Merritt, Yovan by Keene Curtis, Betty by Justin Lord, Nadja by Murphy Cross, Roger by Joe Regalbuto, Dianah by Christine Lahti, and Sal by Anthony Holland. The calculatedly squalid setting is by Ralph Funicello, the costumes are by Robert Blackman, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein. The director, Tom Moore, has pushed the outrageousness of the text to its outermost limits, and perhaps even a trifle beyond them. Prudence would have been fatal to the production; I commend his audacity.

"THE SUICIDE," at the ANTA, is a literary curiosity. It was written by a Russian named Nikolai Erdman (1902-70); in 1932, after many



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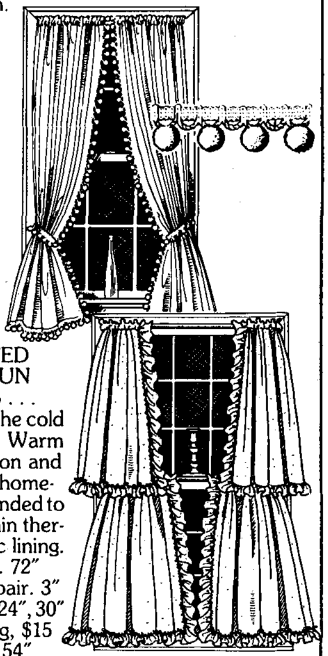

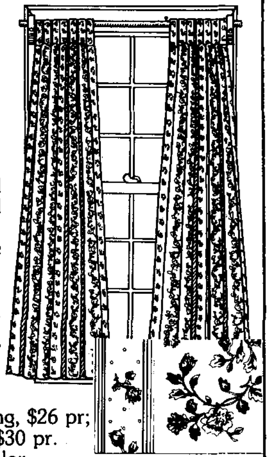

months of rehearsal under both Vsevolod Meyerhold and Konstantin Stanislavski, it was refused permission to open in Moscow by the Central Licensing Board. And no wonder, for the play concerns an unemployed nonentity, Semyon Podsekalnikov, who, finding that the state has taken no heed of his plight, announces that he intends to commit suicide. Overnight, he becomes a celebrity; he exists because he plans so soon not to exist. In the course of a party given in honor of his scheduled demise and at a funeral held under the misapprehension that Semyon is indeed dead (he has changed his mind and is only a corpse pro tem), many gibes are uttered about the nature of the Soviet Union and its overbearing bureaucracy. "The Suicide" has yet to be played inside Russia; as for Erdman, he took care not to write for the theatre again, and died in obscurity. The Royal Shakespeare Company put on "The Suicide" in London last year, and it has enjoyed a recent production in this country. As directed by Jonas Jurašas, the play strikes me as having been blown up out of all proportion; the contrast between its comparatively slight content and the scale of its staging amounts to an embarrassment. Santo Loquasto has designed a gigantic gantry of a set and has also designed the profuse and heavy costumes; I would expect the play to have a far more powerful effect if it were given with little or no scenery and with conventional costumes of the period. The technical ingenuity and busyness of the ANTA production call attention to the fact that the play gains much of its seemingly grand size from repetition, and not from invention; nevertheless, Derek Jacobi makes a fascinating figure as poor little Semyon, and is well supported by John Heffernan as a down-at-heel intellectual. Of the rest of the cast, not much can be said in praise. The lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana, and what the program calls "movement"—and *I* would have called choreography—is by Ara Fitzgerald.

—BRENDAN GILL

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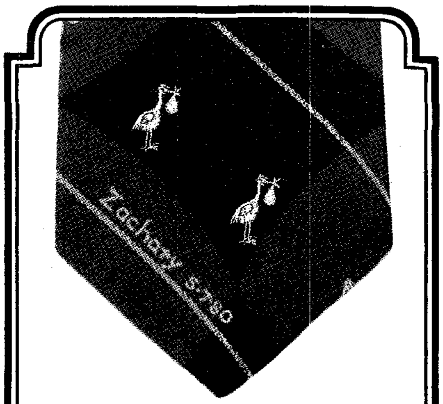
"CASUALTIES," by Karolyn Nelke, as presented by the Production Company at Playhouse 46 (formerly St. Clement's), is an attempt to capture a mood—the restlessness and low spirits of 1919, postwar and post flu epidemic—and especially that of a



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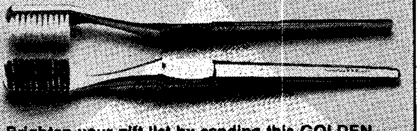

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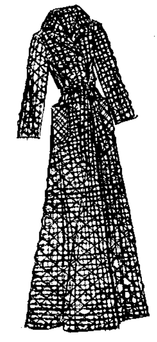
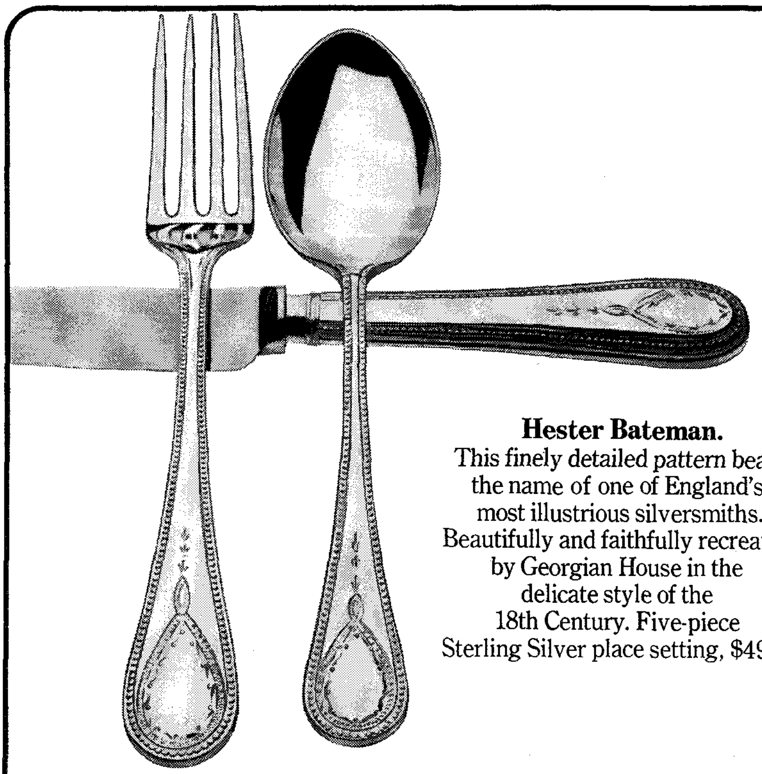


badly damaged young veteran named Mark Crawford. We first see him wounded and lying in bed, with a very pretty neighbor, in nurse's uniform, in attendance. She is reading Matthew Arnold aloud to him, and he tortures *her* by describing at some length grisly examples of surgical butchery at an Army field hospital. The action takes place at the house, in upstate New York, of Mark's prosperous grandfather and great-aunt, with whom he lives, his parents having died of flu. The other characters are the nurse's brother—a garrulous fellow and another flu orphan, who wants to be a poet but can't seem to get any work done—and his girl, bored and fidgety in the small town and eager to go to Paris. All of them are, I suppose, the casualties of the title—casualties of the time and the circumstances. But the chief casualty is Mark, whose affair with his nurse and subsequent unwise marriage to her make the story.

The script, Miss Nelke's second, is nebulous but not without some accomplishment—there are scenes that work, and characters that are at least playable, and lines that are speakable—but it is muffled by far too many words that serve little purpose, and muffled as well by a kind of annoying gentility. Literary references abound; the upstate New York great-aunt, recalling a love affair of her own, refers to the "War Between the States," as if that were a refined, instead of a Southern, designation of the Civil War. The good news, though, is the Production Company—the actors who, under Norman Rene's direction, perform very well. The role of Mark is not quite strong enough or deep enough—or, for that matter, valid enough—to sustain an actor as strong as Stephen McHattie, but he gives it some credibility all the same, and time after time he pulls the script, which tends to meander, into drawing. George Hall and Georgine Hall are good as grandfather and great-aunt, and so are Lillie Robertson as Mark's lover and bride; Brad O'Hare as her poet brother, who is afflicted with some of the longest, most high-flown speeches; Randy Danson as the poet's girl (almost a non-part); and Monique Fowler as the family's susceptible maid, who either seduces Mark or is seduced by him, depending on when you came in. Effective double-decker setting by Roger Mooney, costumes by John Carver Sullivan, and lighting by Debra J. Kletter. "Casualties" will run through November 2nd.

—EDITH OLIVER



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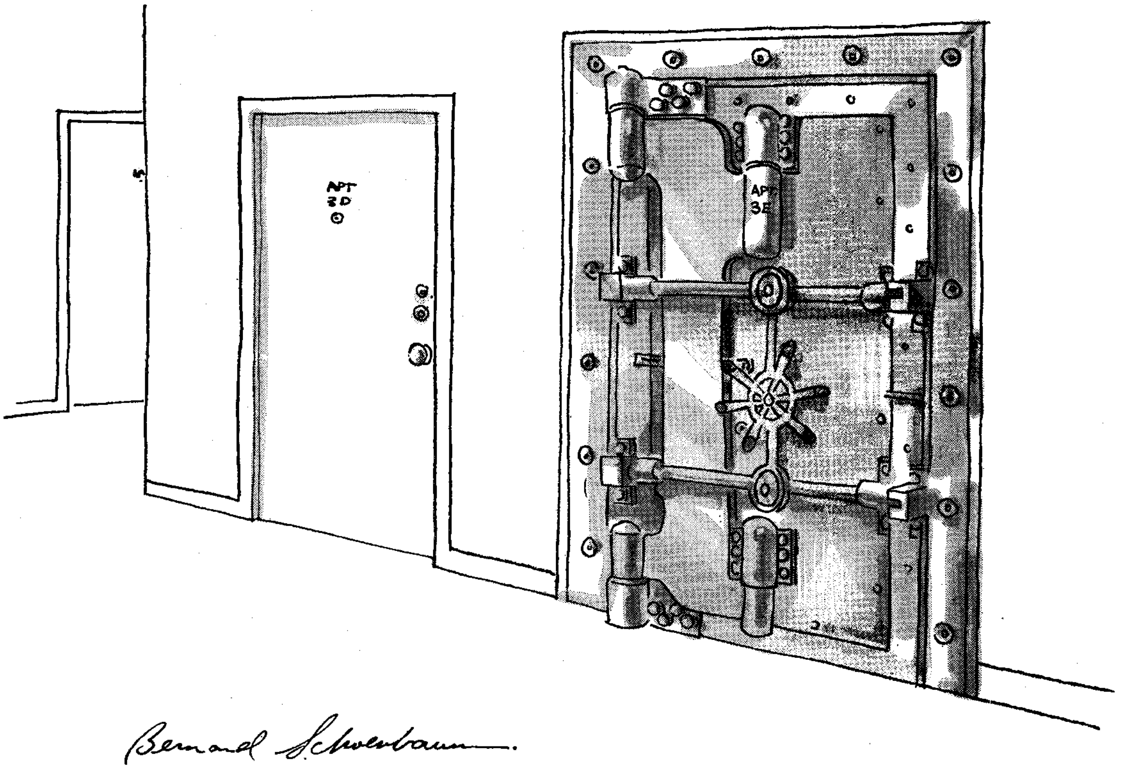
LETTER FROM BAGHDAD

On a visit to the Middle East not long ago, I stopped off in Baghdad expecting to find in Iraq the successor to Egypt as leader of the Arab world. Even then it was clear that Iraq had the will to flex muscles—and the muscles—to flex. This country lies at the hinge that joins the "progressive" Arab states of the Mediterranean with the oil monarchies of the Persian Gulf. It is heir to the ancient civilizations of Mesopotamia. It has abundant oil resources. It also has, almost alone among the major Arab oil countries, large numbers of people (twelve million) and the famous "waters of Babylon"—the Tigris and the Euphrates. It is governed by a young strong man, the forty-three-year-old President, Saddam Hussein, through the agency of a modern Socialist party, the Baath. It has powerful internal-security forces, and an army equipped by the Russians with modern weapons (three hundred and forty warplanes and thirty-five hundred tanks and other armored vehicles) which makes it, after Israel, the second most potent military force in the Middle East. In November, 1978, and in March, 1979, Saddam Hussein gathered high-ranking leaders of most of the Arab states at meetings in Baghdad. In February of this year, he issued an Arab Charter that staked an implicit claim for Iraqi domination of the Persian Gulf. Before that, he had arranged for OPEC, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, to schedule its twentieth-anniversary meeting in Baghdad, in November of this year. He had also prevailed upon the Conference of Nonaligned Nations, comprising a hundred or so countries (they include India, Indonesia, and Yugoslavia), which held its sixth summit meeting in Havana last year, to have its next summit in Baghdad, in 1982. He himself has boasted that Iraq is on "the road toward the building of Socialism, the defeat of imperialism, and the creation of this country as a safe base for the Arab struggle in general and a model experiment illuminating the entire region of the Middle East." His English translator, in the preface to a volume of Saddam Hussein's collected speeches, wrote, "The Middle East stage direction reads: '*Enter Iraq*.' "

Street scenes sustained the claim. Like the capitals of all the oil countries, Baghdad has enjoyed a building boom. In the environs of Saliyah Street, the main avenue on the west bank of the Tigris, where the Presidential palace, the Planning Ministry, and many other government buildings stand, there is a huge new Baath Party headquarters, built in Arabic style, with an abundance of arches and pools, and a new luxury hotel, the Melia al Mansur. Across the street from the Party headquarters, a vast area has been cleared for the construction of a hundred villas, especially designed for the purpose of housing heads of state attending the coming Nonaligned conference. In the nearby suburb of Mansur, where the diplomatic colony lives, private homes have been laid out on virtually every block—often as investments by government officials. On the east bank of the Tigris—the site of the main residential and commercial centers of Baghdad—four new luxury hotels (including a Sheraton and a Meridien) are rising. South of the city, roads are being built along the river for a new colony of private villas. In Madina al-Thawra—a slum on the eastern edge of town which houses new arrivals from the countryside in Baghdad's equivalent of *bidonvilles* and *favelas*—apartment complexes are sprouting amid the huts of baked mud.

But the feverish construction has not signified, as it has in so many other capitals in this part of the world, a society running out of control. Pedestrians under the colonnades of Rashid Street, in the old part of town, wear dresses and suits or jeans—not the long veil or white robes that advertise maladjustment to, if not revolt against, rapid modernization. The traffic tangles of Cairo, Beirut, and Teheran do not exist in Baghdad. Along Sadun Street, the main commercial artery on the east bank, where the big hotels, airline offices, and some of the best shops are situated, the easy flow of cars stops only at major intersections—notably Liberation Square, the traditional locus for mass political gatherings and public hangings. Nothing bars the way along Saliyah Street or Abu-Nuwas, the fine corniche fringing the east bank. Except in the worst rush hours, the five bridges across the river carry their traffic smoothly.

The international variety of the vehicles, moreover, announces a central authority that picks and chooses, not a mad, uncoördinated rush. On one ten-block drive along Sadoun Street, I counted cars, trucks, buses, and taxis from almost a dozen different countries. Besides red double-decker buses, built by Leyland and reminiscent of the London scene, I saw

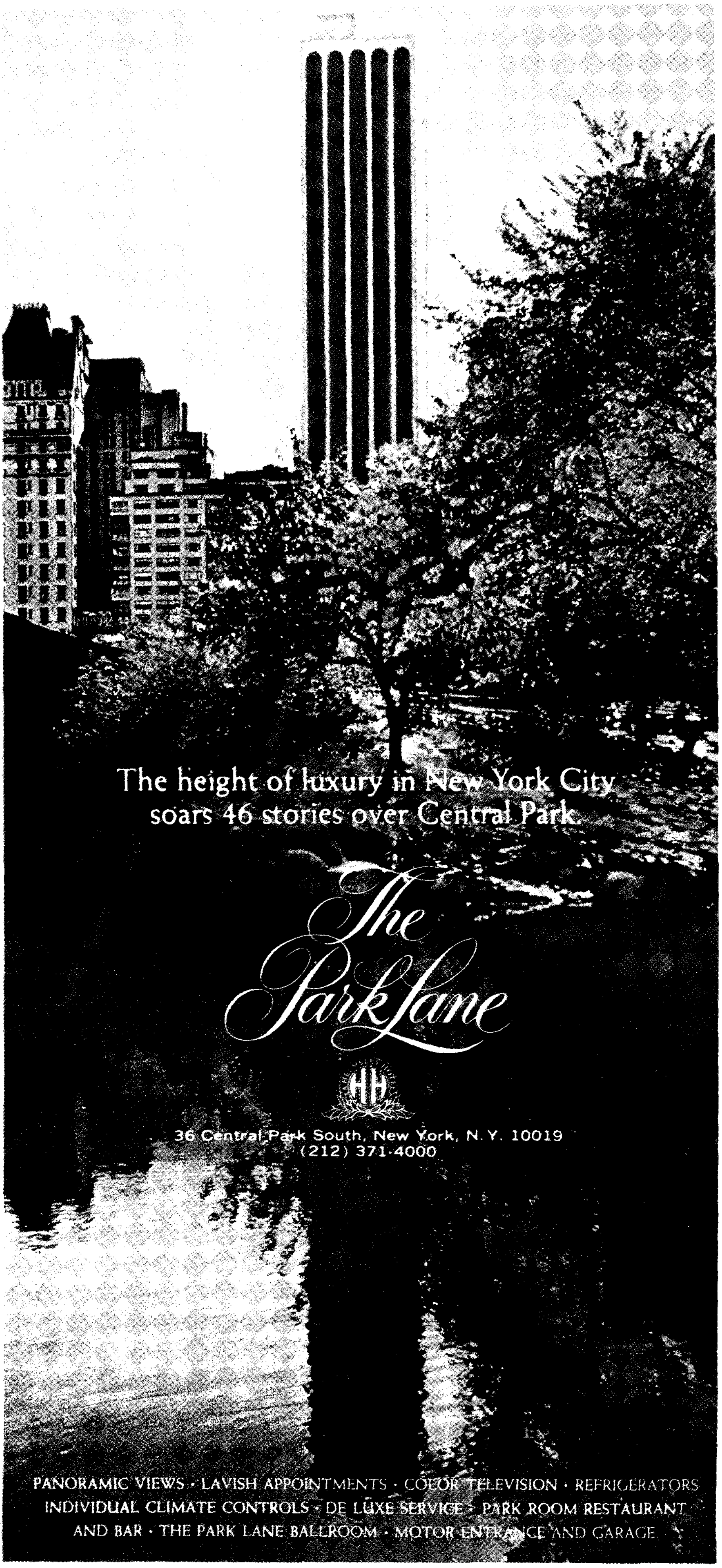


Toyotas, Datsuns, and Hondas; Fords, Chevrolets, Volkswagens, and Mercedeses; Saabs and Volvos; Peugeots, Fiats, and several gray, tanklike autos that I could not place. "They're Volgas," the interpreter who had been supplied to me by the Ministry of Information told me when I asked. "They come from Russia. They're so ungainly we call them camels."

THE impression of order, planning, control, and authority fell apart as soon as I started to make visits and talk to people. Driving down with the interpreter to the Ministry of Information for my first appointment, I heard a volley of gunfire, followed by a loud explosion and another burst of shots. When we arrived, the front of the Ministry was hemmed round by Army jeeps and police cars. Soldiers and cops, weapons in hand, ran back and forth aimlessly, like extras in Shakespearean battle scenes. "I think maybe we'd better go to the Ministry of Agriculture," my interpreter suggested. But by that time I was out of the car, and together we talked our way past the security guards and entered the building. The elevators were not running, so we walked up half a dozen flights. Scores of employees stood on the stairs talking excitedly. Several times, we passed knots of people bending over women who seemed to have fainted. Just before my interpreter deposited me in a waiting room, I asked what had happened. "I don't know," he said. "But, whatever it was, it was done by the friends of Iran."

With me in the waiting room were four gentlemen from Japan, two of singular aspect. One wore a red fez; the other, an emaciated old man with a wispy white beard, looked like Ho Chi Minh. To break the ice, I ventured a greeting in the few words of Japanese left over from Army service as a translator. The man with the fez responded in perfect English, and then began talking volubly about the little group. They were all officers of the Japan Islamic Congress. They were converts to Islam and had Arabized their first names. He himself was the secretary-general, and his name was Abdel Salam Morita. The man with the beard was president. His name was Shawki Futaki. Did I have any questions?

I asked Morita how many members the Japan Islamic Congress had. He replied that the Congress had started a decade ago with only four members. There had since been thousands of recruits. "Eventually," he said, "we



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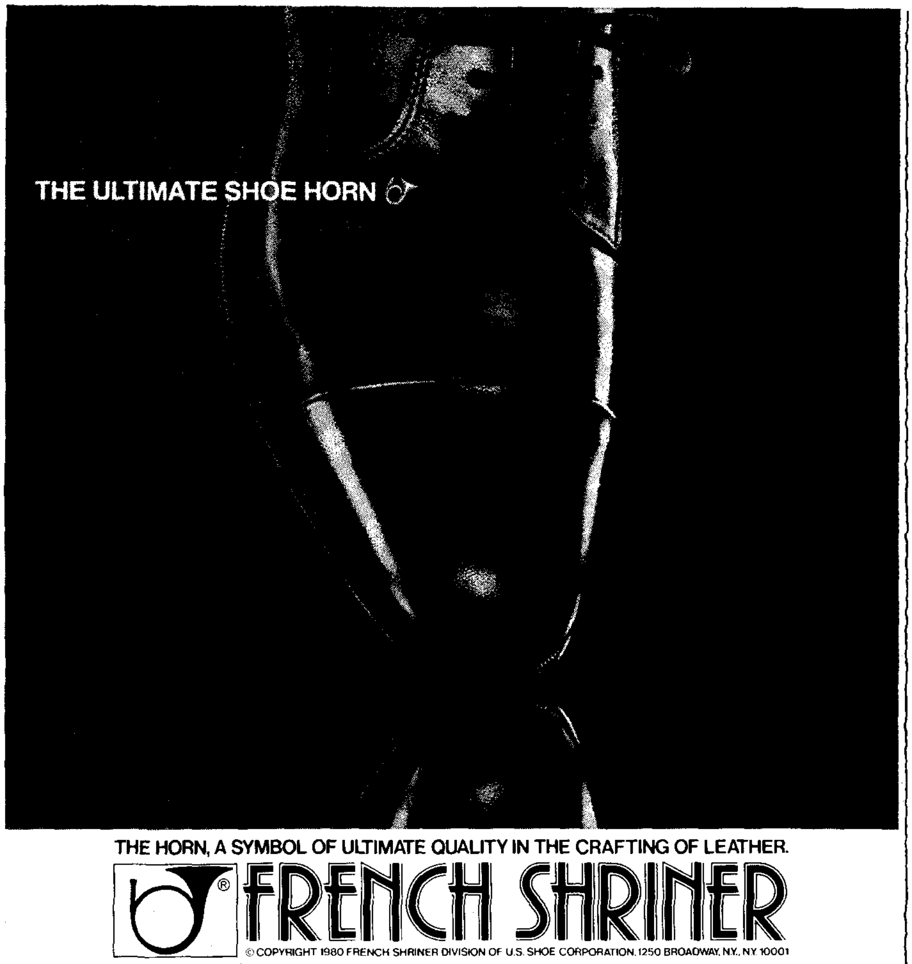
could have as many as a hundred million Muslims in Japan."

I remarked that that would include almost the entire population of the country, and said I was surprised, because I had always thought of the Japanese as being relatively immune to foreign creeds—in fact, rather irreligious. I asked him why so many Japanese should be drawn to Islam.

He said that there was an exceptionally strong commercial tie. Japan depended heavily on the Middle East for oil, and, in return, the Arab countries were buying manufactured goods, and many services, from Japan. I interjected that while Americans and Europeans also had important ties with the Middle East, there was no mass conversion. He conceded the point, and then said, "The people of Japan and the people of Iraq have many things in common—we are clean, we are hardworking, we are thrifty, and we are united and disciplined."

I began to wonder whether Morita knew much about either Islam or the Middle East. I asked him which of the two great branches of Islam found more favor in Japan. Were the Japanese Sunni Muslims? Or Shiite Muslims? He looked blank. I explained that the Sunni Muslims were the orthodox majority branch of Islam, which traced the line of political authority from the Prophet through the caliphates of Damascus, Baghdad, Cairo, and Istanbul, while the Shiite Muslims were a minority branch—especially strong in Iran—which traced political authority from the Prophet through his descendants: his son-in-law Ali and the eleven subsequent holy martyrs, or Imams. Morita still looked blank. At that point, a young woman serving the Japanese as interpreter came into the room. She reprimanded me for talking about things that no Westerner could understand. She said, "In Iraq, we have a secular state. People can worship as they please. There are Sunni Muslims and Shiite Muslims. But the difference isn't important. We never think about it. It isn't even mentioned in the Koran. It's purely political."

Before I could ask any more questions, my interpreter returned, and led me to an official in the protocol department of the Ministry. They arranged a schedule of visits with persons knowledgeable about oil, agriculture, antiquities, politics, and foreign policy. As we left the building, I noticed a bookstore and asked my interpreter if there was anything useful on Saddam Hussein. He took me into the basement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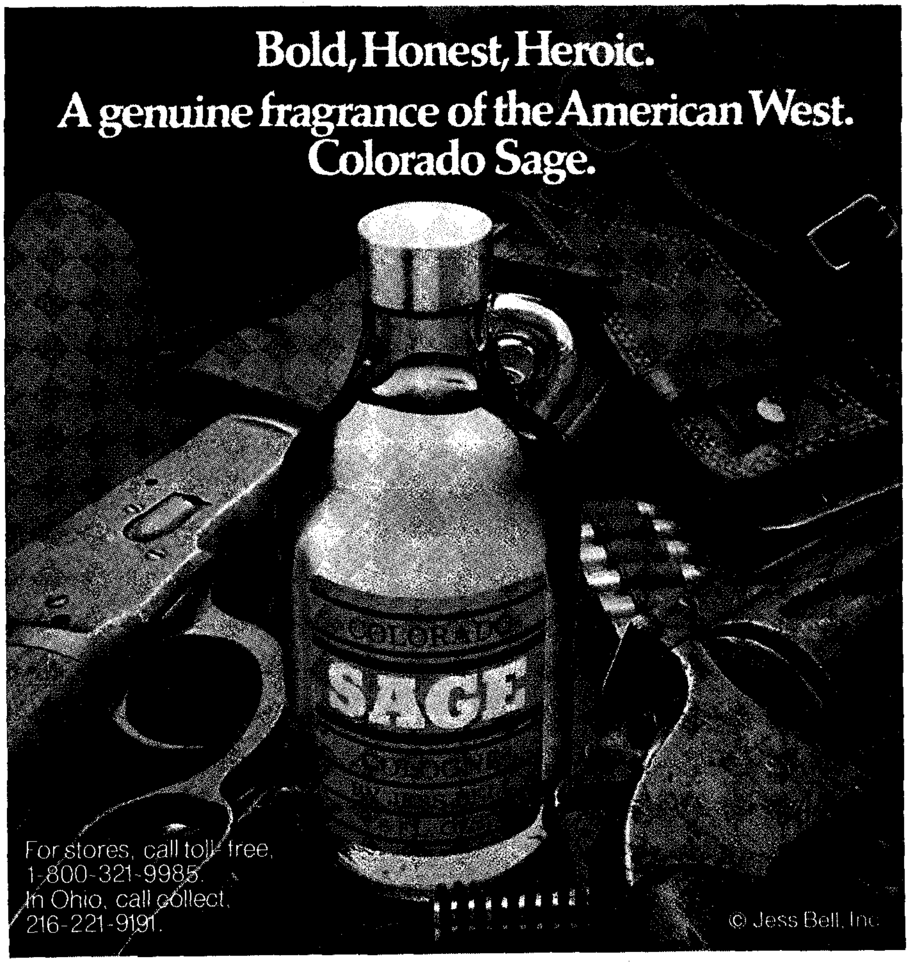
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of the building. A dozen men in work clothes were sitting glumly at the entrance. Behind them stretched room after room of books, pamphlets, brochures, and newspapers—on shelves, in boxes, in piles on the floor. They ranged from glossy volumes for coffee tables to mimeographed speeches. They were available in almost all tongues—Arabic, Japanese, English, French, German, Chinese, Italian, Spanish, and a few I couldn't identify. I picked out a picture history ("Mesopotamia Yesterday; Iraq Today"), two volumes of speeches by Saddam Hussein, and a fictionalized biography of the President, "The Long Days."

LATE that afternoon, a friend in a Western embassy took me to a reception for military attachés given by the Ambassador of Somalia. The party was abuzz with talk of tension and the possibility of war between Iraq and Iran. The Iranians had mobilized their forces, on the ground that Iraq had crossed the border in what seemed to be major forays. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini had called on the Iraqis to "topple this corrupt regime" of Saddam Hussein, whom he labelled a "treacherous parasite." Saddam Hussein had retorted that if Khomeini made trouble he would "have his hand cut off." Iraq Radio, while denying the charge of invasion, had said that Iraq was helping all forces against Iran, and would use its Army to teach Iran a lesson, if necessary. It had railed against a 1975 accord settling an old border dispute between the two countries and tacitly accepting Iranian occupation of three strategic islands in the Persian Gulf—Abu Musa and Greater and Lesser Tunb.

I volunteered at that point a description of what I had seen earlier at the Ministry of Information.

A Turkish diplomat, whom everybody seemed to regard with special deference, knew all the details. A terrorist bearing a grenade had made a run at the car of the Minister of Information when he arrived for work that morning. The Minister had pulled his pistol and fired at the terrorist, spoiling his aim. Security guards had killed the terrorist. Two bystanders had also been killed, and a number of policemen wounded, either by the grenade or by the gunfire. The incident was only the latest in a series of incidents. A bomb had exploded inside a small military plane that was standing by to ferry the President somewhere out of town. A grenade had been thrown at Tariq

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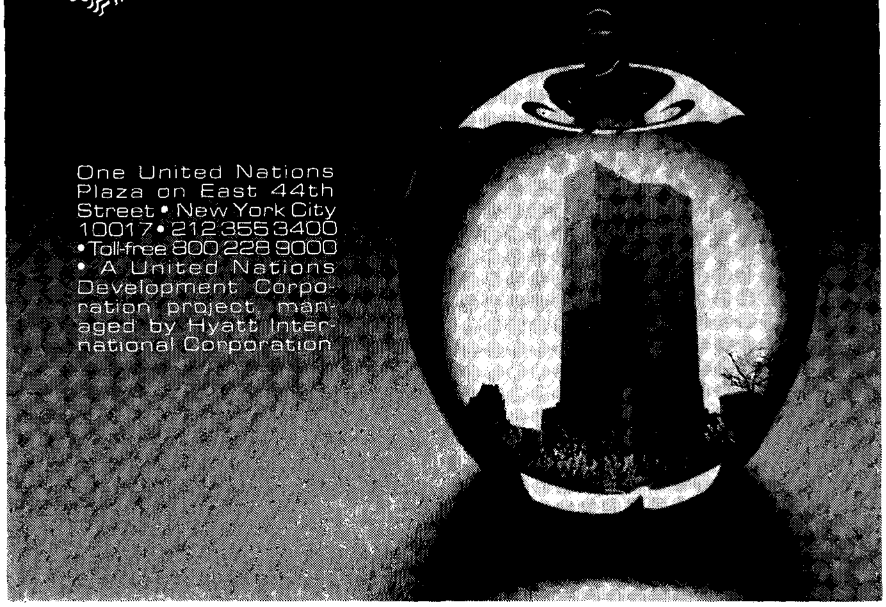

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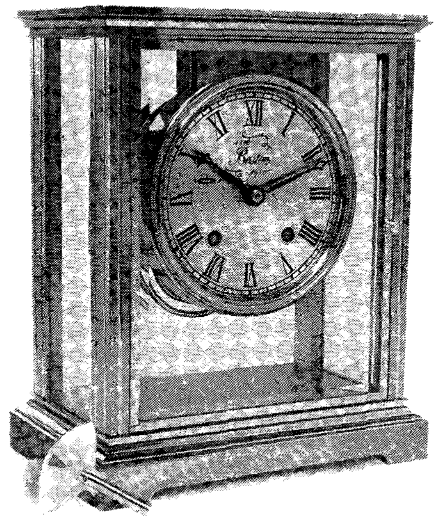

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Aziz, a Deputy Prime Minister, as he addressed a student gathering at Mustansiriya University, outside Baghdad. Tariq Aziz had been slightly wounded, but two students had been killed. Another grenade had been exploded, with further casualties, at the time of the funeral for the students. The Turkish official thought that Tariq Aziz had been filling in for Saddam Hussein at the university gathering, and that the grenade had actually been designed for the top Iraqi leader. He believed that the assaults were the work of a pro-Iranian party—the Dawa, or Call, Party—with roots in the Shiite population of southern Iraq. Saddam Hussein had outlawed the Dawa Party and had given its members a grace period of a month to turn themselves in. A senior leader of the Shiite community, Ayatollah Muhammad Bakr Sadr, had been arrested and perhaps executed.

I wandered over to a group of people standing around the chief of the Iraqi general staff, General Sidiq Sanshal. The conversation was in Arabic, and beyond my ken. I asked one of the General's aides, a colonel, what he thought of reports from the West that Iraq was about to attack Iran.

He said, "The Iranians are trying to provoke us. We will watch them carefully, and if they make trouble we will teach them a lesson. But we will not respond to mere pinpricks. That is the mistake you made in Iran with the hostages. You should have done nothing. Then the Iranians would have let them go."

After the reception, I had dinner with a French friend very well versed in Iraqi affairs. I recounted the events of my day, and asked for comment. He said that the Japanese might well be genuine converts. They were probably also interested in buying oil. They might even end up representing Iraq, as the Iraqis were cultivating agents everywhere. "In any case," he said, "they're just an exotic example of Iraq's thickening diet of relations with the outside world." About the split between the Sunni and Shiite Muslims, the French expert flatly contradicted the Japanese interpreter. He said, "If that split is unimportant in Iraq, then so is the split between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland, and Muslims and Hindus in India."

NEXT day, I found myself on more familiar ground. I was to have an appointment with the Minister of Oil, Tayih Abdul Karim. I knew Karim from OPEC meetings, where I had learned something about Iraqi oil. The story goes back to the beginning of the century, when foreign bidding for concessions in Iraq played a part in the diplomacy leading up to the First World War. From the postwar settlement there emerged a major multinational consortium, the Iraq Petroleum Company, linking British, French, Dutch, and American interests and with a five-per-cent share for the famous Armenian promoter C. S. Gulbenkian. Partly for political reasons, and partly because of ease of access, the multinational corporations concentrated on Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and Iran when the Middle East oil boom got under way in the late nineteen-fifties. Iraq's share of total Middle Eastern crude production fell from above twenty per cent in 1955 to below ten per cent in 1970. Throughout that period, various Iraqi governments vainly prodded the I.P.C. to increase production. In 1972, Iraq nationalized the British share of the I.P.C., and in the next three years it nationalized the rest of the petroleum industry. The national oil company, which took over the industry, applied a policy dictated by the unpleasant experience of the recent past.

To avoid dependence on any single country, the Iraqis deliberately diversified their foreign connections in both development and sales. Exploitation of the oil fields has since been done on a checkerboard basis by teams from Russia, France, and Brazil. Iraq has sold most of its oil to France, Japan, India, Russia, Spain, Yugoslavia, Italy, and Brazil. For the first few years after nationalization, the Iraqis were known as price hawks. At an OPEC meeting in 1978, which eventually agreed on a price rise of fourteen per cent, the Iraqis came in asking for a twenty-five-per-cent boost. The biggest emphasis, however, was on catching up with the rest of the world in production and delivery facilities. A major expansion of port facilities on the Persian Gulf was achieved, and a new pipeline was constructed, which gave access to the Mediterranean through Turkey. Iraqi output mounted, from roughly one and a half million barrels daily in 1972 to more than three and a half million barrels daily at the end of last year. When the Shah fell and Iranian oil production plunged, Iraq became the second-largest oil exporter in the world. In that role, the Iraqis seemed to develop, inside OPEC, a new strategy. At the OPEC

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meeting last December, in Caracas, Saudi Arabia tried to orchestrate a program for keeping production high and price increases moderate. The Iraqis joined the Saudis. Karim announced, for the first time, that Iraqi production was at three and a half million barrels daily. He stood with the Saudis—and Venezuela, Kuwait, and the United Arab Emirates—for a two-dollar price rise. Eventually, the common front of support for the Saudis was beaten back by the combined efforts of Iran and the three African producers—Libya, Algeria, and Nigeria. But only after a fight, and only when Venezuela and the other Gulf producers led the way, did the Iraqis raise their basic price by four dollars per barrel.

At the June OPEC meeting, in Algiers, the Saudis again tried to organize a two-dollar-per-barrel increase. This time, nobody except the United Arab Emirates went along. The Iraqis proposed a four-dollar increase. Though the meeting in Algiers resulted in only an understanding, as distinct from a firm agreement, on price, the understanding was for the increase of four dollars per barrel. Iraq had set the pace for OPEC as a whole. "Our proposal has been accepted by all," Karim said at the end of the Algiers meeting.

I was mainly interested in talking to him about the new Iraqi oil strategy. The Oil Ministry in Baghdad is, as oil ministries in the Persian Gulf go, a modest affair—a low building of red brick on the government side of the river. The Minister, a chunky, smiling man of forty-seven, with a touch of red in his hair, met me with an interpreter and a couple of aides in a top-floor office that was modern but otherwise unremarkable. I asked him to give me an idea of the size of the Iraqi oil industry.

He said that productive capacity, now running at about four million barrels a day, was being steadily expanded. By 1985, Iraq would be able to produce six million barrels a day. The reserves were not fully known, because there had never been a satisfactory accounting from the I.P.C. But he said reserves had doubled since 1968, when the I.P.C. put the figure at thirty-five billion barrels. He said that "each day" he got a new figure. He asserted that now Iraq was second only to Saudi Arabia, which had reserves of a hundred and seventy billion barrels. "We will probably produce the next-to-the-last barrel of oil in the world," he said.

I asked him about the impact of oil on the Iraqi economy, pointing out that there was a well-established pattern of troubles to which oil countries were subject—rapid development, overexpenditure on armaments, inflation, corruption, gross inequality of incomes.

He acknowledged that oil was "the backbone of the economy," and said that oil income was running at about thirty billion dollars annually. That constituted more than half the country's gross national product, and almost all of its foreign exchange. But he claimed that Iraq, by planning, was avoiding the problems of other oil countries. He said that inflation was running at only about ten per cent. Besides buying armaments, Iraq was investing heavily in education and agriculture. "We hope to make Iraq the granary of the Arab world someday," he said. He added that, in conjunction with its oil production, Iraq was developing a program of industrialization, and that there was a strong drive to develop facilities for a petrochemical industry, a fertilizer industry, and a steel industry. As for corruption, Karim cited a case of bribery that had resulted in the hanging of four Iraqis and the jailing of a British businessman. "We deal severely with corruption," he said. "There are no millionaires in Iraq."

I asked him about reports that Iraq was going nuclear. He said that oil was a "noble mineral" and should be used for better things than turning engines. Certainly, Iraq expected that it would eventually use nuclear power. In fact, Iraq was acquiring nuclear fuel and technology from its main oil customers—France, which was supplying both a reactor and enriched uranium, and Brazil and Italy.

I asked him to comment on the view that since becoming the world's second-largest oil exporter Iraq had developed a new oil strategy. Without referring to Iraq's old reputation as a price hawk, he asserted that Iraq now favored a moderate policy on prices. He said, "We are against a freeze in prices. We are also against a big jump. Our goal is a slow, steady rise. We want price rises to keep abreast of the decline in the value of the dollar and the inflation of the goods we have to buy. Any troubles in the advanced countries affect our development, and

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vice versa. So we are gradualists." Having staked out that ground, he went on to criticize the price hawks—notably, Iran. He said that the Iranian demands for large price increases at a time of abundant supply only tempted the "imperialists" and "monopolists" to try to break OPEC. He called the Iranian policy "very dangerous," "shortsighted," and "a two-edged sword."

I asked him whether, in practice, Iraq had not aligned its oil policy with that of Saudi Arabia. He said that Iraq and Saudi Arabia now possessed well over one-third of the capacity of the OPEC members. He told me that their share of the total output was going up. He indicated that by coöperating the two countries could be the swing producers in OPEC, with the capacity for adjusting production in ways that determine price. "Together," he said, "*Saudi Arabia and Iraq dominate the* oil market."

I pointed out that, of the two, Iraq was in the stronger position, because the Saudis were publicly committed to holding down price increases. That meant that they were bound to keep production high. Only in extraordinary circumstances could they retreat from the level of nine and a half million barrels' daily production maintained since the middle of last year. Iraq, on the other hand, had a broad margin for raising or lowering production. It was freer than the Saudis to raise prices. So in saying that Saudi Arabia and Iraq could, together, control the market he was, in effect, saying that Iraq was moving into a position to dominate OPEC.

Karim did not comment directly on that proposition. Instead, he outlined the ways in which Iraq intended to use its oil power. He said, "Our oil is a strategic asset. We sell on certain conditions. One is political, a second has to do with the world economy, a third with our need for technology. We think that the present situation in the Gulf is dangerous. Our aim is to keep the area free of imperialism, either by capitalist America or by Communist Russia. Keeping both powers out is critical. If the United States takes a step forward, then Russia will take a step forward. If the United States sends planes to Oman and Saudi Arabia, then Russia will send planes to Aden and Syria. So we are against both superpowers. We are also against the Zionist entity. We will not have normal relations with the United States until it changes its policy toward Palestine. In my opinion, and in the opinion of the government, Communism has been encouraged in this area by the Europeans and the Americans. They help Communism by being for Israel and against the Arabs."

DRIVING back from the Oil Ministry, I asked my interpreter, who had not come to the interview, what he thought were the chief benefits of Iraq's oil. He mentioned free health services and free education, the latter including a strong literacy campaign, pushed in posters on walls all over Baghdad. He said that some of the money was used to subsidize basic consumption items.

I told him I had heard that supplies were uneven—that weeks could go by when there were no apples in the markets, and then, suddenly, there would be plenty of apples, because a shipment had arrived from abroad. I said I had heard that meat was particularly scarce. He did not argue. But he did go on to say that many imported consumer goods were regularly available at state stores to anybody who had foreign currency. I asked him whether many people had access to foreign currency or whether—as in Socialist countries, such as Russia—it was available only to a privileged few. He gave me the impression that many people could use the stores. For instance, he said, anybody who went abroad and then came back had that privilege.

MY hotel, the Baghdad Hotel, on Sadun Street, was only a couple of blocks from one of the state stores, so after my interpreter left me I strolled over. The Free Shop, as it was called, was housed in an unpretentious two-story building, which would have attracted no attention except that there were cars outside double-parked, and even triple-parked. I showed my passport and was admitted without any questions. Inside was an ordinary shop with counters and sales personnel. Most of the goods available were of the kind that can be found in duty-free airport shops. There were cigarettes and liquor from Britain, perfumes from France, cameras and pocket computers from Japan. Western-made shoes, suits, and dresses were also available, as were television sets and kitchen equipment from Japan. The prices seemed to me about what they would be in the United States; for example, a pressure cooker cost fifty dollars. The shoppers seemed to me slightly older, and maybe a little better

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dressed, than ordinary people on the street, but there were no pronounced differences of appearance. Everybody seemed to be taking his time about purchases, and there were no signs of people in the presence of a rare opportunity. I myself bought nothing, and when, on leaving, I handed in the sales slip that had been given me when I entered, the absence of any purchase evoked no comment.

Later that evening, along with Jonathan Randal, of the Washington *Post*, I took a look at what had been cited to me by a clerk at the hotel as an example of luxurious living. We had dinner at a night club, the Moulin Rouge. The club was a barnlike hall, devoid of décor, with wooden tables and wooden chairs. The entrance fee was a dinar, or roughly three dollars and a quarter, per person. We had steak and Japanese beer for ten dollars more apiece. The clientele was almost entirely foreign—about half European and half from the Far East. Bar girls—most of them from the Philippines but also some from Eastern Europe—moved among the tables, cadging drinks. The show was built around four chorus girls—American and Australian, our waiter told us—who started off dancing in tails and top hats, with swagger sticks, to a record of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." There was a stripteaser and a magician. The star of the show was an act billed as "Latif from Singapore, and His Magic Whip." Latif, a handsome young man, was bare-chested and carried a huge whip, which he cracked as he ran back and forth on the stage; a woman assistant, dressed in tights, took a position about fifteen feet away from him and held out a rolled newspaper. Latif waved his whip, swung it hard, and split the paper. He did the same thing with a cigarette the woman held. He then produced a large knife. He put the handle in his mouth, with the blade projecting outward. The woman threw oranges at Latif. He speared them with the knife in his mouth. Everybody clapped, and the show was over. As we left, Randal said, "It'll never replace Beirut. It won't even replace vaudeville. But it makes the ayatollahs mad."

NEXT morning, I went to the Ministry of Agriculture for an appointment with Deputy Minister Samal Magid. Magid, a grizzled, white-haired man, is an agricultural economist who was trained in Yugoslavia. He wore an ill-fitting pepper-and-salt suit, and his office, with wall-to-wall carpeting and overstuffed green chairs and settees, was done in what my friend Randal has christened, after the notoriously vulgar king who was Egypt's last monarch, "the Louis Farouk style." Magid started out with what seemed to me a well-rehearsed brief. He spoke of the tremendous importance attached to agriculture in Iraq. He said, "Agriculture is our everlasting oil," and told me that Iraq "is the only place in the Arab world that can produce grains in a big way." He said that the present regime gave agriculture as much priority in investment as it gave industry. He mentioned a number of major dam projects on the Tigris and the Euphrates, and talked about the nationalization laws of 1958 and 1970. When he started to give out figures on numbers of tractors and collective farms, I interrupted the spiel.

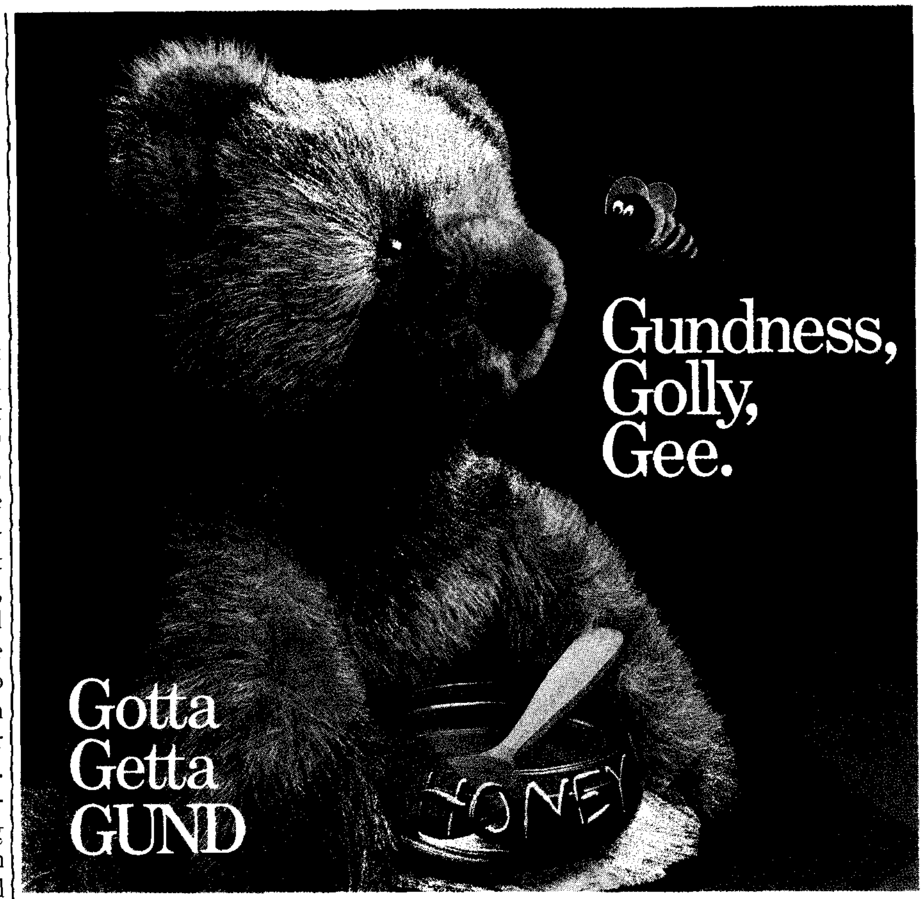
I said that while I knew only a little about agriculture, I had visited enough countries to understand that the critical elements were not measured by the number of tractors or big dams or state farms. What counted was acreage under cultivation and yield.

Magid seemed unperturbed by the interruption—indeed, maybe even relieved. Without any further prodding, he gave me the information I sought. Iraq has an arable land surface of thirty million acres, of which just under nineteen million are currently in use. Despite all the dams, the tractors, and the land reforms, the nineteen-million figure is precisely what was under cultivation ten years ago. The reason there has been a standstill in cultivation is that Iraq suffers from what Magid called "a basic problem—salinity." Salinity occurs in the southern part of the country, where there is no rainfall. The land has to be irrigated by water run through canals from the rivers. The water, which dissolves the salt in the soil, is drawn up to the surface by capillary action. The extremely high temperatures prevailing in southern Iraq from April through October evaporate the water, leaving salt behind on the soil. The effect of salinity on yield is devastating. According to Magid, the yield from what is planted on salinized land is only one-quarter of that from normal soil. Magid said that sixty per cent of the land south of Baghdad was affected by salinity. About half of the total land under cultivation was saline, and the amount was growing at a rate of about five per cent annually. Production of such staples as wheat are said by knowledgeable diplomats to be declining. While exact crop-production figures are not available, the cost of food imports has jumped from six hundred and seventy-seven million dollars in 1977 to an estimated billion three hundred million dollars in 1980. So, far from becoming the breadbasket of the Arab world, Iraq has been importing more and more foodstuffs.

Magid said that the picture was not all black. The population working in agriculture was declining steadily. It had been over sixty per cent in 1960 and was now less than forty per cent. In some areas, the migration to the cities was so great that foreigners, especially Egyptians, had been brought in to work the land. On the whole, though, Magid thought, Iraq would benefit from a further move to the cities. He also said that programs to produce eggs and poultry had been successful. Finally, there was under way a major effort to deal with salinity. It involved building a drainage canal—a third river, in effect—running more than a hundred miles south from Baghdad. The water in the canal would be used to drain off the salt and reclaim land for production. The costs were high, and it would take three or four years of drainage before land could be reclaimed. As yet, it was too early to tell whether the program would succeed. "There is reason to hope," Magid said. But he didn't sound very hopeful.

THE pervasiveness of the salinity problem was brought home to me a couple of days later at the most famous and important of the early Mesopotamian cities—Babylon. The Ministry of Information had told me to make arrangements for a visit to the city through the Museum of Arab Antiquities, in Baghdad. Jonathan Randal went with me to the museum, and while we were there we met, by chance, the director of archeology at Babylon, Ali Muhammad Mahdi. Mahdi had just driven up to Baghdad, and was due to have luncheon and a round of conferences at the museum. But Babylon is to him what the white whale was to Ahab. When he learned that we wanted a tour, he cancelled his luncheon and afternoon dates, and drove back with us. As we all munched sandwiches in the car, Mahdi gave us a brief sketch of what he called "the birth of civilization in the land between the two rivers."

It started more than three thousand



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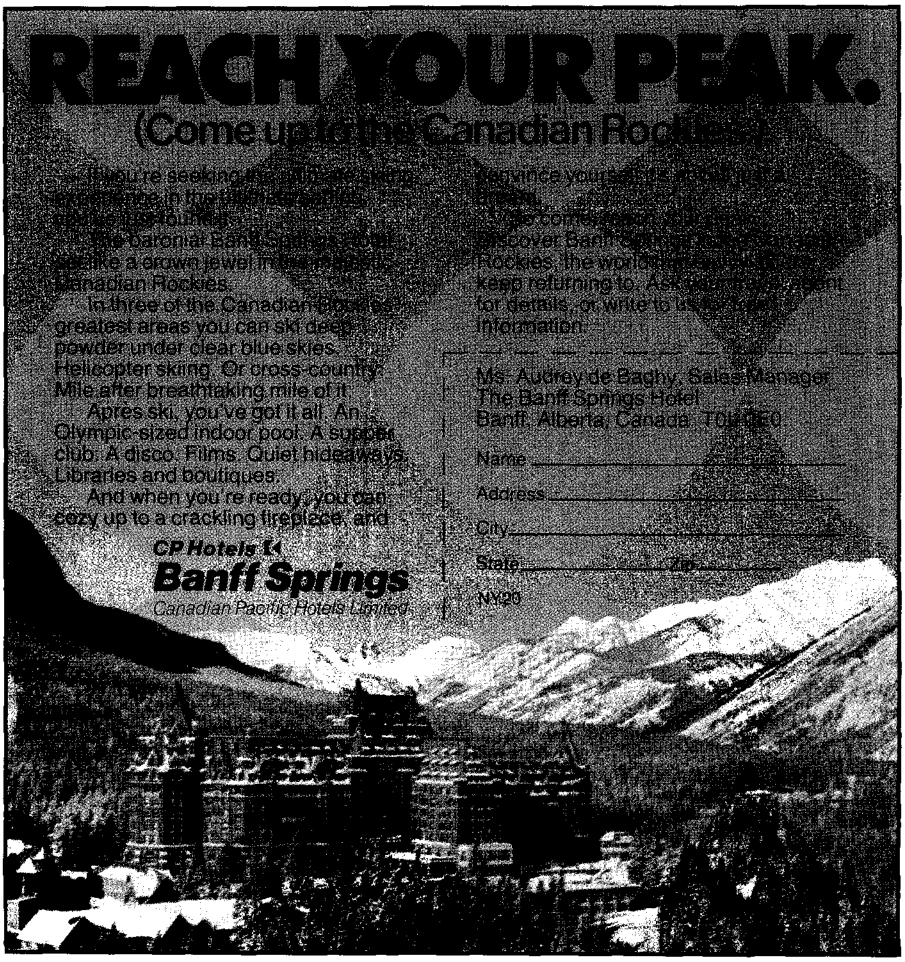
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years before Christ with the civilization of Sumer, centered on several cities, of which the best known was Ur, some two hundred miles south of Baghdad, on the Euphrates. There followed the civilization of Babylon, sixty-five miles south of Baghdad, on the Euphrates, which began about 1800 B.C. and lasted for about thirteen hundred years. Hammurabi and Nebuchadnezzar were both kings of Babylon. Under Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian Empire reached as far west as Jerusalem—hence the Babylonian captivity, of the Old Testament. Another city conquered by the Babylonians was Nineveh, some two hundred and fifteen miles north of Baghdad. Nineveh had been the base of the Assyrian Empire, which flourished for about three hundred years after 1000 B.C.

With the overview of the ancient world, Mahdi mixed in a few personal details. He was the son of a Baghdad shopkeeper, and had been interested in antiquity since he was a small boy. He had taken a master's degree in archeology at the University of Baghdad, and had worked first at the Museum of Arab Antiquities and then at a dig in Nineveh. For the past twenty-six months, he had directed more than a score of archeologists and some seven hundred and fifty workmen in a major archeological dig in Babylon. Though still in his forties, he had suffered two heart attacks during that period. The government had offered him free treatment by specialists in London. His wife, who lived in Baghdad, felt he ought to go. But he refused. The project was "too important." He explained to us, "The government has budgeted forty million dollars for the Babylonian excavation. Babylon is the leading feature of our long cultural heritage. The revival of Babylon is a national duty."

When we reached the dig, Mahdi took us to his office, where he sketched out with charts and slides a general picture of the ruins we were about to see. The basic purpose of the work was to lay out in the fullest detail the city as it existed at the time of Nebuchadnezzar some twenty-five hundred years before. A German team had begun excavation before the First World War. Mahdi said that their work had been incomplete. According to him, they had been interested mainly in "sending back trophies to Berlin." They had also made a mistake in claiming to have found the original site of the Hanging Gardens, built by

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Nebuchadnezzar. Mahdi's team had found abundant new evidence, in the form of thousands of cuneiform tablets describing life in Babylon. The team had traced the full outlines of the ancient city, including both its outer and its inner walls. It had located with precision the great Southern Palace of Nebuchadnezzar and identified the sites of half a dozen major temples, including the Tower of Babel. It had discovered a main street used for processions and a number of side streets on which ordinary houses were built.

Having laid out the basic scheme of his excavation, Mahdi took the wheel of a Land-Rover, piled us in back, and made the rounds. The ground was dry and the terrain very rough. Ruins being ruins, impressions were necessarily somewhat chaotic. But it was easy to mark out the wide procession street. The smaller houses, which workmen were then unearthing, had remained relatively intact. Nebuchadnezzar's palace was much more vague, and even less clear was Mahdi's discussion of the Hanging Gardens. He believed that they had been a series of planted terraces, and that the view upward from the bottom terrace explained the term "Hanging Gardens." He insisted that in the area identified by the German expedition as the site of the Gardens there in fact stood a combined storehouse and silo. He said that the newly discovered cuneiform tablets placed the Gardens several hundred yards away, at least. But he was still hunting for the exact site. My strong impression was that the Hanging Gardens had become the chief object of his life—something for which he searched with single-minded intensity. I suspected that he was not altogether confident of finding them. The continuation of work through two heart attacks contributed to that suspicion: he seemed less afraid of dying than of not succeeding in the quest. Another contributing element was the site of the ancient Tower of Babel. It proved to be a huge hole in the ground, half filled with water, choked with weeds and grasses, and surrounded by crumbling earth streaked with traces of salt accumulation. Mahdi said that the original tower was in the shape of a ziggurat. Each one of the four sides was a hundred and ninety feet long at the base, and the apex was a hundred and ninety feet in the air. The plan was to reconstruct the first two stories of the ziggurat. I dimly remembered reading somewhere that a Japanese group was going to restore the Tower. Mahdi said that there had indeed been such a story, planted in the *Mainichi Shimbun* of Tokyo by a group of visiting Japanese archeologists. But he denied it indignantly as "totally false" and said, with pride, "All the work in Babylon will be done by Iraqis. We are discovering our own heritage."

Even as he made that boast, however, he started to point out the difficulties. The water at the bottom of the crater represented the level of the ground water—quite close to the surface—after centuries of irrigation. It would have to be pumped out—an expensive and difficult process. The white edges around the water were marks of salinity. Once the water was gone, the salt would have to be washed away with fresh water, or else the ground would be too crumbly for further work. Restoring the Tower under those conditions would be extremely hard. Perhaps impossible.

A couple of minutes later, Mahdi took us back to his office. He gave us copies of a speech on Babylon that he had delivered at a seminar of archeologists. Then he sent us on our way back to Baghdad. Looking through the windows as we drove, I saw on both sides of the road large, flat splotches of white—telltale signs of the salinity that curses what had been the first garden of civilization. Mahdi's speech, which I turned to next, underlined the point. The text said:

> Our eternal city, Babylon, is in danger of decay and destruction due to the serious dangers surrounding it, particularly the high level of underground water . . . and salinity which cause the decay of the foundations and walls of the structures. . . . The visitor to Babylon today enjoys the overall scenes of the ruins . . . and remains of some of its palaces and temples. However, he leaves it with numerous puzzling questions in his mind, questions on the Hanging Gardens . . . questions on its staged tower, the Ziggurat, with its great height and grandeur, and questions on the walls of Babylon, which the Greeks considered to be among the seven wonders of the world for their fine designs and hugeness, and compared to the Egyptian pyramids.

BACK in Baghdad, I told my French friend of both the trip to Babylon and the views expressed at the Ministry of Agriculture. He agreed with the emphasis on salinity. Indeed, he had come to the conclusion that salinity was central to the whole history of what had been Mesopotamia. The early civilizations, which were based on irrigation, inevitably produced salinity. That, he thought, was one of the reasons for the shift of power north-

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ward from Ur to Babylon and then to Assyria. In time, laborious techniques were developed for removing the salt. These techniques involved large amounts of labor—hence, he thought, the development of empires in Babylon and Assyria. Cyrus the Great conquered Babylon in the sixth century B.C., and the Persians perfected gardening techniques. The tradition was passed on through the Greeks, who conquered with Alexander. Another conquest established the Abbasid Caliphate in Baghdad in the eighth century A.D., and brought the glorious reign of Harun al-Rashid—the Caliph of the "Thousand and One Nights"—toward the end of that century. Thereafter, successive rulers found it difficult to maintain the canals. The Mongols, who invaded in the mid-thirteenth century, had no notion of the delicate task involved in managing what amounted to a nationwide irrigation system. They ceased to keep up the work crews, and thus completed the deterioration of the system. For the next six hundred years, Mesopotamia more often than not was a mere buffer zone between the contending claims of rival Turkish and Persian empires. Salinity continued unabated. It provided the inner logic of the judgment expressed by Fernand Braudel in his famous book, "The Mediterranean"—that "the Turks ruined the Persian gardens of Mesopotamia by their neglect."

Mesopotamia, according to my friend, reëntered history only after the First World War. But it remained less an entity than a creature of its fragmented past. "That," he said, going back to our earlier conversation, "is why the difference between Sunnites and Shiites is so important. That's why politics is what it is now. If you want to understand the connection between the past and the present here, there is a book you have to read." He walked over to a shelf and brought back a thirteen-hundred-page volume published by the Princeton University Press, "The Old Social Classes and the Revolutionary Movements of Iraq," by Hanna Batatu, a Palestinian scholar teaching at the American University of Beirut. What follows draws heavily on Batatu's analysis.

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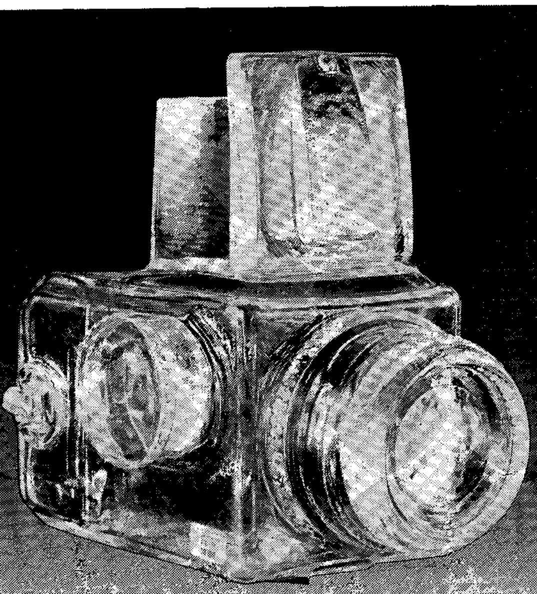
eatures. Throughout its history, acordingly, Iraq has had recurrent borler disputes with all its neighbors—Turkey to the north, Iran to the east, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia to the south, nd Syria to the west. Internally, noreover, the country has broken into hree main fragments, each defined as nuch by outside connections as by ommon bonds.

Kurds, making up just under tweny per cent of the population, occupy he northeastern corner of Iraq. They re Sunni in belief, but ethnically they re not, like the rest of the Iraqi opulation, Arabs. They speak an ndo-European language, and are pread over a vast mountainous area hat includes parts of eastern Turkey nd northwestern Iran. They were romised independence at the end of he First World War. When they lidn't get it, they became a permanent ource of dissidence in Iran and Turkey, and in Iraq a major force for eparatism.

Arabs of the Sunni creed, comprisng less than thirty per cent of the popilation, occupy the quarter of Iraq hat lies north and west of Baghdad. They are thickly settled in towns long the Tigris and the Euphrates. A three-cornered sector of the country running north along the Tigris rom Baghdad to Mosul, then west ast Ramadi, on the Euphrates, and ack to Baghdad is known as the Suni Triangle. The Turks tended to faor the Sunni Arabs in schools and n the military, and these Arabs have lmost always been the ruling political orce in Iraq. But they have tended to ook beyond their own country to the rander horizons implicit in ties with he Sunni majorities in Syria, Egypt, ordan, Palestine, and the Arabian eninsula.

Shiite Arabs, making up a little more than half of the population, preominate in the half of the country eaching south two hundred and sevnty-five miles from Baghdad to Basra, t the head of the Persian Gulf. The wo most holy shrines of Shiite Islam —Karbala, where Hussein, a grandon of Muhammad and the Third mam, is said to be buried, and An Najaf, the site of the tomb of Muhamnad's son-in-law, Ali—are situated in he Euphrates Valley south of Baghlad. Imperial armies from Persia, the ome of the Shiite faith, used the comnon faith to dominate the area for enturies, and to challenge claims later taked by the Ottoman Turks. In any vent, the Shiite creed, a belief glorify-



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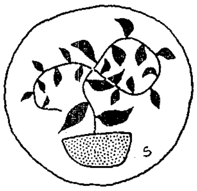
ing to the point of martyrdom resistance to the Caliphate and other authorities, has a natural appeal south of Baghdad. Because of soaring temperatures and an almost total absence of rainfall, many inhabitants of southern Iraq are among the dispossessed of the world.

Balancing among the three groups has affected Iraqi politics from the inception of the state. The British installed an alien monarch—Faisal I, a scion of the Hashemite family, then headed by the Sharif of Mecca, with whom T. E. Lawrence had fought the revolt in the desert. For Faisal and his heirs—Ghazi, who ruled from 1933 through 1939, and Faisal II, who ruled, most of the time through a regent, until the overthrow of the monarchy, in 1958—the British connection was paramount. A British High Commissioner held ultimate authority in the country under a League of Nations mandate that lasted from 1922 to 1932. After independence, in 1932, British military units remained in the country under a twenty-five-year treaty. When that expired, the British pushed through another defense accord—the Baghdad Pact, which later became known as CENTO (for Central Treaty Organization). The Hashemites made a bid to rally some local support by appealing to notables among the Sunni—especially Nuri es-Said, a former officer in the Turkish forces who deserted in the First World War and fought along with Lawrence and the Hashemites in the Arab revolt. They played a leading role in pan-Arab activities, such as the founding of the Arab League and opposition to Jewish settlement in Palestine. But the Arab-Sunni connection was never strong enough to rally the country.



The first military coup in the modern Arab world was an unsuccessful effort undertaken against the Iraqi monarchy in 1936 by a combination of Kurdish and Shiite military men. A Sunni, Rashid Ali, attempted a pro-Nazi coup against the British and the monarchy in 1941. Unrest mounted again after Colonel Nasser unseated King Farouk in Egypt, in 1952, and reached further heights after the failure of the British in the Suez expedition of 1956. By 1958, when the monarchy was ousted in a bloody coup that saw the murder of Faisal II and Nuri es-Said, the whole country was united in opposition.

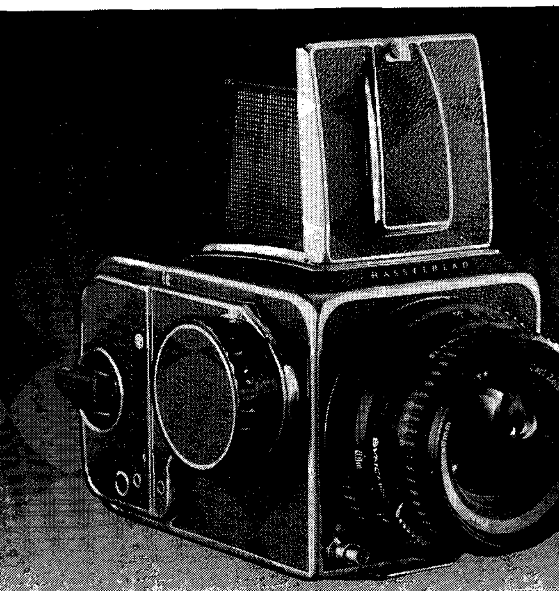
General Abdul Karim Kassem, who then came to the top, attempted t strike a balance among internal forces He was himself the son of a Sunn Arab father and a Kurdish mother whose own mother was a Shiite An uncle in the military had bee killed during the repression of th Shiite coup of 1936. General Kasse established as the figurehead authorit in the new republic a three-man Sovereignty Council, headed by a Sunn Arab and including a Kurd and Shiite Arab. He drew close to th Communists, who had stron support among both th Kurds and the Shiite Arabs He sought to mobilize a spiri of nationhood by staking claim to Kuwait just befor the British granted it independence, in 1961. But th Sunni would not accept mere equality As early as 1959, they institute an assassination attempt against Kassem. The Kurds, who helped Kasse hold the Sunni in check, demande more than Kassem could give. Wha amounted to civil war between th Kurds and Baghdad broke out in 1961 The claim to Kuwait was beaten bac by the resistance of other Arab state In 1963, Kassem was ousted an executed in another military coup.

Out of the 1963 coup there emerge a military government led by tw Sunni officers with a strong bias toward Nasserism—Brigadier Gener Abdul Salam Aref and, after he wa killed in a helicopter crash, his brother, Major General Abdul Rahma Aref. The Aref brothers institute negotiations for union with Egyp took the Egyptian eagle as the symb for Iraq, and set up on the Egyptian model a single party (the Ira Arab Socialist Union), a Revolutionary Command Council of leading officers, and the office of President. B the pan-Arab emphasis alienated bot Shiite Muslims and the Kurds, who intensified the civil war. Negotiatio with Colonel Nasser stuck on hi insistence that Baghdad play secon fiddle to Cairo. The stunning Israe victory in the Six-Day War, in Jun 1967, dealt a heavy blow to the prestige of Nasserism—and, indeed, th military in general—throughout th Arab world. In July, 1968, the Ar regime was ended in a coup that eventually brought to power in Iraq th present rule of Saddam Hussein an the Baath Party.

The Arab Socialist Baath Part was put together in the mid-nineteen forties by two French-educated Syri an schoolteachers—Michel Aflaq, a Christian of the Greek Orthodox faith, and Salah Bitar, a Sunni Muslim. For inspiration, it drew on a cloudy mixture of Nietzsche, Mazzini, Marx, and Lenin—the figures in vogue when Aflaq and Bitar attended the Sorbonne. The Baath slogan—"Unity, Freedom, Socialism"—was heavy with unresolved conflicts. Its operating code, while it did not formally disavow revolution or military coups, depended primarily on a rebirth or renaissance—the literal meaning of the word *baath*—of the Arab spirit. But the Baath was the only left-wing party in the Middle East that emphasized Arabism. Like other left-wing parties, moreover, it was built around an underground organization that led from the cell (fewer than eight members), through the division, the section, and the branch, to the region—a national headquarters complete with leader, or secretary-general, and a Regional Command, or politburo, for every country.

Syria and Iraq—perhaps because they are Arab states with a pressing need to sink diverse ethnic and religious populations in larger concepts—proved to be the countries most receptive to the Arab Socialism of the Baath. In Syria, the landless peasants working the large estates around Homs and Hama rallied to the Baathist banner raised by the intellectuals of Damascus. So did a religious minority—the Alawite sect of Shiite Islam, which was clawing its way upward within the Syrian Army. In 1963, a military coup brought to power in Damascus a Baath government, with Salah Bitar as Prime Minister and Michel Aflaq as Secretary-General of the Party. But their push for closer ties to Colonel Nasser's Egypt ran afoul of the dislike of the Syrian military for subordination to Cairo. A second Baathist coup, staged by the military, drove Bitar and Aflaq into exile in 1966. The military Baath, with heavy reliance on the Alawite minority, still holds power in Damascus through the regime of President Hafez Assad.

In Iraq, the Baath Party came on the scene at a time of intense political feeling associated with the breakdown of the monarchy in the years just before the coup of 1958. Tariq Aziz, a Christian, who became the chief party ideologist for Saddam Hussein, and then a Deputy Prime Minister, described the atmosphere to me in an interview a couple of years ago. He said, "Iraq was at a crossroads. There was severe pressure from the reaction-



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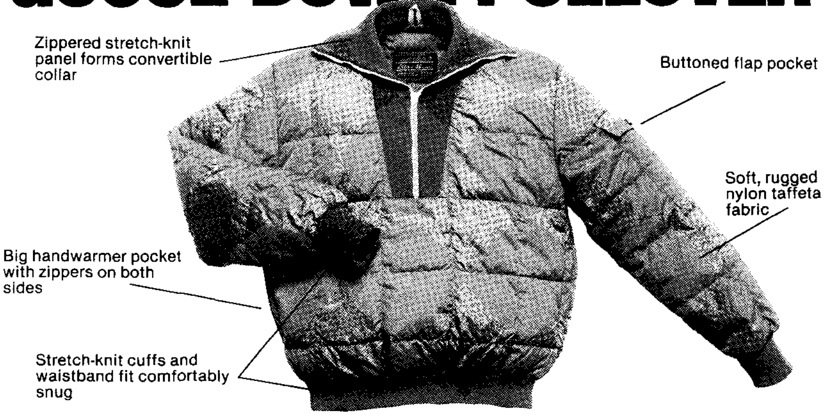
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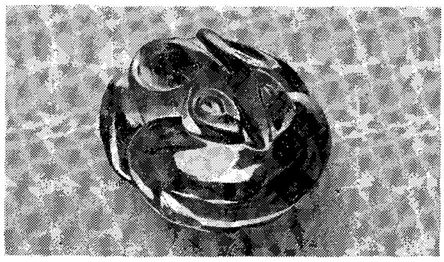

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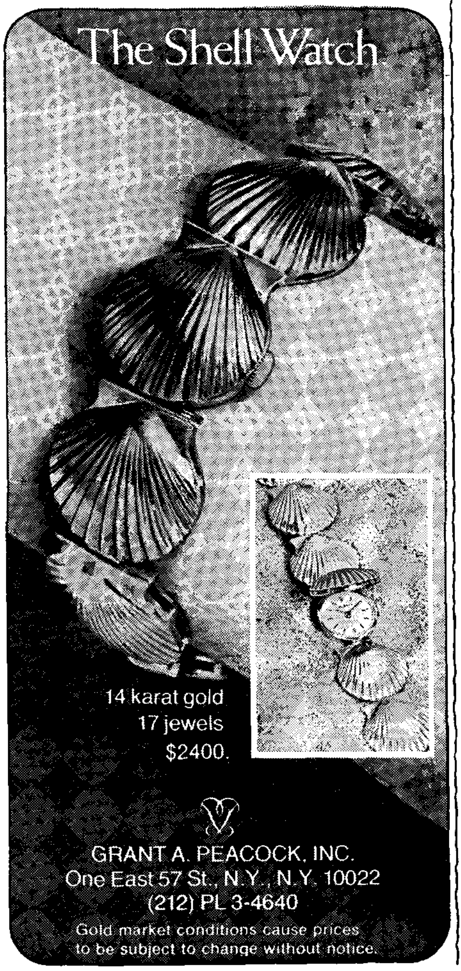

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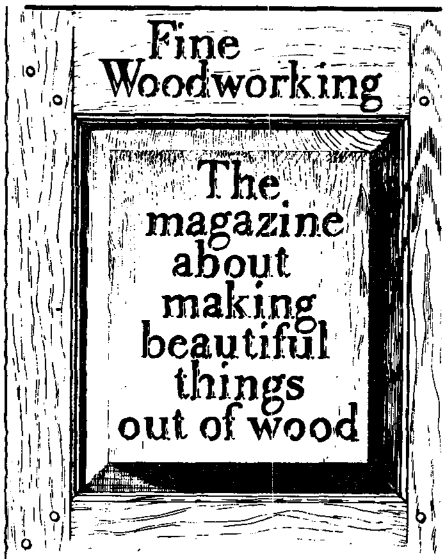
ary monarchy and the Nuri es-Said dictatorship. Young people had to choose. We could become right-wing nationalists or Muslim Brothers, or Communists, or Baathists. There was a bubbling up of enthusiastic political discussion among young people everywhere. I read the Fabian Socialists, the history of the French Revolution, the books on Marxism. I chose the Baath, because it represented our nationalist aspiration, had a Socialist content for internal problems, and had a revolutionary dynamic."

Two widely different groups found those qualities especially appealing. First, there were the economic down-and-outers among the Shiites of southern Iraq. A study of the Party in 1955 showed that almost a quarter of the membership came from An Nasiriya, a notably poor town on the Euphrates near what used to be Ur.

The second important group drawn to the Baath was disaffected Sunni Army officers. Most of them came from Tikrit, a town on the Tigris about a hundred miles north of Baghdad, in the Sunni Triangle. Tikrit had developed as a center for the construction of *kalaks*, or small riverboats made of hides. The introduction of steam vessels put the *kalakchis* out of business and drove many young men to Baghdad for careers in the military. One of these was Ahmad Hasan al-Bakr, who was born in Tikrit in 1914, the son of a poor peasant family. Bakr served for six years as a primary-school teacher in Baghdad before beginning, in 1938, the four-year course in the military college. From 1942 through 1958, he served as a professional officer, making numerous friends in the Army. He and his friends participated in the 1958 coup against the monarchy, but they were quickly shuffled out of power by General Kassem. In 1960, Bakr joined the Baath and began to organize among other disaffected officers a military bureau for the Party. In the next few years, he recruited a dozen high officers in the general staff and the air force. All were Sunni and several, including Major General Taher Yahya, Brigadier Hardan Abd-ul-Ghaffar, and Major General Hammad Shehab, came from Tikrit.

In the 1963 coup, which overthrew General Kassem, the Baathists were active. Both the military and the civilian wings of the Party entered the Aref regime in posts of importance. But the civilians, led by the Shiites from the south, agitated for a more radical approach to social problems, and used the



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national guard as a rival to the regular military forces. The military Baath, ed by the Sunni associated with General Bakr, favored collaboration with Aref. The bickering came into the open at a Baath Party meeting in Damascus in February, 1964. Bakr and the military emerged preëminent in the Iraqi Baath. The Shiite leaders were read out of the Party. To take his place, Bakr turned to Saddam Hussein, a young man in whom he could place complete confidence.

SADDAM HUSSEIN was born in Tikrit in 1937 to a family of poor peasants distantly related to the family of Bakr. His father died when he was a child, and he went to Baghdad to attend high school. In Baghdad, he ived in the home of a maternal uncle, who became his foster father—Kayrh Allah Talfah, a former Army officer, who had been drummed out of the forces because of his connection with he 1941 pro-Nazi coup of Rashid Ali. Talfah was a first cousin of Bakr, and Saddam Hussein came to know Bakr well at that time. The household was a hotbed of nationalist sentiment, and Saddam Hussein was swept up in the excitement. In 1956, when he was only nineteen, he had a minor role in an abortive coup against the monarchy. In 1957, he joined the Baath Party. In 1959, he participated in an assassination attempt ordered by the Baath against General Kassem. Saddam Hussein was wounded, and eventually fled to Cairo, where he finished high school, became active in the local Baath, and closely studied the methods of Colonel Nasser. He returned to Baghdad in 1963 and married Sajida Talfa, a daughter of his foster father, and a niece of Bakr. He supported Bakr in the fight against the civilian elements in the Baath and joined him in the 1968 coup. The following year, at the age of thirty-two, he emerged publicly as the No. 2 man in Iraq—deputy chairman of the Baath Revolutionary Command Council (R.C.C.), with responsibility for internal security.

In that position, Saddam Hussein applied with a vengeance the iron discipline of revolution. In 1969, there took place in Baghdad a show trial of a "Zionist espionage network," which ended with the public hanging of fourteen persons, nine of them Iraqi Jews. Eleven of the fourteen were executed before huge crowds in Liberation Square. In 1970, twelve civilians and twenty-nine members of the armed

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forces were executed for participating in an attempted coup. In 1973, thirty-six men, mostly from the internal-security service, were executed for plotting against the regime. In 1977, eight persons were put to death for demonstrations at the Shiite shrines of An Najaf and Karbala. In 1978, twenty-one soldiers were executed for spreading Communist propaganda in the armed forces. In August, 1979, less than a month after General Bakr, retiring for reasons of health, gave way to Saddam Hussein, twenty-one leading members of the Party and the government were tried on charges of conspiring against the regime and were found guilty and shot. The list was headed by one of the fair-haired boys of the regime, Adnan Hussein, former Planning Minister and economic boss, who in the July changeover had been promoted to Deputy Prime Minister in charge of Saddam Hussein's Presidential office. An obviously inspired story carried by the Middle East News Agency said that the plot had been organized by Syria, and quoted a denunciation by Saddam Hussein of Syria's President, Hafez Assad, as "a big agent." Deputy Prime Minister Naim Haddad, who presided over the trial, told me in an interview that "the discovery that he had been betrayed by so many close friends caused tears to come to the eyes of Comrade Saddam Hussein." Haddad brushed aside my observation that the Syrians, who were on the point of concluding a unity agreement with Iraq, could have no motive for conspiring against the regime. He said there had been opposition to Saddam Hussein by those "in the R.C.C. who tried to prevail upon General Bakr not to resign, even though for two years bad health had made it impossible for him to fulfill his duties." A Western diplomat to whom I mentioned Haddad's comment remarked, "He was probably telling the truth when he said there had been resistance to the passage of power from Bakr to Saddam. But essentially what happened is this: There was a struggle. Saddam Hussein won. Then he proved he was boss in the way people in Iraq understand best—by wiping out the opposition."

Whatever the facts may be, the results are clear—and not surprising. Technically, Iraq has a regime of solid legitimacy. It has a constitution. It has a President. It has a Council of Ministers. It has a governing party, the Baath, with the Regional Command. It even has a National Assembly, which was elected on June 20th of this year. But real power, if not a one-man show, is a tightly held family affair. Saddam Hussein is President, Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, and Secretary-General of the Regional Command. His picture appears in all government offices, and his presence dominates the nightly news on television. He is the unquestioned No. 1. The military is in the hands of his brother-in-law Air Chief Marshal Adnan Khairallah Talfah, who is Defense Minister, Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and a Deputy Prime Minister. The internal-security forces are in the hands of a Director of Intelligence, Barzan Hussein. He is Saddam Hussein's half-brother.

Despite the bloody path that traces his climb to the top, Saddam Hussein cannot be simply dismissed as "the butcher of Baghdad." He obviously cares about other, higher things. He is a handsome, well-set-up man of fine bearing. He is constantly on the move throughout the country, appearing in various local costumes in an evident effort to be a national leader. Education matters to him. He married a schoolteacher, and he took the trouble to attend classes and, in 1970, earn his degree from the Baghdad Law College. If not an original thinker, he has large ideas about the world, which are not commonplace. In a speech to Iraqi ambassadors in 1975, he drew this picture:

> World politics has entered a new formative phase. . . . In our view, the next twenty-year period will witness, in addition to the present two centers of polarization, the emergence of centers of power and polarization with political influence at the highest level. It seems to us that China will become a great center of influence and polarization. Europe, with France taking the lead, will become a separate pivot from the United States. Once it decides seriously to enter the field of strategic-weapons production on an international level, Japan will play an important role in the process of the formation of Southeast Asia. The Arab homeland will be another active center of polarization and influence over the next twenty years. . . . We must work out in that light the basic outlines of our policies toward each major center . . . whether in existence at the present or to emerge in the future.

Though an undoubted revolutionary, with a taste for reminiscing about his part in the attempted assassination of General Kassem, Saddam Hussein is unusual, particularly among Arab revolutionaries, in having a sense of measure, prudence, and reality. He was once introduced as an "engineer f revolution,” and he remarked before eginning his prepared speech that he as “an engineer on probation.” halid Kishtainy, his English translaor, has compared Saddam Hussein's hetoric with that of Colonel Nasser. Nasser's key words were ‘pride’ and ignity,’ ” he wrote. “Saddam Husein's key words are ‘march,’ ‘calculaion,’ ‘formula,’ ‘premise,’ ‘resultant,’ *point de départ*.’ ” Saddam Hussein imself has criticized the macho style f Arab leadership. “When an Arab uler leaps over a narrow stream,” addam Hussein once told an Egyptian ournalist, “he imagines that he has rossed the Atlantic.” Perhaps because f his own rise through the civilian ide of the Baath Party, Saddam Hussein sets distinct limitations on the se of force. In an interview with forign journalists, he said, “However trong a guard may be, he cannot raise is weapon and keep it raised for ore than a few hours. The time will ome when his arm becomes tired.” In eeping with those sentiments, Saddam Hussein constantly emphasizes houghtful advance planning. Here re some random comments that express the flavor of his careful approach:

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>
> Nothing written on paper has any value part from its connection with applied relity. Yet we cannot apply something ithout a preconception.
>
> A revolution is not the issue of a proclaation or the broadcast of a program. It is host of other and greater things starting om the conception of the program.
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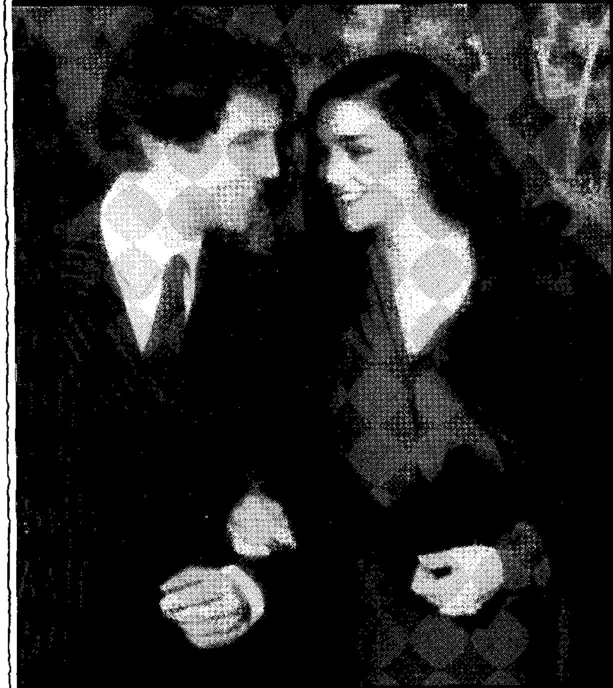

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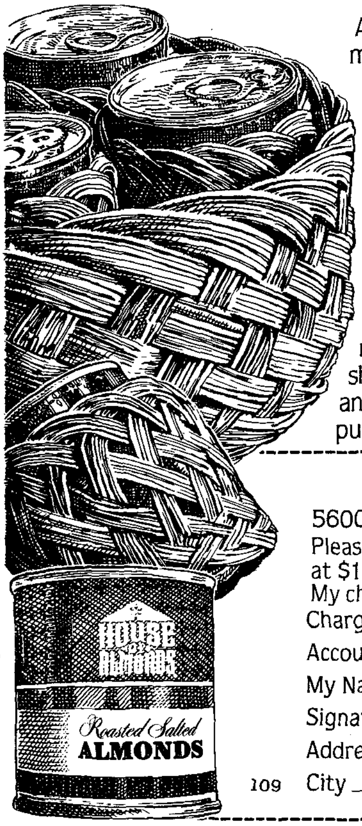

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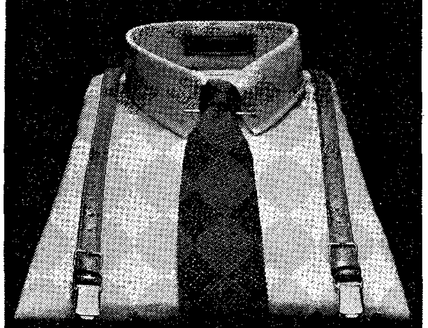

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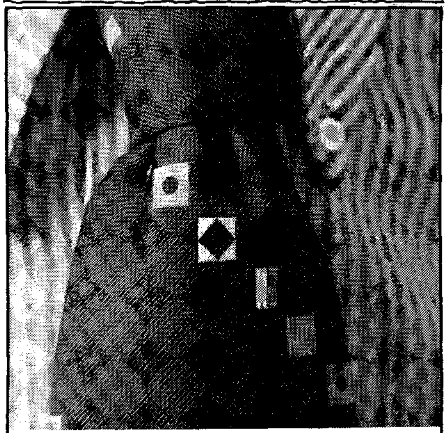

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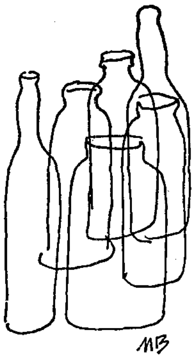
Party, and tried to settle the Kurdish question through a relatively generous (for the Middle East, anyhow) grant of autonomy. When autonomy failed, Saddam Hussein first mounted military pressure, in 1974, and then, in 1975, at the OPEC summit conference in Algiers, concluded a deal with the Shah of Iran that resulted in the withdrawal of Iranian support for the Kurds and the collapse of their independence movement, led by the late Mullah Mustafa Barzani.

No Arab statesman has been more skillful in manipulating the Palestine issue. Saddam Hussein has consistently taken an uncompromising line. Iraq has not subscribed in any way to the legitimacy of Israel. Saddam Hussein has spoken of the "Zionist entity, which we do not consider a state." He has said, "We don't believe that there is any possibility of coöperation with this entity at any time." He has not even left the question of compromise up to the Palestinians. "We cannot allow the Palestinians to decide by themselves only," he once said. "They can make decisions on behalf of the Arab people, but only in the right direction." When the Palestinians appeared to be moving in the wrong direction—that is to say, toward accommodation with Israel—Saddam Hussein did not hesitate to use force to discourage them. The most intransigent Palestinians, notably George Habash but also the terrorist Abu Nidal, have generally been able to count on Iraqi support for their efforts to overbid more moderate leaders. A lethal running feud between Iraqi agents and the Palestine Liberation Organization came to the surface with the murder of Said Hammami, the London representative of the P.L.O., in January of 1978, and a shootout with the P.L.O. at the Iraqi Embassy in Paris later that year.



But while opposing any accord with Israel, Saddam Hussein has carefully avoided any direct conflict with Israeli forces. In 1970, the Iraqi Army was on the spot when Syrian forces moved to support the P.L.O. during its civil war against King Hussein of Jordan, but when the Israelis mobilized, the Iraqis came home. They went to help the Syrians at the time of the 1973 war, but saw limited action, and came back once again. When Saddam Hussein was asked about these withdrawals, he responded, "Why hasn't the Iraqi Army returned to Syria? Wherever there is a definite opportunity and a firm plan for the use of armies on the basis of an agreed and clear policy relating to phased strategic aims, we'll find the Iraqi Army there. This is our policy. We don't have a surplus army to send anyplace where two or three shots are heard."

When President Sadat flew to Jerusalem, and then signed the Camp David accords and the peace treaty with Israel, Saddam Hussein moved adroitly to fill the void left in the Arab leadership. First, Iraq engaged President Hafez Assad of Syria in negotiations designed to lead to the unity of the two states and the two rival Baathist regimes. The step toward unity with Syria opened the door to Saudi Arabia, which, in its weakness, has always resisted having to choose between Damascus and Baghdad. At the two Baghdad meetings, in November, 1978, and March, 1979, the Syrians, the Saudis, the P.L.O., the Libyans, and practically everybody else in the Arab world lined up behind the Iraqis to impose sanctions against Egypt for the deal with Israel. Even Saddam Hussein, with his instinct for caution, called the summit "an important victory."

Like quite a few other things, however, Iraq's bid for power then ran athwart the revolution that unseated the Shah and installed the Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran. The Ayatollah had been given asylum in Iraq after he was exiled by the Shah in 1964. For the next dozen years, Baghdad allowed him to wage a war of words against the Shah as part of Iraq's campaign against "reactionary monarchs." But the 1975 deal between Saddam Hussein and the Shah that ended the Kurdish revolt also included an accord that settled border questions between the two countries and put an end to meddling in each other's affairs. When the Ayatollah's followers became troublesome to the Shah, in the fall of 1978, the Iranians asked the Iraqis to ship him out. Baghdad agreed, and Khomeini was sent to Paris. When he returned to Teheran in triumph in February, 1979, he had raw feelings about the Iraqi regime. The hostility, combined with the emphasis on religion, inevitably stirred the Shiite masses of southern Iraq to resistance against

Baghdad. In June of 1979, the first punitive measures were taken against the Shiite religious authorities in Iraq. It was in those circumstances, with a clear need to firm up authority in the center, that Saddam Hussein took over from General Bakr and "discovered the Syrian plot against his regime."

To the decline of relations with Iran, there was thus added a fraying of ties with Syria. Hamid Alwan, Iraq's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, told me in an interview, "State-to-state relations with Syria are normal." He continued, "Trade between our two countries is brisk. Some oil flows northwest in a pipeline through Syria to the Mediterranean. We are working on a railway that will connect Baghdad with Aleppo. There is no interference by Syria, as there was once, with the flow of Euphrates water to Iraq." But Naim Haddad, a Deputy Prime Minister and member of the Regional Command of the Baath, with special responsibility for foreign relations, made it plain, in another interview, that political tension between the two Party leaderships was high. He acknowledged that Iraq supported former high officials in the Syrian Baath who had been forced out by President Assad, including Michel Aflaq and Salah Bitar. He criticized the Syrian regime for "coöperating with Iran in anti-Arab maneuvers," for "stirring sectarian strife in the Lebanon," and for "pushing the Zionist forces to intensify their aggression."

President Assad has reacted strongly. He has accused the Iraqis of trying to force him from power. He joined with the Libyans, Algerians, and South Yemenis in a "front of firmness" against Israel, obviously designed to upstage the Baghdad accords. On July 21st of this year, what apparently was a Syrian terrorist group assassinated Salah Bitar in Paris.

Indirect fallout from the Iranian revolution was still more troublesome for Iraq. Teheran's failure to maintain order gave an opening to the Iranian Kurds, and their moves toward independence inevitably stirred unrest among the Kurds in Iraq. The unwinding of authority in Iran and the spread of religious unrest to Afghanistan created the combination of danger and opportunity that impelled the Russians to invade Afghanistan in December, 1979. The Soviet thrust drew an American riposte. Not only was the Carter doctrine enunciated in January, 1980, but the United States in-

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creased its naval presence in the northwest quadrant of the Indian Ocean and moved to tie up base arrangements with a number of states, including Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Oman, Somalia, and Kenya.

THE Arab Charter, proclaimed by Saddam Hussein in Baghdad on February 8th, was an effort to control all these forces. It consisted of an eight-point program to which all Arab states were asked to subscribe. Saddam Hussein read the eight points at a public gathering and, after each point, asked if the crowd agreed. Each time, there were, according to the official transcript, "shouts of 'yes.' "

In its main points, the Charter banned foreign troops and bases from Arab territory, called for a joint Arab defense against attack by any outsiders, and bound Arab countries not to attack one another. The first point was plainly designed to keep the Americans and Russians away from the Persian Gulf. The second aligned the whole Arab world with Iraq in its fight against Iran. The third was aimed at discouraging the various possible moves—by South Yemen or Syria or Libya—against Saudi Arabia. The whole would have left Iraq the master of the Gulf.

An impressive show of support followed the proclamation of the Charter. The P.L.O. and a dozen countries, including Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Algeria, North Yemen, and Morocco, voiced their approval. But an Iraqi call for a special summit meeting of Arab leaders on the Charter went unheeded. The Arab world continued its drift into separate camps. Egypt, with some support from Oman and the Sudan, has persisted in the peace negotiations with Israel that the United States seeks to foster. Syria—backed by Libya, Algeria, South Yemen, and most of the P.L.O.—moved closer to the Soviet Union in demanding a comprehensive settlement negotiated through the Geneva Conference machinery. Iraq was left at the head of a nebulous group of states, including Saudi Arabia and Jordan.

It was in vain that Baghdad, thus positioned, pressed its claims on Iran for a revision of the 1975 territorial accord. The Iranians kept on stirring up trouble among the Kurds of the north and of Shia in the south. The Iranians were also successful, at an OPEC meeting in Vienna in mid-September, in joining with Algeria and Libya to foil a joint Iraqi-Saudi plan

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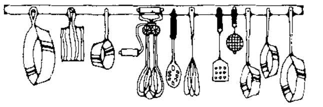

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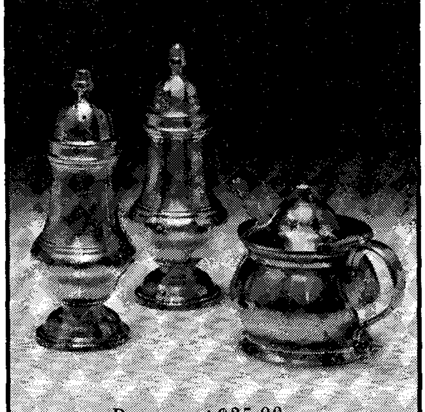

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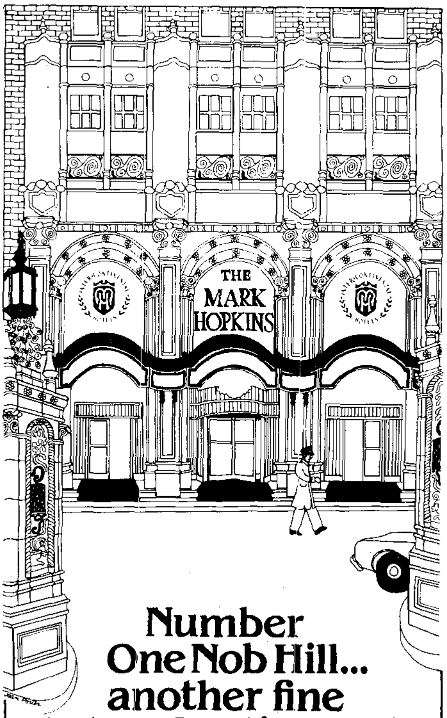

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for imposing a long-term pricing strategy on the oil cartel. In those conditions—and with the Russians strung out in Afghanistan and Poland, and the United States preoccupied with its election campaign—Saddam Hussein took destiny in his hands. He sent his forces against Iran.

The outcome of the war remains in doubt. But Iraq will continue to play a lead role in the area. As Tariq Aziz put it in an interview, "Iraq cannot be ignored. There is no power in the eastern Middle East except Iraq. Other groups in the Arab world may have political power—like the P.L.O. Some may have economic power—like Saudi Arabia. But Iraq has power that is military, economic, and political."

What is not clear is whether any Iraqi leader—however skilled or prudent—has the capacity for organizing the country's turbulent minorities, with their potent foreign ties, in ways that permit steady leadership of the whole Arab world. There is something intrinsically unstable about this country. A German friend stationed in the country for years once told me of witnessing a public hanging in Liberation Square. "The crowd began gathering at dawn," he said. "They came somewhat furtively, and looked as if they felt ashamed. But organizers from the Baath began whipping them up, like cheerleaders. By noon, they were in a frenzy. They had gone mad." Then he showed me an excerpt from a volume—"The Cultural History of Antiquity"—published in 1936 by the Austrian historian Egon Friedell. The passage said: "The climate of the land between the two rivers is one of the hottest on this globe. During the summer months you have twelve hours of burning heat with temperatures of forty, fifty, or even sixty degrees Centigrade. Then . . . Mesopotamia is hell. A yellowish, corpse-like color lies over the hills and plains. . . . Small wonder that this country has always been the breeding ground for something considerably surpassing that which is commonly human—a certain madness."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

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[*From the Atchison (Kan.) Globe*]

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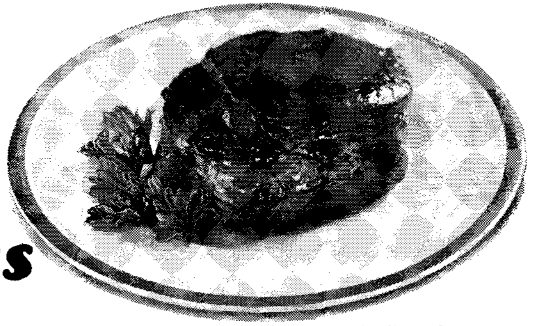

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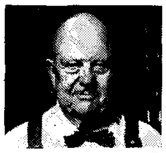

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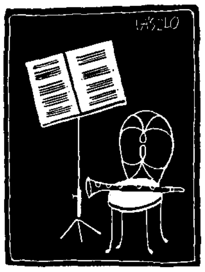
MUSICAL EVENTS

Hall

New York City has a new large concert hall, part of the Lehman College Center for the Performing Arts, in the Bronx. It seats twenty-three hundred and eighteen. It has good acoustics and is an attractive place, on the marge of a spacious campus with lawns, trees, and a diverse architectural landscape of nineteen-thirties academic Gothic and 1960 Marcel Breuer. The Lexington Avenue No. 4 train stops one block away, and the D train two blocks away, so the hall is easily reached from Manhattan. There is a restaurant. The concert hall, a theatre, an experimental theatre, and a recital hall in the college's music building make up the performing spaces of the Center, whose "complex" also includes a library and an art gallery. In some ways, *it's like a second* Lincoln Center in a peaceful setting, without the concrete expanses, busy traffic, and encircling skyscrapers. The concert hall opened at the end of last month with a concert by the New York Philharmonic. The second event—the hall can also be used as a theatre—was "La Traviata," the inaugural performance of the National Opera Touring Company, the New York City Opera's new touring division.



The architects are David Todd (the designer of Manhattan Plaza) and Jan Pokorny; the acoustic consultant is Ranger Farrell. Building was begun in 1973 but was interrupted after two years by the city's financial crisis. (Lehman College is part of the City University.) The "AIA Guide" (1978) called the unfinished buildings "eye-catching but . . . more prima donnas than anything else." That's harsh. Finished, they make up a romantic place that predisposes one toward enjoyment of a performance. The concert hall is asymmetrical, an assemblage of trapezoidal forms suggesting zoo architecture (Toronto's pavilions, Casson's elephant house in London). It is unpretentious—elaborately designed but simply, even barely, executed in concrete, limestone, and glass. Within the irregular auditorium, the orchestra seats fan out in five unequal vanes; the rightmost of them climbs sharply to become one with the balcony, which is treated as a lively cluster of interlocking steep terraces. The side walls are elegantly ribbed with narrow concrete blocks. The ceiling is a mosaic of large white panels with darkness visible through the spaces between them. Similar white panels surround and roof the platform, which is framed by a red curtain. The floor, raked to give good *sight lines (and hearing* lines?), is carpeted. At the opening concert, I thought I had never heard the Philharmonic so clearly, so intimately. At a first assessment, I would rate the acoustics of Lehman Hall—may we henceforth call it that?—above those of Avery Fisher Hall, as being more immediate and intimate, but a little below those of Carnegie Hall, as being less warm and responsive. The other public spaces, the foyers and lobbies, are plainly decorated, interestingly shaped on varied, linked levels, and meagre; American architects often seem to forget that an audience takes up more room in intermissions, walking, talking, eating, drinking, than when it is packed into orderly rows. In fair weather, it doesn't matter at Lehman Hall: outside, a broad, tree-lined terrace and its open, ample undercroft (part of the walkway system that links all the college buildings) give onto a wide lawn, and there is also a stepped forecourt that looks ideal as a site for informal summer concerts.

The Philharmonic program began with two works by composers on the Lehman College music faculty: Ulysses Kay's symphonic essay "Markings" and John Corigliano's Clarinet Concerto—*pièces d'occasion* on this occasion but, as Zubin Mehta, who conducted, pointed out, pieces that on their own merits had already been taken into the Philharmonic's repertory. The orchestra played Corigliano's concerto on its European tour this summer. The Bronx performance confirmed what the critic of the Malmö *Arbeten* wrote of the soloist, Stanley Drucker: "Here is a clarinettist with an almost improbably superb technique, a sound that is divine, and a radiance very few musicians possess." Then Brahms' Second Symphony. The Philharmonic is making a better sound than it has made for years: string tone fuller, woodwinds more nearly in tune (but still some brass glare at climaxes). If Mr. Mehta had not adopted the eccentric modern seating plan—top strings all clumped to his left, double-basses lopsidedly off on the right—one might even have heard rich, balanced, Brahmsian sonority. Mr. Mehta's account of the work—as Nicholas Kenyon observed last week, after the Philharmonic's Manhattan performances—was unimpressive.

For the Touring Company's "Traviata," Frank Corsaro restaged his celebrated City Opera production—a thoughtful, detailed, and delicate realization in which the nuances of timing, phrasing, glance, and gesture are determined by keen psychological observation of the characters and their plights. "What is she thinking?," "Why does she say *that*?," "What would she *do*?" are good questions for a Violetta to start with; they must be followed—and evidently they were—with "What should *I* do to make the audience believe in her?" Elizabeth Pruett, singing her first Violetta, gave a performance both moving and precise. And well sung: other important questions—"*Why* this high note, slur, corona, change of harmony?"—had, it was clear, also been considered. Sometimes the careful thought that had gone into the answers was too patent later in the run—the company has embarked on a five-week, twenty-five-city tour—Miss Pruett will surely play and sing more freely. "Non sapete—quale affetto" needs more agitated less strictly *a tempo* phrasing. The dropping seventh of "unico raggio d bene" calls for portamento. For the three solo outpourings of the second finale ("Ah perchè venni," etc.), the tempo should broaden. Already Miss Pruett's performance is distinguished in conception and in many fine points of musical execution. She sings "Addio del passato" so affectingly that she could profitably omit some "business" (with Germont's letter, a prie-dieu a crucifix, a rosary) that adds nothing to—dispels, rather—the emotiona force of what Verdi and she are saying

The personal dramas are vividly enacted, but Mr. Corsaro's reading o Alfredo's character is not mine—or, I think, Verdi's. (Would the shy, modest youth who for a year has wor-

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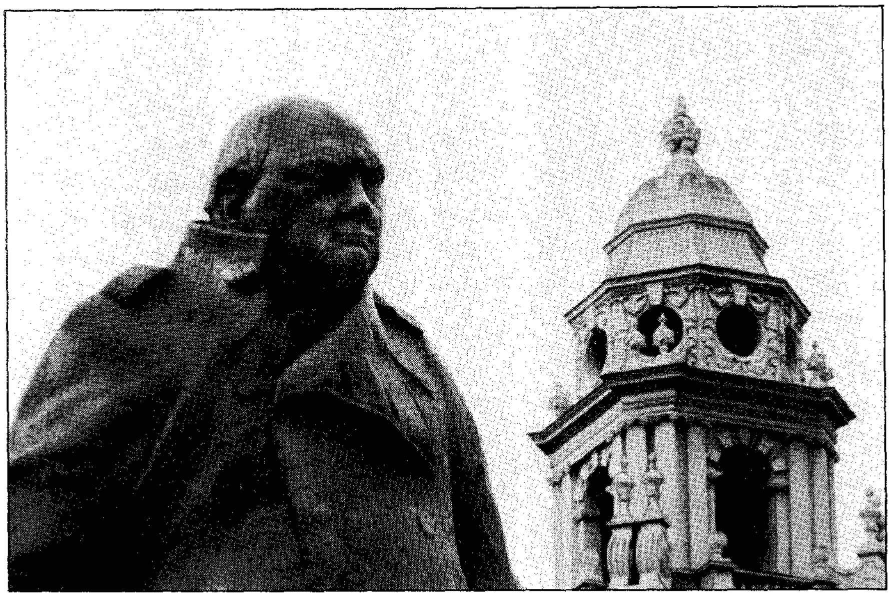

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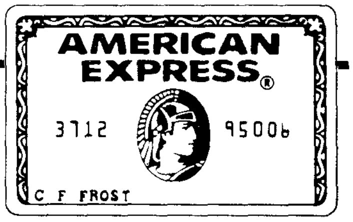

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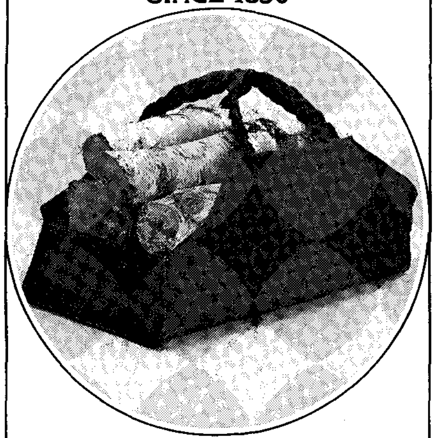

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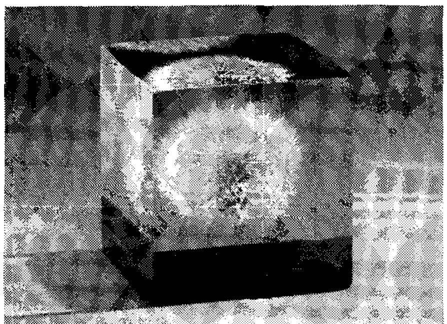

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shipped Violetta at a distance go into a public clinch with her at their first meeting, during the brindisi? Is the extreme complacency that Mr. Corsaro makes him so unsubtly express in Act II—he ended "De' miei bollenti spiriti" relaxed on a sofa, with his feet up—not belied by the ardor and intensity of the music?) William Livingston was an eager, impassioned little Alfredo, singing his heart out in bright, forward tones. He reminded me of Luigi Infantino. What I missed in the production was Verdi's subtext of social protest and freethinking assertion. Perhaps that was inevitable in a small-scale presentation. The chorus numbered a dozen: the "deserto che appellano Parigi" was hardly "popoloso," and the Act II dance divertissement was omitted. Miss Pruett caught the heroic note, but her adversaries were immature. Vernon Hartman, the Germont, forced up his volume to a point where steadiness and pitch became uncontrolled. And in this hall there was no need for anyone to push. Although it seats more than Covent Garden—and exactly the same as Kennedy Center's opera house—everything the young cast sang and everything the small orchestra played (a much reduced scoring was used) was excellently audible. "If only people could hear half so well in the State Theatre," I heard a member of the City Opera say. The words were consistently clear, and so there was less excuse than usual for performing the drama in a foreign tongue. How many people really *followed* Violetta's and Alfredo's exchanges in the brindisi?

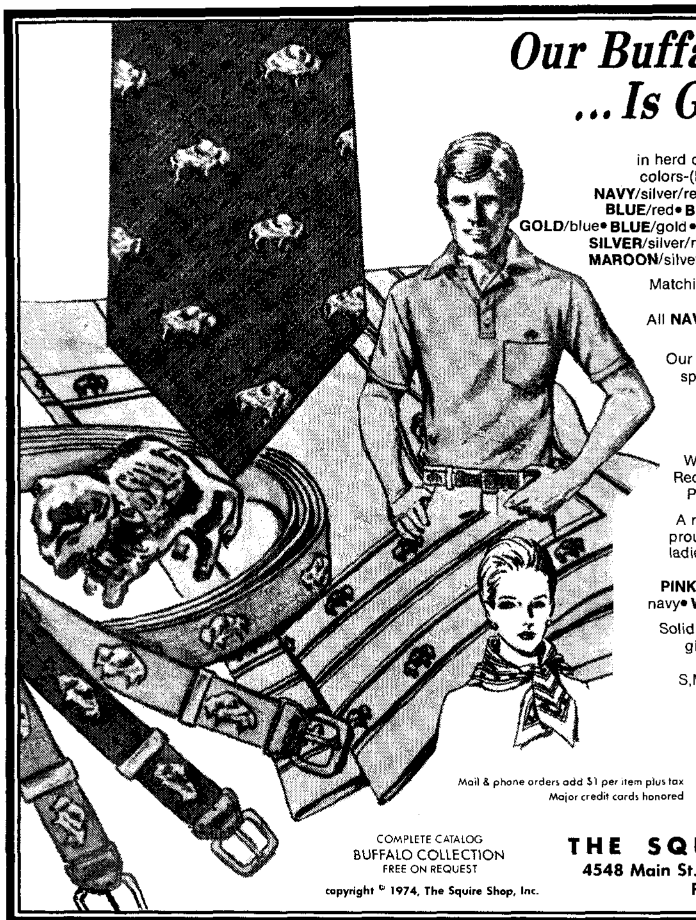
Among the comprimarios, Rose Benedetto, the Annina, caught the ear with her easy, unforced singing. The scenery was dowdy. The lighting was crude: follow-spots for two acts, and a demonstration in Act III of how much better a realistic action looks without them. Yet it was a "Traviata" that held the attention securely. In an unstylish modern way, Victor DeRenzi's conducting had life and love in it; now he must study the way that singers of Verdi's day phrased this music.

BIZET'S "Pêcheurs de Perles" has come to the City Opera, and it is welcome, for it is a work good to sing and good to hear. When the opera first appeared, at the Théâtre-Lyrique in 1863, alternating with "Figaro," Berlioz alone proclaimed its merit; after eighteen performances, it was dropped. Ten years after Bizet's death, in a new version, with the weak ending recomposed, it began to turn up on the world's stages, and in 1889 Emma Calvé and the publisher Sonzogno, who had the Italian rights, brought it to prominence. That year, Calvé sang the opera all over Italy (in Naples with Fernando De Lucia) and reintroduced it to Paris, in Italian, at the Gaîté. In 1893, in yet another revised version, she relaunched it in French at the Opéra-Comique. (And there it stayed; I used to see it in the fifties in what looked like—but, the annals assure me, were not—the sets Calvé sang in.) In 1896, Calvé introduced it to the Metropolitan, in an abridged version. But in New York the opera did not take. It was twenty years before it returned to the Met, for three performances with Hempel, Caruso, and De Luca. And that, it seems, was the last professional staging it had here before the City Opera's. "Pêcheurs" has taken now. All five performances were sold out; it returns in the spring.

The Théâtre-Lyrique première was probably a swagger affair: the theatre went in for spectacle, and "Pêcheurs" is Bizet's most massive score (except for "Ivan IV"). The 1863 critics found it noisy; one dubbed it a "fortissimo in three acts." The City Opera staging, directed by Cynthia Auerbach, is simple, sensible, and not unpicturesque. Robert O'Hearn's spare set, first seen in Miami, has plenty of usable flat space, flanked by platforms and beehivey Brahmin objects that can be variously grouped. Palm trunks frame the scene, and on the backcloth a Klimtian painted moon rides above a romantic ocean. (But in this Ceylon the light, the only out-of-style feature of the show, comes from elsewhere—largely from spotlights none too accurately pointed at the actors.) The exotic atmosphere is not neglected, but the emphasis is thrown on the soloists and their music—not on the Meyerbeerian choruses, dances, and large scenic effects. That matches a work whose main enchantments are supple, subtle melodies, delicately accompanied.

There were two casts, both accomplished. In the first, Diana Soviero was a sweetly flexible Léïla. Marianna Christos, a few days later, was even better; she had devised a character for the priestess, and it gave character to her singing. "Pêcheurs" may not be much of a drama. In his Bizet biography, Winton Dean observes that "Léïla remains the typical suffering soprano, Nadir the aspiring tenor who is all emotion, no brain, and little brawn . . . while Zurga, like other stage baritones, is required to veer between ferocity and magnanimity as the situation demands.” Yet something more than lovely music can be found in the roles. Miss Christos showed how, in her portrayal of a girl at once devout yet sensual, gentle yet resolute; in Léïla there is something of Micaëla, something of Carmen. Miss Christos’ timbre can recall that of Maria Callas at its most limpid and steady—still carrying a touch of fascinating resin. Where most of the soloists could pronounce French, she commanded it, and brought the phrases to life. The Carmen quality came forward strongly in the Act III duet with Zurga, where, indeed, some of Carmen’s most striking phrases are foreshadowed. This duet is not one of the famous numbers in “Pêcheurs,” but as done by Miss Christos and David Arnold it brought the house down. Its opening exchanges may recall Meyerbeer, but the singers continue now like Carmen and Don José, then like Aida and Amonasro. Almost with disbelief one discovers that Verdi could not have heard “Pêcheurs” before composing “Aida”—unless he was invited to an early rehearsal—for he left Paris two months before the première. The number was fortified by the restoration of two passages cut in the 1893 revision. And there was a splendid Zurga. Mr. Arnold, too, created a character. He, too, commanded the language and made every phrase arresting. And he voiced the music in a cultivated baritone of precise focus, of the kind one longs to hear in French opera and so seldom does hear. He also acted well. Dominic Cossa, the first-night Zurga, sang with feeling but more roughly.

The first-night Nadir, Barry McCauley, displayed a tenor similarly apt for this music: ductile, flexible, and unforced. Although he can, I know, float the high B’s of “Je crois entendre encore” (the traditional high C has, alas, been expunged from the City Opera score) in a radiant falsetto of poignant sweetness, as the old tenors used to do, on the first night he chose to sing them fully. He stuck to the notes and essayed no gracing of either the melodic lines or the metre. With profit he could study De Lucia’s recordings of the romance, the chanson, and the tenor’s first duet with Léïla (readily available now in the Rubini album of De Lucia’s earlier record-



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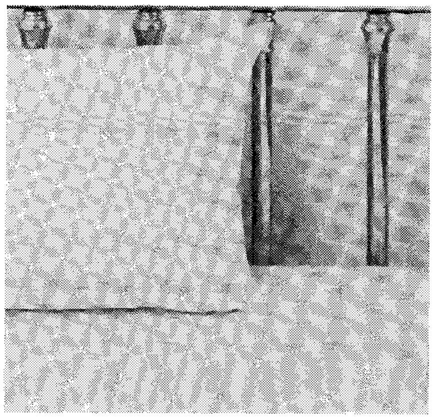

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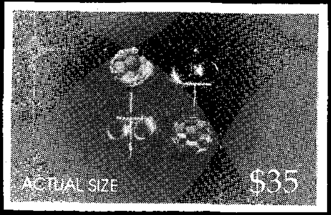

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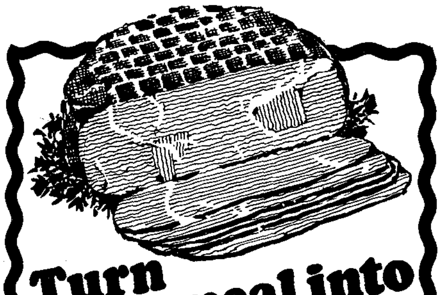

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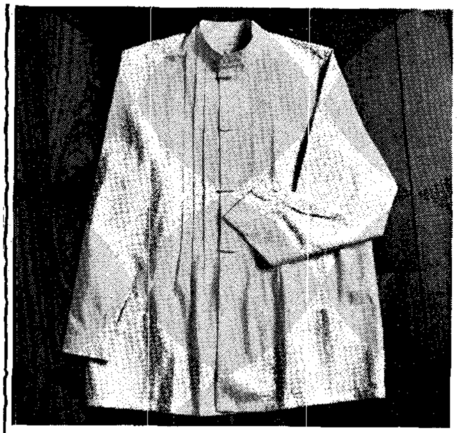
ings)—if not to copy that most individual of stylists, then to be inspired by the possibilities De Lucia suggests, and to adopt those of them that he finds good. Mr. McCauley is no actor, but he sang so extraordinarily well that one feels justified in asking still more of him. Joseph Evans, the other Nadir, was more ordinary—conscientious and acceptable. In the pit, Calvin Simmons made a promising but puzzling City Opera début. The promise lay in the lilt and animation of his conducting and in his poetic response to Bizet's exquisite instrumental inventions. The puzzles were two: his inability to keep the chorus in time and his persistence in a strict, metronomic beat through passages—notably the climaxes of the tenor-baritone duet and the second soprano-tenor duet—that cry out for rubato. He, too, could learn from De Lucia.

In 1954, a Sadler's Wells production of "Pêcheurs" took a half step toward restoring Bizet's 1863 score. In 1973, the Welsh National Opera production went all the way, and passages that survive only in the first vocal score were orchestrated by Arthur Hammond. (The autograph and the 1863 performing materials have disappeared; without them, we can only guess at Bizet's *first* version, before "theatre cuts" and rehearsal revisions were made. Early manuscript librettos, the first printed libretto, and the 1863 vocal score all yield different readings.) In 1975, Bizet's publishers, Choudens, issued a fourth edition, the "Welsh version." It has been recorded on Angel, and it is used by the City Opera (although the libretto sold in the theatre corresponds to the second, eighteen-eighties score). The main text of the score retains the tenor-baritone in its familiar, posthumous version, where a reprise of the big tune replaces the stirring stretta that Bizet composed, and banishes the stretta to an appendix. This stretta can be heard on the Angel recording; I hope it will be heard in the State Theatre at the spring revival. The other big difference is the excision of the final trio, "Ô lumière sainte," which may have been composed by Benjamin Godard, and the reinstatement earlier in the scene of the soprano-tenor duet to almost the same words, which Bizet composed. It's not great music, but it will sound better than it does when the singers and conductor don't treat it as a military quickstep. Bizet's own surviving finale is weak—one understands why successive editors have



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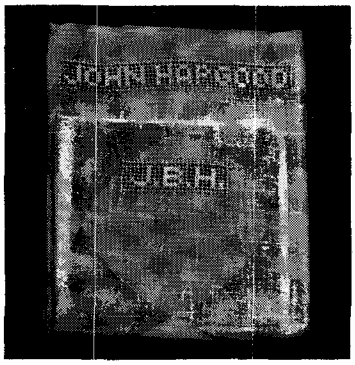

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tinkered with it—but it is the best we have. Maybe his ar-finale—with a reprise for the lovers of "Ô lumière sainte" rather than the tune that belongs to Nadir and Zurga—will turn up one day. Miss Auerbach has tinkered, too. To the 1863 music she has added a stage direction from the unauthentic 1893 score; the offstage lovers reappear on a distant rock. Here it looks like a "Flying Dutchman" apotheosis-in-the-sky. That can very easily be put right.

More Bizet, please. For a start, "The Fair Maid of Perth" and the one-acter "Djamileh."

THE City Opera has revived its "Don Giovanni," new last spring. Only Carol Vaness, the Anna, remains from the earlier cast; Samuel Ramey, its Don, now plays Leporello. John Cox is still listed as the director, Jay Lesenger is named as the stage director, and there have been changes in the production. Not having seen the original, I cannot apportion blame for the poor staging of the revival, which is sometimes slackly traditional, at other times feebly innovatory. There was a rather distinguished cast, but, as Shaw wrote after a Covent Garden presentation in 1889, "I cannot say that the performance was an adequate one. A musical critic does not write that often in a lifetime about 'Don Giovanni'—unless, indeed, he is given to writing the thing that is not." Mahler is often said to have said, in his role as an opera director, "*Tradition ist Schlamperei,*" or "Tradition is slovenliness." What he really said was something like "What you people call tradition is mere slovenliness." He was damning easy, thoughtless repetition of old routines; he was far too intelligent not to value the "tradition" that represents the accumulated wisdom of generations of operatic interpreters: a treasure house of possibilities from which sensitive performers—singers, conductors, and directors—take what they find to be good, true, and suited to their own abilities, and to which they add their own discoveries and perceptions.

More than tradition is scorned when a composer's instructions are flouted. Goethe, that experienced theatre and opera director, once declared that opera has "a fundamental advantage that the spoken drama lacks: the full score, the expressed will of the composer, insuring that tone, expression, movement and bodily position cannot be mistaken." Even if Mozart had not signalled with his triple "*si*

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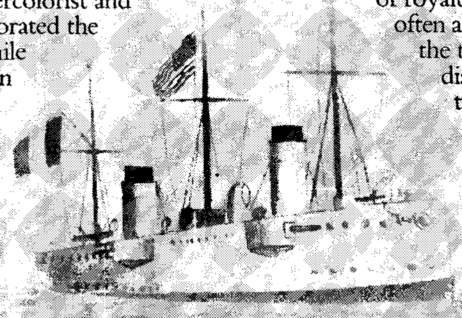

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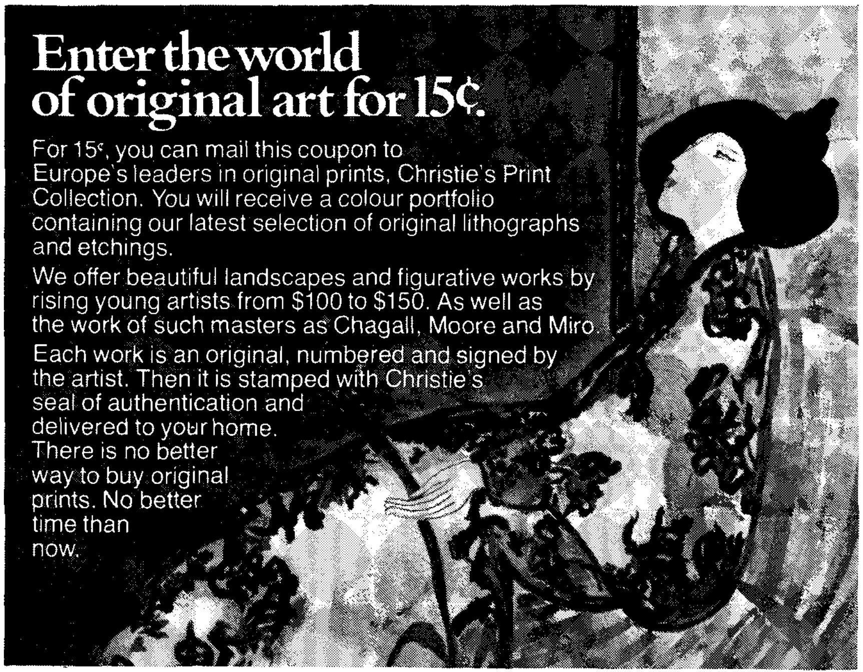

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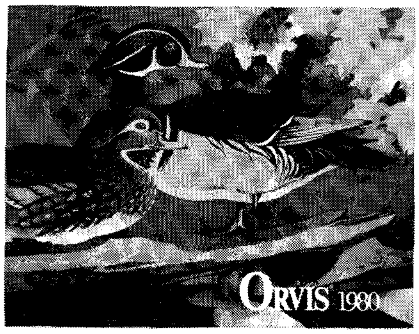

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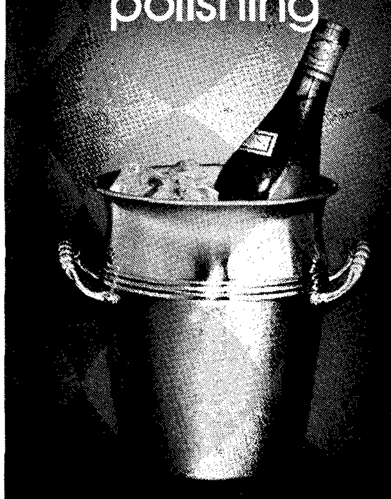

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cava la maschera" the exact moments in the Act I finale at which Ottavio, Elvira, and Anna unmask, a Mozart director should hear those moments in the music and not get them wrong. If he chooses to play fast and loose with a masterpiece, he should perhaps rewrite Da Ponte's words and recompose Mozart's score to suit his ideas. On a simple, literal level, "gigantic mouthfuls" of a "tasty dish" suggest something more than spoonfuls of soup; Giovanni should not cry "eccellente marzimino" while raising a glass of *white* wine to his lips. On a more serious level, it is absurd for the Commendatore's statue to say "Leave the dead ones in peace" (when, according to the stage directions, Giovanni has whacked several monuments) if the setting has been shifted from a cemetery to "a stonemason's yard." And the tremendous scene plays at half strength when the awe and eeriness of a nocturnal cemetery and the sense of near-blasphemy have been tossed aside in a silly bid for novelty. The City Opera ending is equally false to Mozart's drama: Giovanni is bound and carried off by his servants. One could write an opera with that dénouement—rebellion in the servants' hall, master frightened by a hoax and then borne off, his villa fired—but Mozart didn't.

Crippled by the direction and cribbed by a poky set, the singers could hardly shine. Miss Vaness, muting the temperament that made her Vitellia in last season's "Titus" so lustrous, sought pathos and tenderness in Anna's music. She found it in an account of "Non mi dir" which was beautiful, moving, and exciting. "Or sai chi l'onore" needed more spirit and broader phrasing; some endings were clipped. (Has any previous Anna ever chosen to *sit* before launching into that passionate, fiery declaration?) Heather Thomson's Elvira showed more spunk. At the start, there was harshness at the top of her voice, but it flowed evenly and truly through an admirable "Mi tradì." Gwenlynn Little's Zerlina was ordinary. The sense of Alan Kays' Ottavio escaped me. He had painted his face to resemble an owl; when during Leporello's aria Anna swooned, he turned his back on her. But then he handled "Il mio tesoro" with great tenderness. Samuel Ramey's Leporello was well sung. Justino Diaz has the looks, the figure, the physical presence, and the voice to be a splendid Giovanni. Thirteen years ago, both Sarah Caldwell, in

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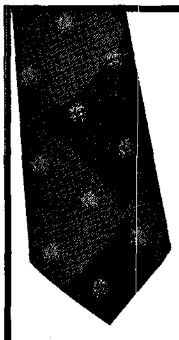

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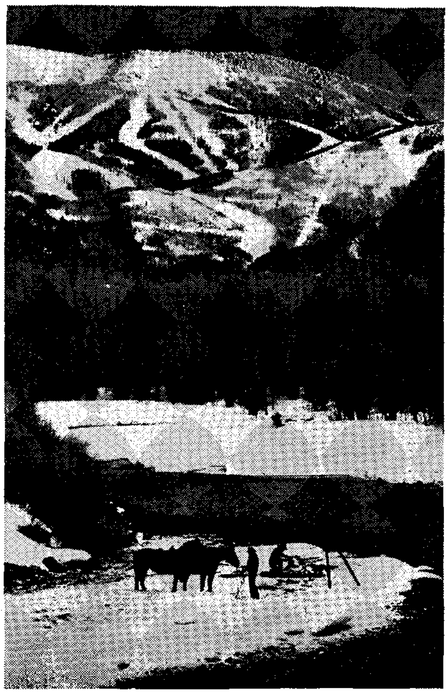

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Boston, and Giancarlo Menotti, in Spoleto, directed him in the role. Yet he was, and he remains, no more than promising. The ingredients are right, but nothing happens.

John Mauceri conducted. He used the regular conflation of Prague and Vienna versions, and also included Elvira's recitative after the catalogue aria. First steps had been taken toward restoring the necessary appoggiaturas, but Miss Vaness left a hole in the middle of "Non mi dir," before the reprise; in fact, all Mozart's invitations to extempore cadenzas and bridge passages were gracelessly declined. That Mr. Mauceri loves the score was evident. A slowish allegro assai at the start of the first finale meant that Zerlina did not have to peck at the eighth-note arpeggios; a slowish andante to follow allowed the romantic instrumental parts to be savored. But somehow the result was also a bit sleepy. And neither the first nor the second finale had the weight of accents or the extremes of dynamic contrast to make them tremendous. The staging seemed to have got into the sound. The whole thing lacked passion and conviction. "Don Giovanni" did not, in the words of City Opera's current slogan, "come alive." A cynic might remark that it hardly matters when many in the audience are probably not following the text in detail (the drama was played in Italian) and many of them care nothing for Mozart's music: again and again, applause crashed out before a movement had reached its tonic close.

THE big event of the month has been the performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony by the Chicago Symphony under Solti—given in Chicago and widely broadcast. I hope to write about it—and about Mahler's Third Symphony at the Philharmonic—after the Carnegie performances of the Eighth by the Boston Symphony, under Ozawa.

—ANDREW PORTER

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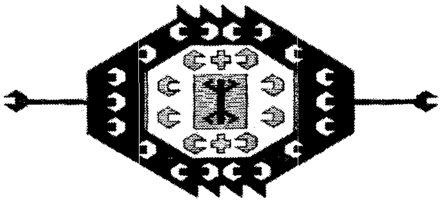

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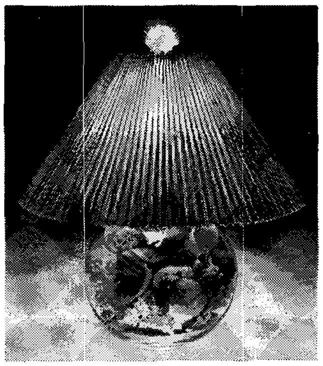

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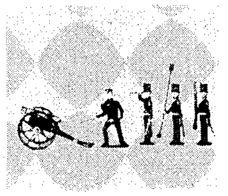

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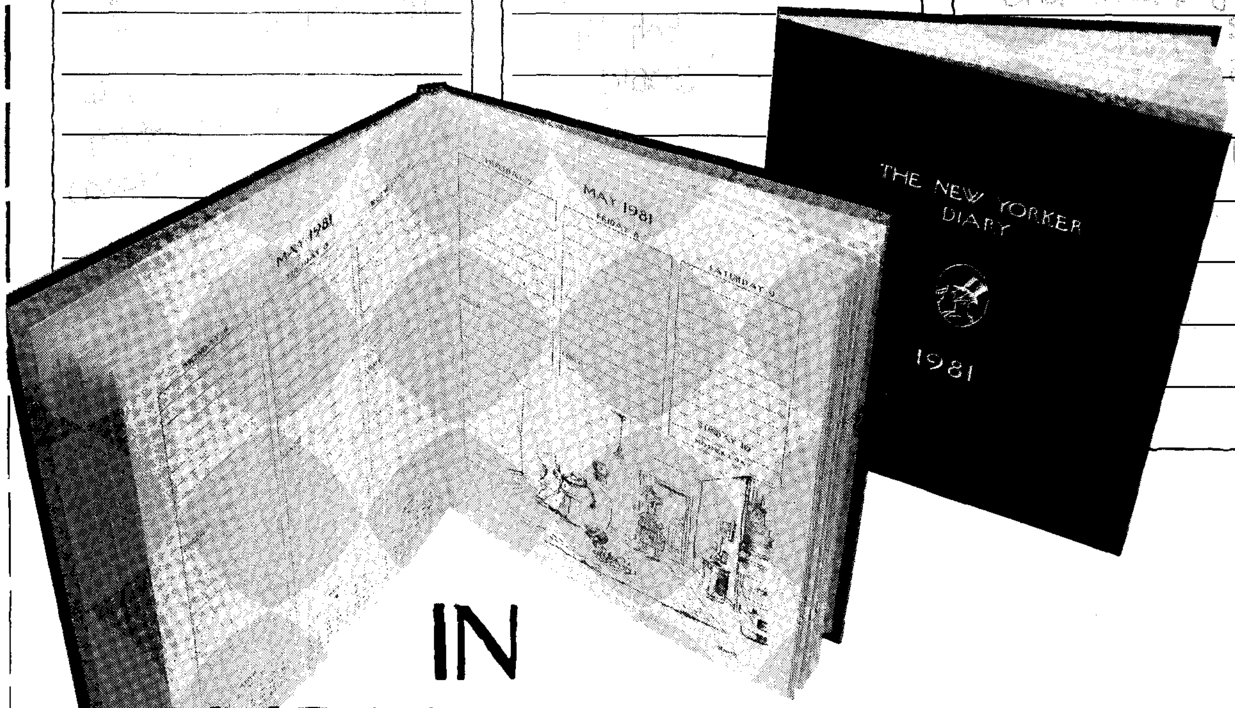

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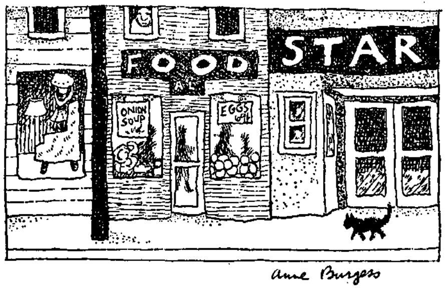
A REPORTER AT LARGE

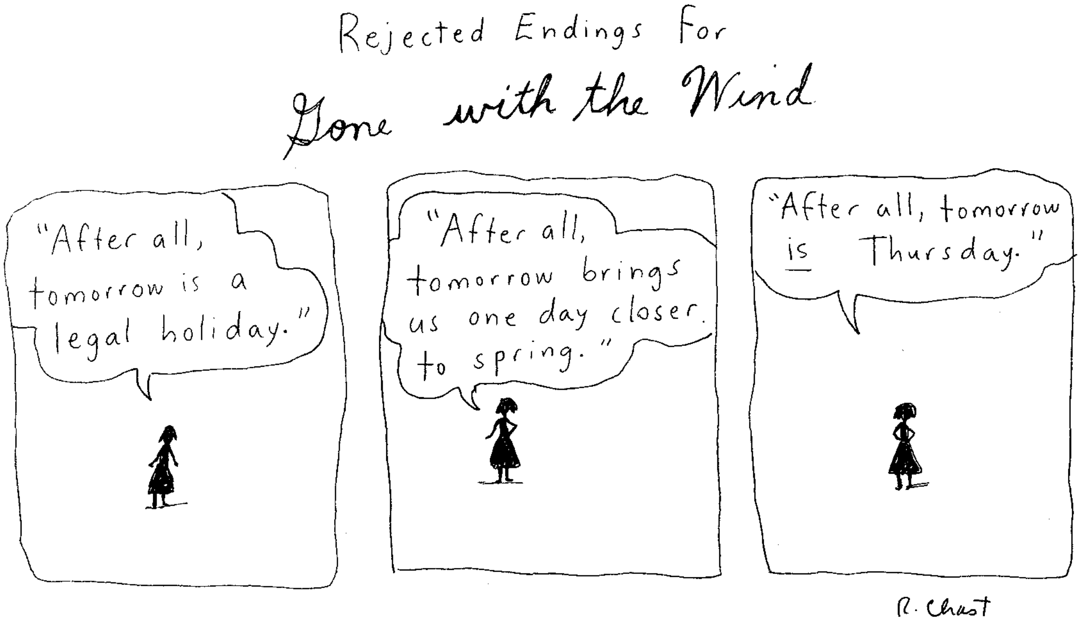
1980: THE PRESIDENT

DETROIT, Wednesday, October 1st. Shortly before 10:30 A.M., President Carter is to arrive at the airport here for a campaign trip that will take him to a Ford automobile plant nearby, and following that he will go on to Flint, where he will hold a "town meeting," and then to Niagara Falls, New York, for more campaign events this evening. On Monday, he went to New York City for an appearance before the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, at which he reaffirmed his support for aid to New York City; made an appeal for the Jewish vote, which is a real problem for him, by saying that Israel's expulsion from the United Nations would "raise the gravest questions" about the further participation of the United States; and expressed his strong support for the Equal Rights Amendment, which Ronald Reagan opposes. (The Carter campaign's polls find that the E.R.A. is an issue that works especially well for Carter.) Tomorrow, Carter will make appearances in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The President is travelling more during this fall campaign than he and his aides had planned, largely because they don't know what else to do. While campaign officials and Carter aides have recently been saying for public consumption that they are optimistic, they have been worried. They have had the sense for some time that the Carter campaign is stalled—is in what several of them term a "lull." Even as they made a case for how Carter could win, they were anxious. They concede that at this point Reagan is leading in electoral votes; that he has arrested the slide that began with his gaffes earlier in the campaign; and that Carter has suffered a slight decline in his standing. A number of the President's aides attribute this to the flurry that started in mid-September over some Carter statements that drew attention to his tendency to show a certain mean streak when he campaigns. (The tendency has been apparent since 1976, and even earlier; what happened this fall was that there became a sufficient number of examples of it to form a critical mass, and there was sufficient disenchantment with Carter, and with the whole campaign, that the subject received a good deal more—disproportionate—attention.) Carter's aides recognize that what they have sought to make the central theme of this campaign—that there is a real difference between Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter, and that it matters greatly who is elected—has failed to take hold. This was among the things that the President and his top campaign advisers discussed at a meeting in the family quarters of the White House yesterday afternoon. Such meetings are held on the average of once a week. Campaign officials and White House aides who work on the campaign also meet each morning at eight o'clock at the Carter/Mondale Reëlection Committee headquarters, on L Street, a few blocks from the White House; and each afternoon at two a number of officials meet in the office of Richard Moe, the Vice-President's chief of staff, to frame responses to something that may have arisen in the campaign that day. This is an outgrowth of a group that met every afternoon during the primaries to frame responses to Edward Kennedy.

The original plan for the fall had been what the President's advisers called a "limited Rose Garden strategy;" the theory was that Gerald Ford had done well in 1976 when he stayed in the White House and left Carter, the challenger, out there scrambling around. Now, however, Carter's aides feel that the President does not get attention when he does "Presidential" deeds at the White House, and so he must go on the road. The problem, of course, is that Carter wore out the White House as a backdrop during the primaries. But there are positive reasons as well for having the President travel. His visits do get ample local coverage—the Carter people have become quite skilled at assuring that—and it has been found that his political fortunes are usually boosted in an area he has visited. Some of the President's trips are in connection with efforts to raise money for the Democratic Party, which is far behind the Republicans in this. But at the heart of Carter's campaign are problems that are a reflection, and an extension, of problems that have troubled his Presidency: for reasons of personality and style, and as a result of his approach to the Presidency, Carter has failed to build a committed constituency. Says one of his campaign aides, "We've got the age-old Carter problem—that we have never had a broad base of enthusiastic support. His support is wide—cuts across a lot of groups—but not very strong." In effect, what Carter has to do in this campaign, after four years of the Presidency, is go out in the country and start all over again.



Carter has been trying to establish the theme that it does matter whether he or Reagan is elected by saying in his campaign appearances that this election presents "a choice between two futures." Last summer, Patrick Caddell, the President's pollster, outlined this approach in a memorandum to the President, and he drew a diagram to illustrate it. The idea was to get people thinking about the future—on the theory that the present might not be a very advantageous ground to fight the election on—and to show that, by making hard decisions now, under Carter, on such issues as energy and the economy, the country could have a good future, whereas if it accepted Reagan's "simple solutions" it would have a bad future. Carter and his aides have had a hard time finding a way to make a positive case for his reëlection. The theme that was tried out on the President's one day of acknowledged campaign travel during the primaries—that "we are turning the tide"—has been scrapped. The "good future-bad future" theme was launched in the President's acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention, and Carter has been using it on the road ever since. The "good future" means economic security, justice, and peace, and the "bad future" means despair, surrender (to the oil merchants, to economic misery), and "the risk of international confrontation." It was the way he stated this theme in California


Rejected Endings for
Gone with the Wind
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last week—saying that the decision made in November "will help to decide whether we have war or peace"—that got him into trouble. Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, did tell reporters afterward that this was an "overstatement," and then issued a list of Reagan quotes to show that Reagan had suggested the use of military force in nine situations in recent years. (Sometimes it is not clear what Reagan was suggesting, but the list does indicate a pattern of thinking.) The President's aides are upset that the press paid more attention to the President's statement than to the list, and they say that the question of Reagan's judgment in international crises is a valid issue (and Caddell's polls indicate that Reagan is vulnerable on it) and that they intend to pursue it. So much might not have been made of Carter's statement about "war or peace" if the press and the President's political opponents had not been on the lookout for statements that illustrated Carter's inclination to lash out—just as, shortly before, the attention had been on Reagan's gaffes. These things go in fashions during Presidential campaigns. And the nature of press coverage contributes to the impression that is created. The one controversial line is likely to be what is mentioned in the brief network report on a campaign. Once the press, generally speaking, feels that the attention should be on a certain aspect of a candidate's campaign (his gaffes, bumbles, foibles, overstatements, stammerings), that's where the attention goes, and stays—until a new subject comes into fashion. Meanwhile, like as not, the public has got a distorted impression of what is going on. Gerald Ford was not always bumping his head on helicopters and liberating Eastern Europe; Edward Kennedy was not always inarticulate; Ronald Reagan was not always making gaffes; Jimmy Carter is not always being mean. The 1976 campaign—or any campaign within memory—was not exactly a minuet. Carter has got into trouble lately not only because of his inclination to meanness at times, which has worried White House aides, but also because, with his penchant for hyperbole in all manner of circumstances (there is hardly a foreign leader or a Democratic politician who is not his "close friend"), he is sometimes loose with his language; because, frankly, a lot of people in the press, like a lot of the public, are down on Carter—are disillusioned with him, find him a not very likable man; because there is despair about the choices the public has and the kind of campaign that is taking place. What Carter has said is not as reckless as has been portrayed. And when Carter makes such a statement Reagan has an opportunity, which he seizes, to react more in sorrow (just as Carter did when Reagan made his remark that Carter had begun his fall campaign "in the city that gave birth to and is the parent body of the Ku Klux Klan"), and say that the people are owed an apology—which he does very well. And meanwhile the attention remains on Carter's, rather than on Reagan's, campaign. None of the President's advisers defend the statement he made at the Ebenezer Baptist Church, in Atlanta, suggesting that Reagan had injected the issue of the Ku Klux Klan into the campaign (this isn't quite what happened)—a charge that Carter linked with criticism of Reagan's talking about "states' rights" in Philadelphia, Mississippi, in August. Having made these charges, the President said, dramatically, "Hatred has no place in this country. Racism has no place in this country"—and immediately got himself embroiled in a furor over whether he was calling Reagan a racist. White House aides complain that the press does not pay enough attention to some of Reagan's controversial statements. They have been trying to think of ways to draw attention to Reagan's courtship of right-wing evangelicals without having Carter himself offend the "born again" vote. They say that the press does not pay attention when anyone other than the President criticizes Reagan, and so the President has to do it. The Carter people also complain that Reagan has been allowed to get away with exaggerating his achievements as Governor of California. The problem here is that most journals at some point—probably back during the primaries—did examine that record, and they can't keep on doing it. Carter's aides, remembering their own campaign strategy of four years ago, are concerned that Reagan has convinced people that he was a good governor and that people will conclude that if he was a good governor he would be a good President. (Caddell's polls indicate that people do believe Reagan was a good governor.) Gerald Rafshoon, the President's media adviser, has made some "man-in-the-street" commercials to counter Reagan's claims. The main effort, though, is to heighten concern about Reagan as President. Says one Carter strategist, "The most important thing is to make people

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think of Reagan and the Presidency." Therefore, Rafshoon has made a series of commercials showing an empty Oval Office as a narrator says, "When you come right down to it, what kind of a person should occupy the Oval Office?" and then asks if it should be "a man who, like Ronald Reagan," said, or proposed—and then the commercials cite, depending on the issue, Reagan's positions on military interventions, China, urban aid, aid to New York City (which Reagan opposed until just the other day), and so on, and all these positions are contrasted with the positions Carter has taken. The President's campaign team had hoped Reagan would be "blown away" by this time, but now they assume that, barring any dramatic event, the election will stay uncertain to the end. They do, however, feel vindicated in their decision, which was one of the most difficult they had to make, to have the President avoid the League of Women Voters debate with Reagan and John Anderson. They take some pleasure in Anderson's recent drop in the polls—and in the fact that Anderson's standing did not improve after the debate—and, stressing how badly he is doing, seem to be trying to talk him out of the race. Their hopes for a Carter victory have lain in the fact that the Democrats are more united now than was widely predicted at the time of the Convention this summer; that this is becoming an increasingly partisan campaign, and therefore many Democrats will "come home," and there are more Democrats than Republicans; that Carter's record will come to be more appreciated and questions about Reagan's suitability for the Presidency will take hold; that the advantages of incumbency will come to bear; that the sheer effort the entire Carter team—the Cabinet, the Vice-President, the First Lady, other members of the Administration, and especially the President himself—is putting into the campaign will pay off. One campaign official says, "At some point, stamina counts for something." Still, several of the President's chief strategists—in particular Hamilton Jordan, who is effectively in charge of the reëlection effort, and Caddell—are aware that the campaign needs a new approach, and they have been searching for one.

Lined up to meet the President at the Detroit airport today is the usual set of dignitaries—in this case, the mayors of Detroit and surrounding cities—and a row of new cars. Fuel-efficient 1981 models are parked

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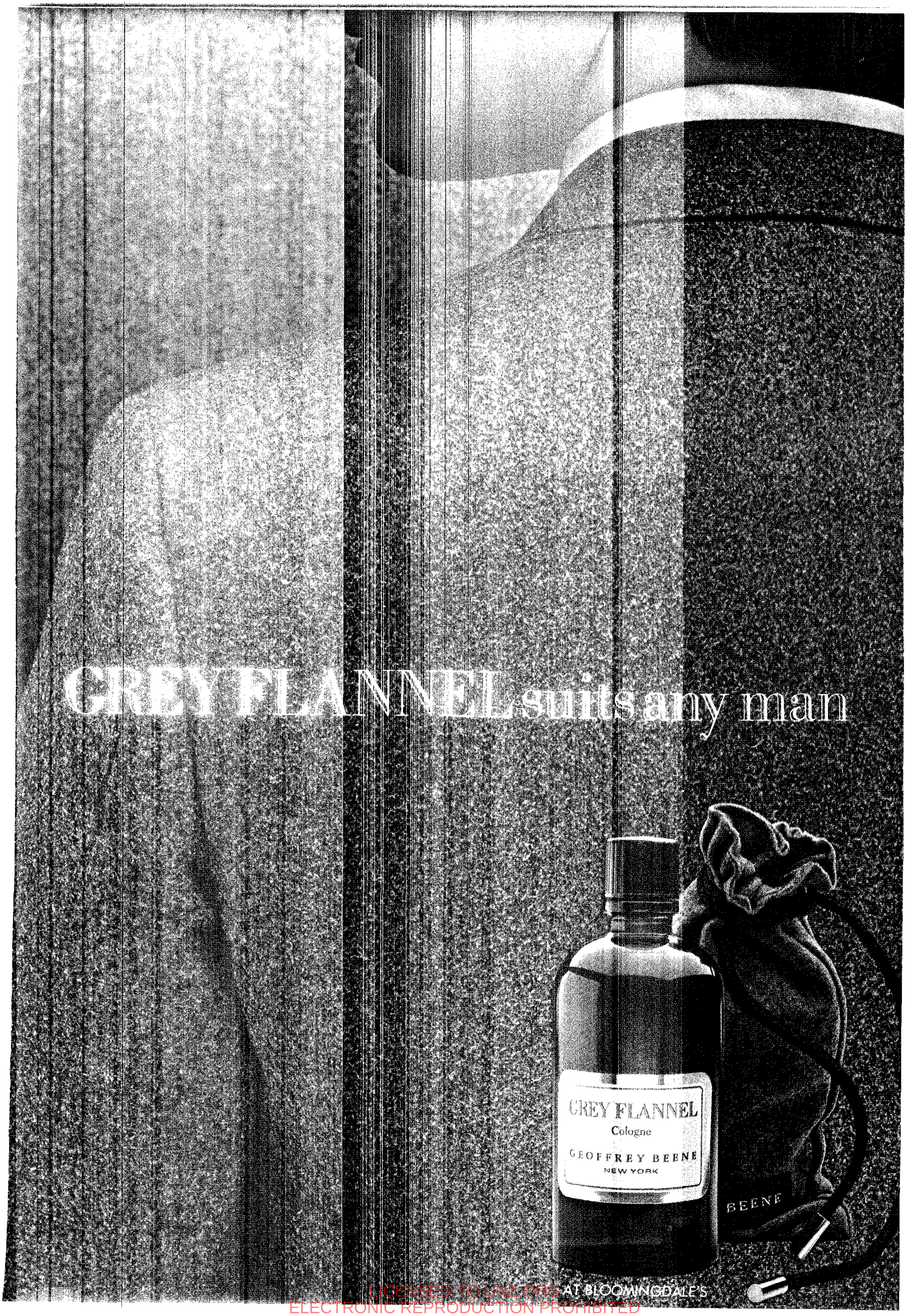
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on the runway, with signs atop them giving the name of the company: a Chrysler K car, a General Motors Buick Skylark, a Volkswagen made in America, a Ford Escort, and an American Motors Eagle. The automobile industry has been both the cause and the symbol of Michigan's high unemployment, and these cars represent the hope for a recovery, so the politicians come here to associate themselves with them. Carter narrowly lost Michigan four years ago, and it is one of the states that are being fought over hardest. Both sides claim they are ahead here. A month ago, Reagan, who had opposed the recent government loan to Chrysler, came to Detroit and praised the Chrysler K car. Just before the opening of the Republican Convention in Detroit last July, the President stopped here at 7 A.M. en route to Tokyo to announce a series of actions he was taking to help the automobile industry. Yesterday, the White House announced a tripartite agreement between steel companies, steelworkers, and the government to help the steel industry. (Among other things, it will hold down the importation of steel—a policy that reverses a decision Carter made earlier this year and that could make cars, and many other things, cost more.) Automobiles and steel, of course, affect the economies of a number of states—particularly the ones the President will be visiting this week. (A White House aide said to me yesterday that the steel agreement would have "a big impact" in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York.) Douglas Fraser, the head of the United Auto Workers, has flown here with the President. Fraser supported Kennedy for the nomination, but now his union is working hard for Carter's reëlection—as are many other labor organizations. Aside from the campaign organization itself, labor is the most important component of the President's reëlection effort: getting people registered, "educating" union members, and, on Election Day, getting out the vote.

Now the President, dressed in a navy pin-striped suit, alights from Air Force One, which is always an impressive prop—blue, silver, and white, with "United States of America" painted on its side and a flag on its tail—and greets the dignitaries, after which he goes over to inspect the cars. As the photographers snap away, he stops at each car, listens to a company executive describe it, peers under the hood, asks questions. The President of the United States is blessing the new cars. The Reagan people may be good at arranging settings for their candidate, but how can a challenger beat this? Jody Powell, standing off to the side, has just received word from Washington that Reagan has said in an interview that he would scrap the SALT II treaty and that "the one card that's been missing in these negotiations has been the possibility of an arms race." Powell is happily telling reporters about it, but what use the President will make of this development has not yet been decided.

After about fifteen minutes of car inspection, the President leaves in a motorcade for a Ford plant in Wayne, a suburb of Detroit. The plant had been shut down about half the time during the first six months of this year, and then this summer it was closed for six weeks while it was converted for the production of the new cars. The plant is currently working two shifts in order to get the cars—the Escort and the Lynx—on the market. Models are in the showrooms, and the cars will go on sale Friday. Obviously, it doesn't hurt to have the President here today. Carter, wearing protective plastic glasses, tours the noisy plant in the company of Philip Caldwell, Ford's chairman; John Latini, the plant manager; and other company officials. He shakes hands with workers, gives them friendly smiles, and manages to look interested as the new models are explained to him. All the while, of course, he is surrounded by Secret Service agents and a large retinue of photographers. And then, as the pièce de résistance, the President gets in a red 1981 Escort, fastens his seat belt, and drives the car a few yards, off the assembly line. He doesn't often get to drive anymore. White House aides make sure that the photographers are in place.

Outside the plant, the President makes some remarks to a waiting crowd. Two high-school bands are on hand to play "Hail to the Chief," which they do rather lugubriously, and then Fraser and Caldwell, labor and management, praise the President for what he has done for the automobile industry. (Fraser says, "My dear sisters and brothers, for your own sake and for the sake of your country, reëlect Jimmy Carter." Caldwell reminds the crowd of the President's trip to Detroit last summer, and praises his new tax proposals to help industry and

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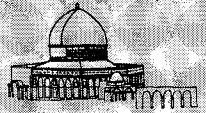
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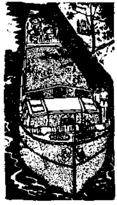
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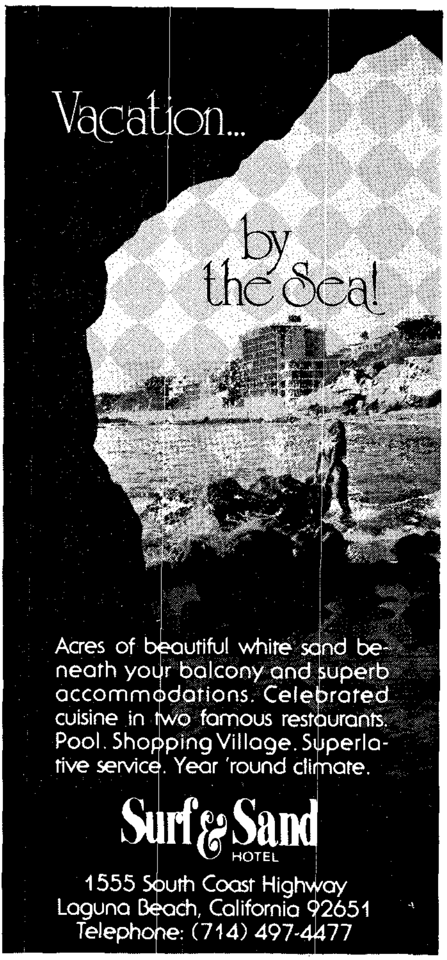
his "new approach to cost-effective regulations.") The President steps to a blue-topped lectern with the Presidential seal, which appears everywhere he does. He looks tired, and much aged from when he was doing this sort of thing four years ago, but he is not as pale as he sometimes is. It's a warm, sunny day, and he seems to enjoy being out here campaigning. "I've just seen some of the best-designed, best-built, most up-to-date automobiles in the world," he says. He follows his prepared text only in part—and this may be why on occasion he gets in trouble. He tells the crowd, "I remember as a boy in Georgia living on a farm studying the magazine ads as the new models for each year were revealed, and then as soon as I could get a chance to go to the county seat, over in Americus, Georgia, I would go there and look with wide-open eyes at the new American cars in the local automobile dealerships." He praises the automobile industry for having met consumers' demand for more fuel-efficient cars. (He does not mention how long it has taken the industry to get around to making such cars.) And he says, "Today, as President, I urge American consumers to go into the showrooms around this country and test-drive these new American cars. There's not a better-built, safer, more durable, or more efficient car today than these new American models." He tells the crowd he will make certain that the thousands of new cars and trucks the government will buy in the next few months are American-made. (The crowd applauds. It is already law that the government give preference to cars and trucks made in America.) He says, "I pledge to you that as President I'll use the full resources of my own office to insure that the American automobile industry has access to the capital it needs to retool, to compete, and to maintain its rightful share of the American automobile market." The President's recent tax-cut proposals are tilted in favor of the ailing automobile and steel industries.

Carter talks about steps he has taken to reduce foreign competition. (The Japanese have coöperated by announcing that they have asked their automobile exporters to "exercise prudence.") He talks about the new partnerships that have been established between industry, labor, and government to deal with the automobile and steel industries. Where we are headed with these arrangements is something that is yet to be sorted out. The advan-



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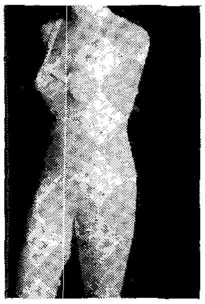
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tage is that they provide a way of bringing conflicting interests to the table (industry, labor, and environmentalists were involved in the negotiations concerning steel) and getting something done; the disadvantage is that the interests of the consumer might not be adequately represented. The subject of "reindustrialization" is all the rage, but it means different things to different people: it can mean bailing out sick industries, worthy or not; it can mean placing bets on new industries; it can mean paying off political I.O.U.s. Now the President brings in Franklin Roosevelt—perhaps he and Reagan are competing over who mentions him more often—and points out that Roosevelt and the automobile industry coöperated during the Depression and during the Second World War. And then he closes—sounding a bit like John Connally during the primaries—by saying, "I intend to be your President when a constant stream of ships full of American-built cars are unloading in Tokyo and Yokohama, and I want your help to make that come true." The audience applauds warmly. It's the President's birthday, and so he is given a several-tiered cake, and the crowd sings "Happy Birthday," somewhat awkwardly. Carter returns to the microphone and remarks, smiling, "You make cars better than you sing."

Ronald Reagan may talk, however vaguely, about the tax breaks and the jobs he will propose and provide; Carter can propose and provide them. Actually, Carter didn't have much to do with the automobile industry's eventual decision to build cars that were more fuel-efficient—he, like Gerald Ford before him, urged the companies to make the change, but the main inspiration came from OPEC and the consumers—yet he can drape himself on this progress, and he can offer help. One Carter adviser said to me some time ago that the Carter people felt that Ford didn't make very imaginative use of incumbency in 1976, and that they intended to do better. These trips offer good examples of what is possible. And there are many others. So much was made earlier this year of the Administration's use of well-timed grants and other federal projects that this approach is being played down—but not abandoned. Whenever such examples of federal munificence are announced, or discovered, Administration officials are careful to say that they had been "in the works." But, of course, the officials

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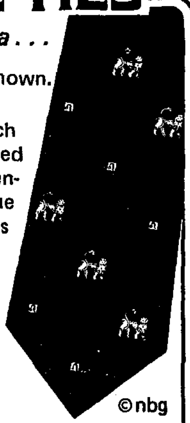

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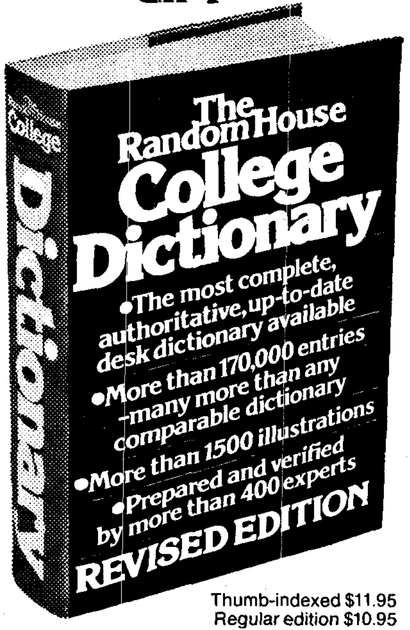
were aware that an election was coming, and what its date was. A large number of projects will be announced before the election. The Carter people did not invent this device; they just perfected it. Chicago, for example, was the recipient early this fall of quite a bit of federal good will. The Administration was concerned about the press attention that this got in Illinois, because, while it is pleased to have the support of Mayor Jane Byrne, a former Kennedy backer, it knows that she remains controversial and is engaged in a bitter political struggle with Richard M. Daley, who is a son of the late Mayor Richard J. Daley and who supported Carter in the primaries. Campaign trips to Illinois are highly delicate matters. These local struggles affect Presidential politics all the time. Vice-President Mondale ushered the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Saratoga into Philadelphia yesterday for a five-hundred-million-dollar overhaul at the Philadelphia navy yard. Standing on the deck of the carrier, the Vice-President said that because of the project "thousands of jobs that would have been lost will be saved and thousands of new jobs will be created." (There are, of course, some other not very subtle uses of incumbency, such as the Administration's recent decision to allow price supports for dairy products to rise, reversing an earlier Agriculture Department policy. A similar decision was made just before the Wisconsin primary. The Carter people didn't invent this device, either—though now, because of campaign-finance laws, no contributions can be involved.) But it is probably generally true, as some Carter officials say, that federal bounty is less important to the campaign at this stage than it was during the primaries. At that point, Carter had to rally elected Democratic officials against the Kennedy challenge, and while there are no longer many elected officials who can turn out a big vote, such people can be helpful in primaries and caucuses, where the turnout is usually quite low.

The Carter people are counting more heavily now on the benefits from the careful cultivation of special-interest and ethnic groups which has been going on for quite some time. The Administration worked with many of these groups in the formulation of policies, appointed many of their representatives to key Administration posts, and installed people in the White House to look after their concerns. All this was not done simply



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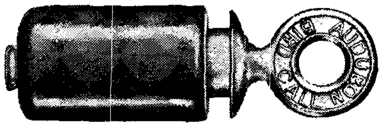

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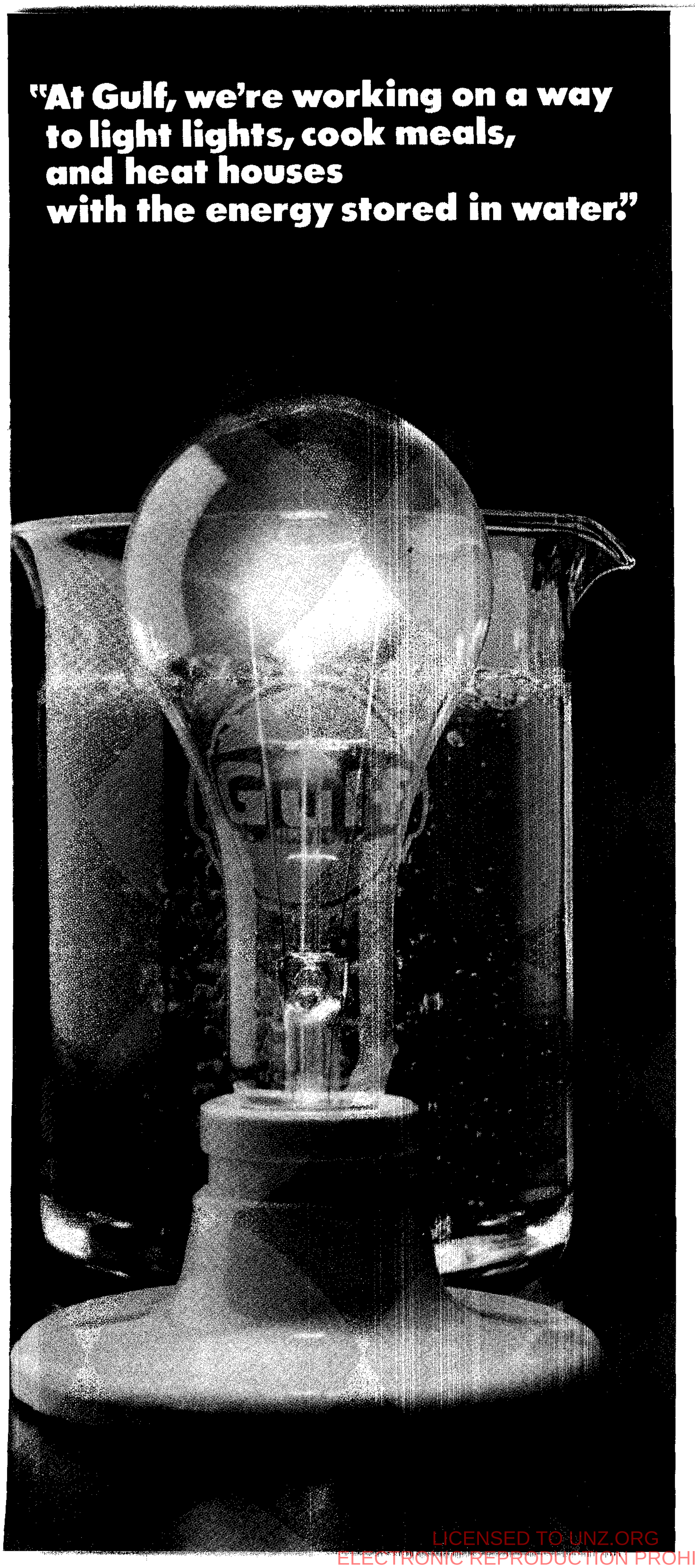
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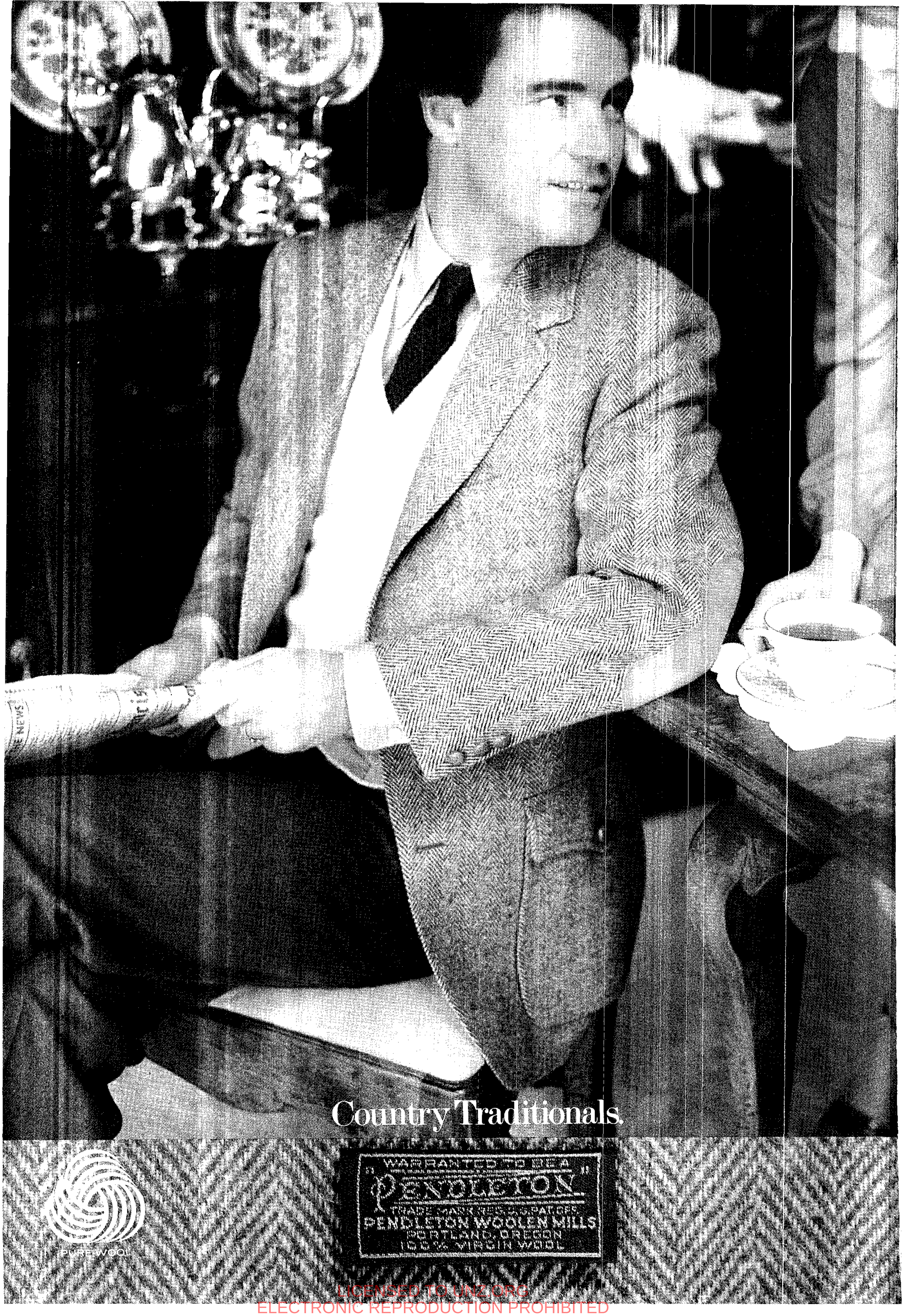
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the interest of enlightened govern-ent. There are good reasons for grass roots" involvement in policy-aking and for being conscious, in aking appointments, of the various gments of society. But the Carter dministration appears to have gone yond such considerations and into an tensely political exercise. And White ouse people are making extensive forts to see that the exercise pays off. or example, toward the end of last ear the Administration announced a rogram to help rural areas and small wns, and the direction of the pro-ram was placed in the same White ouse office that coördinates assistance mayors and governors. In all, about irty people in the White House, me detailed from other agencies, are orking on it. "The result is that ere are hundreds of organizations all ver the country that are pursuing ral economic-development projects," White House official says. Along e way, these groups have been invit- to the White House for "consulta-on." A couple of months ago, women aders from rural areas came to the hite House; a couple of days ago, rm workers' organizations met there. t the Democratic Convention, dele-ates representing rural areas were athered for a meeting with Jack atson, who used to head the White ouse liaison office and is currently e President's chief of staff. One hite House aide says of this pro-ram, "It's translatable into political ayoff. We've briefed our campaign eld people on it. It's just ndamental politics. These ral groups can work on gistration and getting out e vote, and they have a ake in Jimmy Carter's aying in office." This man xplains, "What's going on t this point is not so much onstituency-stroking—with ch a short time to go efore the election, there's no time for at. If we're going to reap the harvest f what we've done for the last three ears, we'll do it now. If we haven't own the seeds yet, forget it. One of e real secrets of this Administration that we've worked at constituency evelopment: if you look down the st of organizations and constituency roups, you'll find policies to match. e've gone out to constituency groups nd said, 'What are your needs?'" he National Education Association ot the Administration to create the epartment of Education, and the education profession in general got the largest increases in spending for education to have taken place in any administration. Mayors and governors have been treated solicitously. The Administration has tripled the size of federal procurement for minority contractors. The White House aide says, "The story of this Administration is that we've made the guts of government work in ways that pay off."

One theory behind the care that has been taken in making appointments, it was explained to me, is that in a time of economic difficulty the appointment of minority-group members to the executive branch and the judiciary gives the Administration something to talk about. There is a White House aide whose sole job is to deal with ethnic groups, one whose job is to work with labor, one who works with blacks, one who works with Hispanics, one who works with women, one who works with Jews, one who works with consumer groups. The head of the Council on Environmental Quality, which is within the Executive Office of the President, has been working with environmental groups. One weekend in September, representatives of several of these organizations—Friends of the Earth, the Sierra Club, the Fund for Animals, the Audubon Society, the Wilderness Society—had a day-long meeting in Washington to decide what they were going to do politically. According to a White House official, they considered endorsing Anderson, on the theory that if Anderson did well enough to throw the election into the House of Representatives they would have substantial bargaining power. But then, according to the White House official, "cooler heads prevailed," and it was decided that leaders of these groups (twenty-two of them) would come to the White House and meet with the President on September 10th and announce their endorsement of him—which they did. (The endorsements were made in the names of the individual leaders, not of the organizations, either for policy reasons or, in some cases, because the organizations are tax-exempt.) A few days later, the environmentalists met with representatives of the Carter campaign to discuss where to concentrate their efforts to do the most good. The Sierra Club, for example, which has a political-action committee, is

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expected to concentrate its efforts on New York and California. (Last week, the President designated the Channel Islands, off Santa Barbara, a marine sanctuary—a matter of great importance to the Sierra Club—and the word went out over the environmentalists' network right away.) A similar sequence of events was followed with senior citizens' organizations and consumer groups. All these organizations have strong networks that can be helpful in the campaign. One White House aide says, "It does translate into activity at the grass-roots level. That's what it's all about."

The Carter campaign has put together an ad-hoc ethnic campaign committee, which, according to a Carter aide, represents just about every ethnic group in the country. "All those groups are out there working for us," the aide says. Unlike the national environmental or consumer groups, this person explained, the ethnic groups are organized more on a community basis, and can be quite helpful in specific areas. This person said that the President should do very well with the Polish National Alliance, an organization based in Chicago, to which the President made a speech a couple of weeks ago. (And last week Stanislaw Walesa, the father of Lech Walesa, the leader of the recent strikes in Poland, met with the President at the White House. On Labor Day, Walesa had stood alongside Reagan with the Statue of Liberty as a backdrop. Now he said he was grateful to Carter for the economic help the United States was giving Poland, and that he would support him. Walesa is not, however, a citizen.) Work is going on with groups of Italian-Americans, Greek-Americans, Lithuanian-Americans. "And don't forget the country-and-Western fans," a White House aide said. "Willie Nelson!" Willie Nelson is a favorite of the President and some of his aides, and his political utility has not been overlooked. They thought it was quite a stroke to have Willie Nelson sing the National Anthem one night at the Democratic Convention.

All this constituency-courting may explain a good deal about Jimmy Carter's politics, and also about his Presidency. One White House aide put it this way: "People ask, 'Where's the theory? Where's the glue?' We built the record of this Administration bit by bit, group by group. We weren't unaware of the political benefits, and it fits Jimmy Carter's style. It's the way

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e ran for election four years ago. He's iductive rather than deductive. We've orked with the individual groups and ied to solve constituency problems. If e have failed, we have failed to draw together and give people a picture of hat it all adds up to. Therefore, peole say, 'What's he done?' It's all of piece with his politics." Carter ran or the nomination in 1976 by trying pick off this group and that one, nd this was part of what led people decide that he was "fuzzy." He arried what many see as the habits quired in a campaign for the nomiation into his campaign for the Presidency, and then right into the White louse. There was something for this roup and something for that one, omething here and something there, nd no one, including Carter, could say hat it all added up to. Some people ho have observed him at close hand iink the problem of definition goes ack further than the first campaign or the Presidency; they suggest that it ems from a tradition in Southern polics of deliberately blurring the picture, f consciously avoiding definition.

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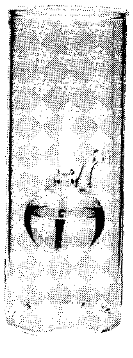

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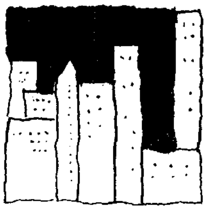
ers at random, but with an eye out to see that different ages, races, sexes, and ethnic origins are represented. Carter aides say that the questions are not screened. A local television station usually broadcasts the entire town meeting, as will happen in the case of today's event, and there is extensive local and regional coverage. Also, while he is in an area the President will often give an interview, lasting perhaps half an hour, to from one to four local TV and radio reporters. And he usually gives a newspaper interview as well, to be run in question-and-answer form in a local paper. Following today's town meeting, Carter will give such an interview to a reporter from the Detroit *Free Press*. Jody Powell has explained to me that these television and newspaper interviews give the President an opportunity to talk about his record, which the President's aides are convinced the national press will not cover when *he* talks about it in campaign appearances.

Today's town meeting is held in the gymnasium of the Flint Northern Community High School. A band plays "Hail to the Chief" when the President enters, to great applause. In his opening remarks, Carter tells the audience he is pleased to be in Flint on his birthday (cheers) and praises the cars he saw earlier today (more cheers). He urges Americans to buy American-made cars (applause) and says, "I will not rest as President until our automobile industry is completely competitive and has its tax laws written and economic assistance provided and investment capital ready and the protection of American workers that's necessary for us to make our entire American automobile industry competitive in every sense of the word." He talks about the "new partnerships" between government and labor and industry. And he talks again about the coöperation between the automobile industry and Franklin Roosevelt. And he says once more, "I intend to be President when a constant stream of American ships filled with American-built automobiles are unloading every week and every month in Tokyo and Yokohama, and I want you to help make that pledge come true." (Cheers, applause.) The President answers questions about the Cuban-refugee problem, and he points out that the Administration first cut the number of refugees (the "open arms" policy was causing serious political trouble, e pecially in Florida, a key state f Carter), that Cuba has now ended t refugee flow, and that refugees wl have not yet been settled will be sent Puerto Rico. (Puerto Rico has no ele toral votes.)

One questioner gives a little spee about the importance of Flint. T President says that he agrees, and points out that he is here (applause that he and Mondale came here t gether on the night before the 19 election (applause), and th this is his fifth visit he (applause). He also says th he knows the citizens Flint have been hurt by t fact that the automobile i dustry was too slow change its *models*—"n heart goes out to those who suffer"- and that his Administration is wor ing to put Flint back on its feet.



Carter is asked "what the future for our senior citizens," and he repli that that depends a lot on what ha pens on November 4th, and then go on to talk about the importance keeping the Social Security syste sound. He says that Social Securi payments must keep up with inflatio and adds, "We need a nationwi comprehensive health program for o people." (Carter hasn't been talki about national health insurance mu lately, but in 1976 he did promise t U.A.W. that he would back such program.) There are more questio about what he will do for the aut mobile industry and for Flint, a questions about the current fighti between Iran and Iraq. The Pre ident's aides are not unaware that t war presents a situation in which t President can appear "Presidential The pity of it is, for him and for t country, that incumbents have so e ploited international situations for p litical purposes—Carter didn't inve this device, either, but he certain makes use of it—that the public highly skeptical of anything that said or done about such crises.

Carter is positive and definite giving his answers. From the time came on the national scene, it was cle that he enjoyed appearing knowledg able (whether he knew just what was talking about or not), like schoolboy who has studied his lesson As President, he has a lot more info mation to draw on. Carter is a studie He gets to the office between 5:30 an 6 A.M., and often spends several hou in solitude, accessible to no one. He

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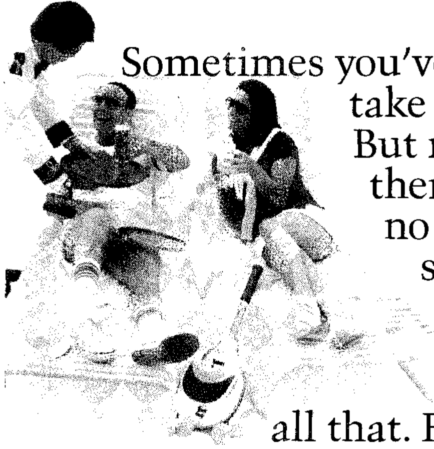

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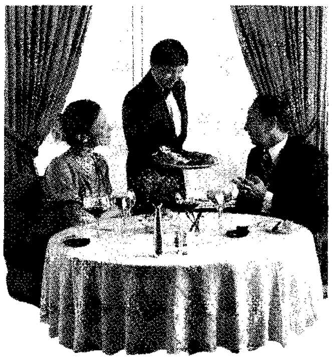

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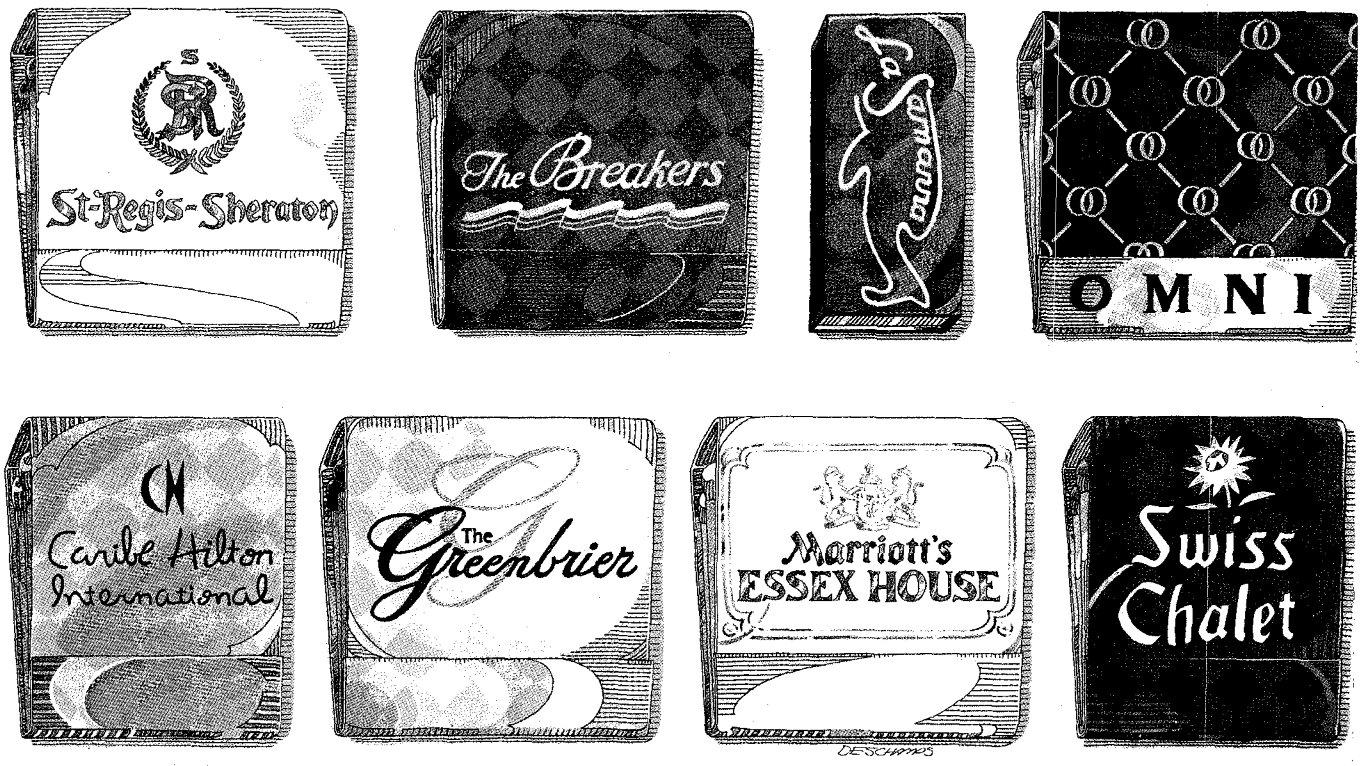
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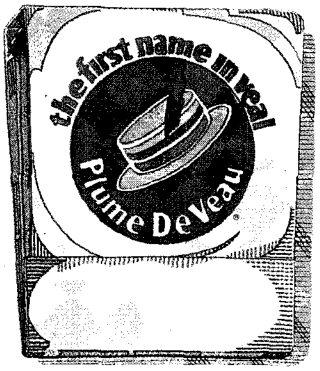
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Now a little girl asks him a question at is almost too good to be true: "My addy is a Republican and my mom is ndecided. What is the difference beween the Republican and you so I can ell my parents how to vote?" The resident tells the little girl that that is n excellent question and says that the emocratic Party "has always been he one that cared most about human eings," and he talks about this at ength, identifying himself closely ith the traditions of the Party. His pponent, he says, was against Mediare and Medicaid, and he cites sugestions Reagan has made in the past hat there should be a voluntary aspect o Social Security—this is a favorite ssue of the Carter campaign—and he ummons up quotes of Reagan's against id to New York City and to Chrysler. nd then he says that every President ince Harry Truman has been for rms control but that "my opponent is gainst the SALT treaty that we're tryng to get ratified now, and he believes e ought to have a nuclear-arms race o convince the Soviet Union that we re the most powerful nation on arth." He concludes, "With an arms ace there would be no way for the oviet Union to agree to balanced reuctions in atomic weapons." This is s much as the President and his aides lan to make of this material today. hey do not want to distract attention rom the automobile events, which ey think went well; they want to see ow Reagan's SALT statement plays in e press; and they would prefer to ave more time to prepare a response. oreover, by waiting a day, they gure, they can make it a longer-runing story. More use will be made of he SALT issue in the coming days.

The President answers questions bout the draft ("There's not going to e any draft; the registration is to revent the need for a draft"—a coment he does not explain); about a roposed submarine communications ystem; about the Ku Klux Klan ("a espicable and obnoxious blight on the ree society of America"); about federl jobs programs. The questioners inroduce themselves, and the President sually addresses them by their first ame; toward the end, he takes his acket off—a Carter trademark—in a ove that suggests he is having a fine ime and feels at home. He is applaud-d. When a truck driver involved in auling American-made trucks asks about getting trade assistance because of the importation of Japanese trucks, the President says that he will talk to the Secretary of Labor and call the driver back personally (applause). The President closes the session with a statement that incorporates one of his major campaign themes. He mentions the difficult problems the country is facing, cites the progress that has been made on reducing the imports of oil, and says, "The point is our nation has faced much more serious challenges and much more serious problems in years gone by than any that I have seen since I have been in the White House—the Great Depression, the First World War, the Second World War, Watergate, the Vietnam War. Those kinds of things have shocked this country and endangered our very existence and our nation's security." He continues, going into his upbeat message, "We've got problems now. I don't want to underestimate them. There are no easy answers. But our country, when we were united and when we understood the problem or the challenge or the obstacle, has never failed, and I don't have any doubt in my mind as President of this country that the United States of America, a united people, as we face the future together we will not fail." Then he adds another Carter trademark: "And you can depend on that."

CARTER had an upbeat message four years ago, and he gave it with more assurance. Of course, he didn't have as much reality weighing him down then. There are advantages to being the incumbent, but there are also advantages to being the challenger—as Carter is finding out. There was a boldness about the Carter of four years ago, particularly in the early part of the campaign, that is missing now. Something seems to have gone out of him. In fact, the boldness seemed to leave him soon after he got to the White House; an uncertainty, sometimes indecisiveness, began to show through. In 1976, he drove his campaign staff; after that, he became more malleable. He did some bold things after he got to the White House, but not as many as his campaign, particularly in the early stages, might have led one to expect. When some of his initiatives began to falter, so did he. He gave the impression in 1976 that when he got to Washington he would move the furniture around, but, as things turned out, he didn't seem to know how to manage that. The un-

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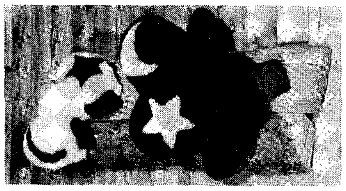
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certainty led to a series of regroupings in which he and his aides tried to redefine his Presidency: he would take on "Washington;" he would try to coöperate with Congress; he would be a populist; he would try to coöperate with industry—all of which culminated in the retreat to Camp David in the summer of 1979. There followed the spectacle of the comings and goings of politicians and thinkers and the speech that became known as his "malaise" speech, in which he said that he would try to be a better President but also that there was a crisis of the American spirit. This was followed by the firing of Cabinet officers and word from the White House that the Administration would be taking dramatic new initiatives—and that was the end of it. The picture that emerged was not of a President who was in charge. Carter does not have a commanding presence, and his efforts to appear to take charge have flopped. The cause and effect—the mixture of the lack of a commanding presence and the lack of confidence—is impossible to sort out. And there has been so much zigging and zagging on policies that he, and the policies, have seemed lost at times. He has made it difficult for other politicians to support his policies—they never know when they might get left in the breach.

As a matter of fact, Carter's record is better than his leadership style, and it is the leadership style that keeps the record from being appreciated. Most objective observers would agree that Carter has taken on some difficult, even miserable problems, and doggedly worked them through. Energy is about as difficult an issue as there has been for some time, and his Administration has made some real progress on it. The record on the economy is not outstanding, of course, but this is a problem for which solutions are elusive. Other Presidents might have found reasons to avoid taking on the Panama Canal problem. (Other Presidents did avoid taking it on.) The Camp David accords on the Middle East were a result of Carter's doggedness. There are a number of less dramatic problems on which the President has plugged away and got things done. Deregulation of certain industries and Civil Service reform do not sound very exciting. Recitations of the list of his legislative achievements tend to make the audience nod off. The various kinds of things he has done do not lend themselves to an all-embracing theme, such as "the New Deal." Any fair judg-

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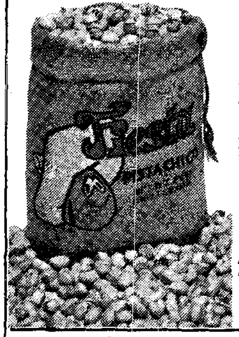

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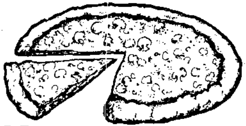

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ıent of Carter will have to take into onsideration how much was within is control. His Presidency coincided vith historical forces that, however rustrating, the United States could ıot command. It is not unprecedented or a President to be paralyzed by Congress on certain issues, but these ays the potential for paralysis is more ıighly developed. And, even at that, Carter's record with Congress, measured on a box-score basis, is not so ad—though his relations with Congress are nearly terrible.

But what Carter has achieved has een discounted by his inability to get t across, and by the intensely political haracter of so much of what he does, nd by the zigzags. He is constantly blurring the picture. History, if it is air, will probably say of Carter that ıe was able to get some things done ut that he wasn't able to lead, that he vasn't able to get the confidence of the eople—which is an important failure. Carter is not an able speaker, or even, n one sense, an able politician. He can vork at this and work at that, fix this nd that, but he lifts no spirits, kindles ıo imaginations, does not get people hinking in new ways. He does not appear to be a man totally without a ompass, but in reaching for the political fruits of so many of his acts he heapens them, and demeans the Presidency. Carter does not come across as he kind of man who would wreck the ountry for his own aggrandizement, ut he does often come across as omeone who would go to great engths to get ten per cent more of the Chicano vote, or what have you.

One gets the impression of a man vho is terribly serious about policy but eeps undermining himself. And in the rocess he undermines the motivation f those who might help—in Congress, among outsiders. People get umped up about taking on this problem or that, and then Carter takes the ir out of them. Part of the trouble is hat he is a poor presenter of what he s trying to do. He does not know how o carry people along. He has little aste for the sweatiness and earthiness f politics; he seems to undervalue the motional and psychological links between people that make things happen, ınd he seems to believe that arguments peak for themselves—that if you've nade your argument, that's all you ıeed to do. He doesn't seem to understand that people in political life act—or don't act—because of loyalty and affection and a whole range of psychological factors, a web of relation-

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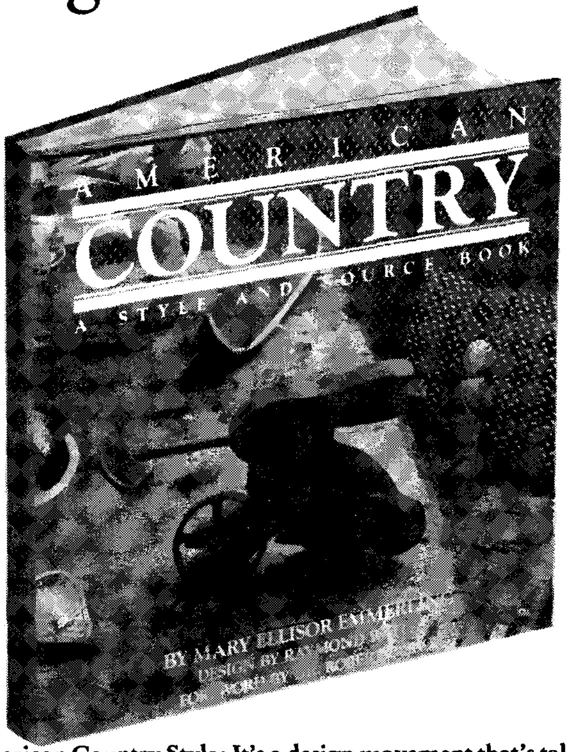

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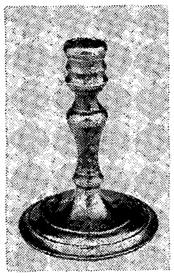

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ships which builds up. Or, if he understands this, he doesn't much act on it. Perhaps he can't. Some people who have been watching him think that the cold side of his nature and the engineer in him have taken over increasingly, after efforts to reach people through a speech—to inspire—have failed. Though he can be quite charming, his inturned personality is such that he often deadens political meetings—even small ones, at which legend has it that he is so good. He has established several alliances of convenience but acquired few true allies. He has few friends. He came to Washington a loner and he remains a loner. Though he can command the spotlight at will, and though we have seen much of him, he gives off little sense of who he is or what he thinks or where he thinks he's going. This has placed a pall over his Presidency, and over his campaign for reëlection.

NIAGARA FALLS, New York. A few days ago, it was decided that the President would do a favor for Jerry Wurf, the president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, who has been helpful to the Carter campaign, by coming here to address the annual convention of one of the union's New York State employees locals—a large one, numbering some two hundred and twenty-five thousand members. The New York local—the Civil Service Employees Association, an outgrowth of the old state patronage system—is far from solidly Democratic, and is powerful in upstate New York. But it has endorsed Carter, and he is also helping himself in coming here. The President's campaign strategists decided that while the President was in this area he could help himself further by signing two documents of great importance to citizens here. If signing ceremonies at the White House no longer cause much of a stir in the national media, they can still make a splash at the local level. And so, in a room at the Niagara Falls International Convention Center, the President signs an agreement, reached in August, between the federal government and the State of New York, to help relocate citizens living in the area of the Love Canal, which has been used as a toxic-waste dump, and a bill to provide federal funds for cleaning up the nuclear waste left by a nuclear-fuel-reprocessing plant situated near here. Both documents are indicative of a new kind of problem that govern-

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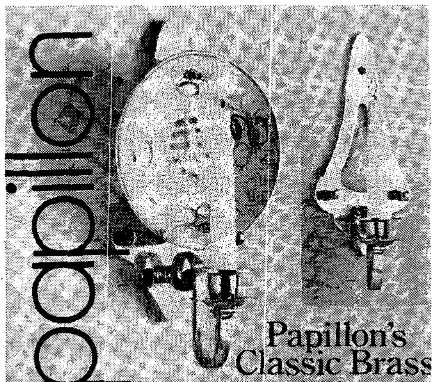

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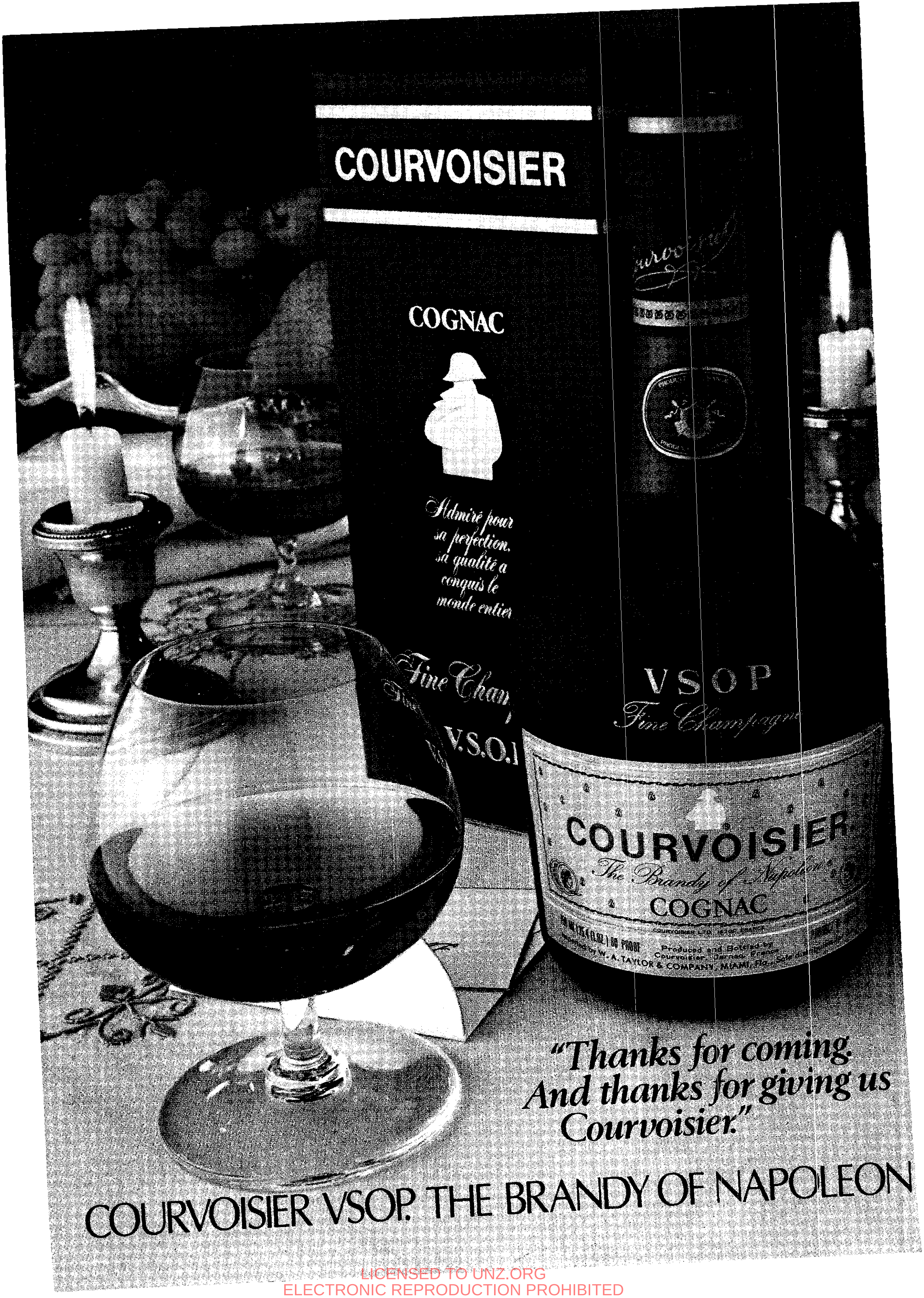
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ment has to deal with. New York's governor, Hugh Carey, and its two senators, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Jacob Javits, and other politicians are on the stage with him, and local political and labor leaders are gathered in the audience. Carey and Carter are not enormously enthusiastic about each other, but signing ceremonies bring together all manner of people to share the credit. The Carter campaign is still hoping that Javits, who lost his bid for renomination by the Republican Party and is now listed on the Liberal line along with John Anderson, will drop out of the race. And they are all on the stage, smiling.

In the ballroom of the convention center, the President opens his remarks to the Civil Service Employees Association by saying, "If I can't be at home with Rosalynn and Amy, I can't think of any place I'd rather be than here with you." (Applause.) He has been given a warm welcome. "Happy Birthday" was sung to him for what seemed like the thousandth time today, and Carey gave him an "I ♥ New York" T-shirt and a gold Tiffany "I ♥ New York" lapel pin. William McGowan, the union's president, has told the audience, "Brothers and sisters, James Earl Carter is our candidate, and we're going to work our butt off for him." This union has a great many members who work in mental hospitals, and the President tells the audience about the "lifetime of commitment" that he and his wife have made to the cause of mental health, and announces that yesterday he appointed McGowan to serve on the President's Commission on Mental Retardation. He praises Wurf, makes a joke about Wurf's outspokenness, talks about the progress that has been made on energy, about his visit to Detroit and about the steel agreement, praises public-service workers (no more talk about "bloated bureaucracy"), and talks about some of the hings that still have to be done. He mentions welfare reform and ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. He says, "I cannot agree with every proposal you make and also agree with every proposal that other groups in this country make. . . . I cannot promise you that there'll be unlimited federal resources to meet every demand that's presented to my desk in the Oval Office. I can't promise that every new program will be passed through the Congress without delay, even if you and I agree that it ought to be done. I cannot promise you that there will not be difficult challenges in the future and tough decisions to be made." But, he tells them, "we share the same ideals and the same goals and the same hopes in the future."

And then Carter spells out what he thinks "the consequences might be if the wrong decision is made" in the election. He attacks—using Reagan quotes—positions Reagan has taken in the past on the minimum wage, the New Deal, the Occupational Safety and Health Act, unemployment compensation, Medicaid and Medicare, and aid to Chrysler and to New York City. He quotes Reagan as having said that the Humphrey-Hawkins bill was "a design for Fascism." (Reagan said this in an interview in which he also said that "Fascism was really the basis for the New Deal.") Carter's aides have decided that the President should pull back from trying to paint Reagan as a bad man—they realize that Reagan is thought of as a "good guy"—and should try instead to ridicule him, using more of his quotes and proposals as material rather than generalizing. But Carter doesn't quite carry it off. His timing is bad, and his delivery doesn't get his message across. One can't help thinking what other politicians might have done with the same material: Edward Kennedy offered one example at the Democratic Convention, and Vice-President Mondale in his campaign appearances is more successful at this than Carter. Carter twits Reagan for having had to change his tax-cut proposal, but when he makes the point that even Gerald Ford opposes a three-year tax cut, which Reagan is offering, he muffs it. And when he attacks the substance of Reagan's tax proposals he seems to exaggerate the deficit that would result. He misleads his audience about a Reagan proposal to transfer the operation of some federal programs to the states, suggesting that Reagan would have the states pay the full costs of programs like welfare. (Reagan does not propose this. He did appear to be proposing such a thing for a while during the 1976 primaries, but after the Ford people landed on that he switched and talked about transferring the administration of some programs to the states, along with the funds to pay for them. There may be problems with this proposal, too, but Carter misrepresents it.) Carter is making a

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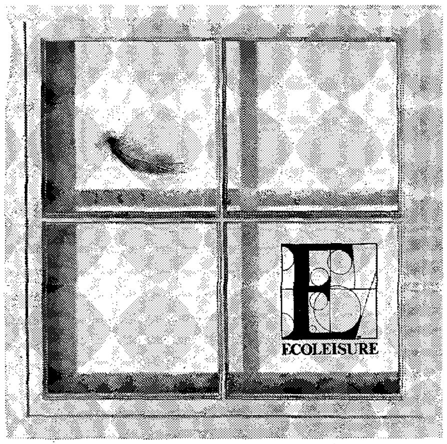

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case more against Reagan than for himself. He speaks strongly, for him, but his delivery still lacks strength. He concludes by telling the audience that "New York State can make the difference in the entire election outcome for the nation, and what happens in this region and what happens in your own communities all over this state can spell out the difference for the future of the country." Earlier this week, Carter said that he could not win if he didn't carry New York, and that appears to be true. The applause for him at the conclusion of his remarks is less enthusiastic than it was at the beginning.

ON the plane back to Washington, I have a talk with Jody Powell. Powell is as close to Carter as anyone other than Mrs. Carter, spends more time with him these days than any of his other aides, and in many ways both affects and reflects his thinking. I ask Powell if he is concerned that the President hasn't given any excitement to this campaign, or got across a positive feeling that he should be reëlected.

"Yes," Powell replies. "That's certainly a problem. He's not the sort of person who has people storming the barricades."

"Why is that?" I ask.

Powell replies, "Part of it is his nature and personality. He isn't a spellbinding orator. It's not his style; he doesn't put a lot of stock in it. A lot of politicians have found out—Ed Muskie in 1972, for one—it's hard to evoke the sort of committed, storm-the-barricades attitude if you are a centrist, moderate, middle-of-the-road candidate." (There is a story that in 1972 one of Muskie's campaign advisers told him that his problem was that the people didn't have any sense of his "vision," and Muskie is said to have replied, "Well, what is it?") Powell continues, "There is a fairly good rule in politics that the extremity of the position and the fervency of the support have a fairly close correlation. If Howard Baker had won the Republican nomination, his support would have been much less fervent than Ronald Reagan's, but he would have been a much more formidable candidate. I'm not concerned about it, because as long as I've known Jimmy Carter—and before I knew him—people have talked that way about him, and he keeps on winning elections."

Then do you feel, I ask Powell, that Carter is making the best possible case for his reëlection?

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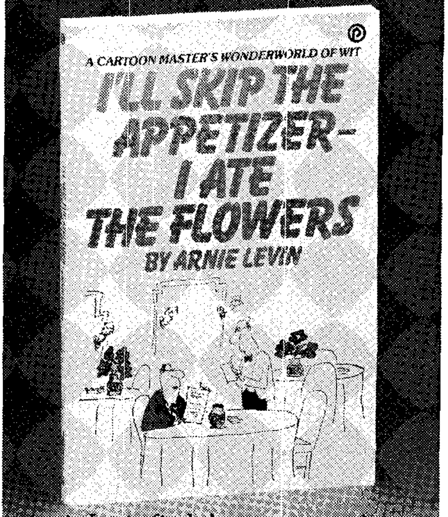
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He replies, slowly, "No—no—no." He continues, "We're getting there, though. He's got to work things through in his own mind. He's got to work on his ad libs. That's one of the prices, frankly, of not being on the stump in the primaries. Reagan's been on the road forever, and he was campaigning in the primaries. The question is, How do you sum it all up? The whole point is to get people to understand, as the President has said over and over again, the very serious differences between what the next four years would be with Jimmy Carter in the White House and with Ronald Reagan in the White House. The question s, How do you make the point in a way that doesn't distract people from what the point really is?"

What about making the positive case for why it should be Carter?

Powell replies, "The problem there s that nobody would cover that. Nobody is going to write two paragraphs about Jimmy Carter saying, 'These are the things I've done that ought to make you vote for me.' People aren't going to report that. It's not a conspiracy against Jimmy Carter that they don't report it when Jimmy Carter says it. They don't report it when anybody says it."

The Carter campaign is conscious of criticisms that it is not dealing with "the issues," and so it has been decided hat, beginning October 12th, Carter will give fifteen-minute radio talks on Sundays. (The original plan was that hey would last a half hour.) The alks are supposed to be thoughtful and issue-oriented. The idea is that, hough not many people will listen, he press will report that Carter is giving these talks. Moreover, since there s little news on Sundays, there is more ikely to be coverage of the talks in the Monday papers than if they were made on any other day.

As the plane circles for its landing in Washington, Powell says, "There may be different approaches, but the bottom ine is how do you put the hay down so he mules can get at it." He pauses, and adds, "We ain't there yet, but we'll get there." —ELIZABETH DREW

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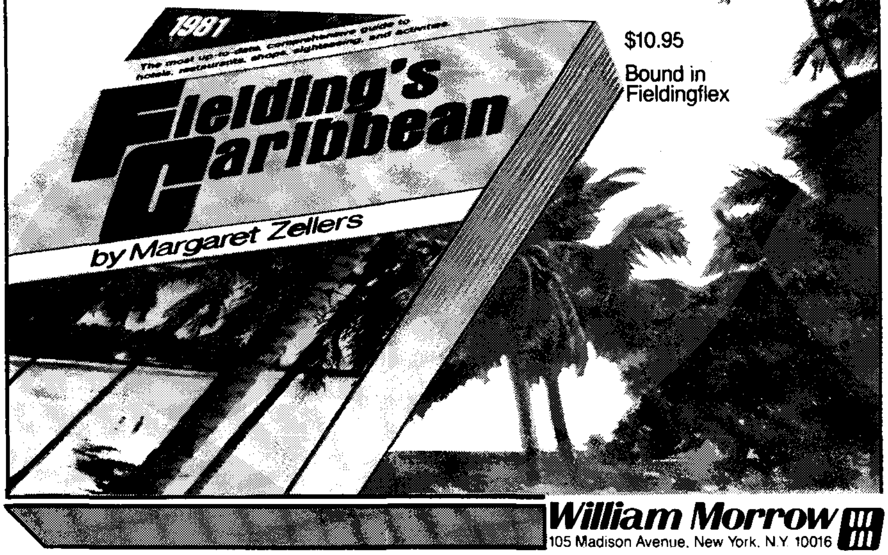
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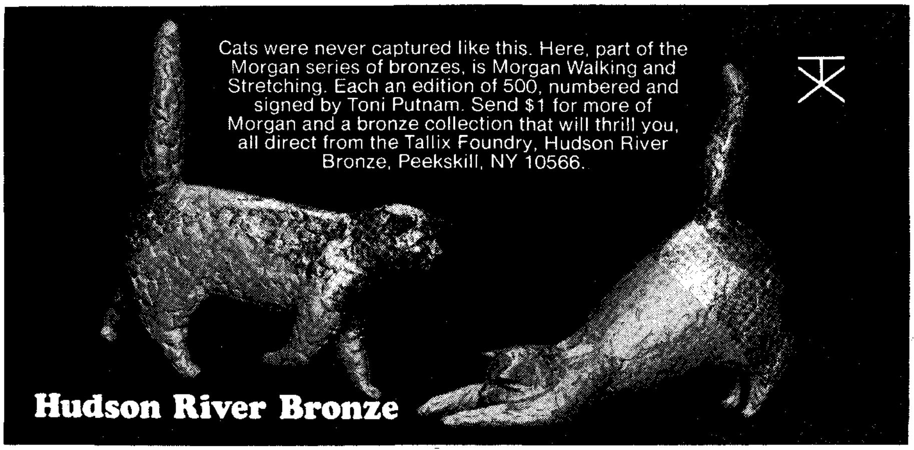
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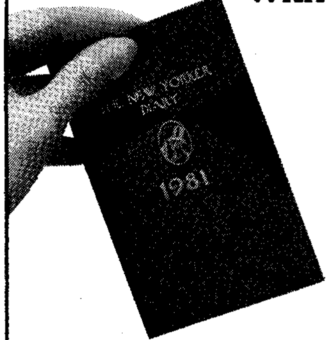

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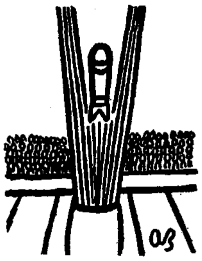
Kingdoms for Quarterbacks (Cont'd)



THE wish that one could be in two places at once was never stronger than it was last Saturday: out in Utah, the successor to this observer's cherished Marc Wilson, Brigham Young's graduated quarterback, is Jim McMahon, whose proponents have been practically unruly in their espousing of his skill. Against Wyoming that afternoon, McMahon threw the ball for a bit more than four hundred yards and a winning count of 52–17. The second temptation was Yale and Harvard, both of them in Boston over the weekend, as they have been so often over the centuries, and not—for the first time ever—going up against one another. The gods' disapproval of this flaw in protocol was demonstrated by a determined fall of rain that made Saturday afternoon slick and slippery (Harvard 20, Cornell 12) and the evening an all-out abomination (Boston College 27, Yale 9). The meet with Boston College, a Big Time operator that should have been, and was, more than a match for even the best the Ivy League can field, was awarded to Yale—so one of those stories goes—because Restic, the Harvard coach, wanted none of such an encounter, and never mind the box-office possibilities of a contest between two inhabitants of the same habitat. Yale's one true problem this autumn is the lack of speed in its deep defense; Loughery, the Boston quarter (and, by the way, one of the few quarters in this region who were not in difficulties of one sort or another last week), was throwing to split ends possessed of the speed of scatbacks. Rogan, the major Yale quarter, is not the world's fastest human, and it was probably just as well that Manley, who has scatback size and scatback swiftness, replaced him for a considerable portion of the evening. Trying to scramble against the Boston College line is only for the fleet of foot. At that, attempting to deal with a forward wall as huge as the one Boston College has assembled for this semester is an assignment wholly unsuited to Ivy Leaguers, even though that line is far larger than the collection of victories it has put together so far. Cornell, essaying to deal with another Outsider, Rutgers, the weekend before, lost not only the fight but most of the services of Ryan its best quarter, whose throwing against Harvard was not, because of a damaged shoulder, what could have been expected. And Harvard, which has lost all of the services of Buckley its first-string quarter, since he was damaged in a collision with Army the previous Saturday, was going with Buchanan instead—a Buchanan effective enough but not at all as experienced as Buckley, largely because he was, after another injury, out of service for most of last season. Yale should have borrowed the Harvard deep defense for the evening with Boston College: a Harvard cornerback who bears the name of Rocky Delgadillo stole three Army putative touchdown passes and cut off two runners who were on their way to other putativ touchdowns during an outing of th week before; on Saturday, he interrupted a Cornell touchdown pitchou almost at the Harvard goal and ran i back for a Harvard touchdown—not game-winning touchdown, but enoug of a rabbit punch to inflict mental injury. Metz, another ranking Cornel quarter, had likewise been put out o action in the meet with Rutgers, an an unknown character, Fusco, filled i for both him and Ryan. So effectivel did he work the option play that seemed that Cornell was about to catc up with Harvard; then—and this wa a mild surprise—Ryan returned to action, and the option was discarded This fall, which could have been Cornell fall in the Ivy League, wi now belong to someone else. No though, to Dartmouth, which los out once again, to William and Mary and late, late in the day, at 17–14 And not to Princeton, which acquire its first triumph of the season, a 31–19, against Columbia. Princeto has had trouble all fall at quarter, an Columbia has had even more. And no to Brown, even though it overcam with remarkable (or perhaps unremarkable) ease a not very cohesiv Pennsylvania, at 42–22. A carefull considered guess is that on the last Saturday in November the League fa will become the possession of eithe Yale or Harvard. It should be th match of the year for the easygoing companionable, and never tremendously efficacious Kingdom of Lilliput.

—J. W. L

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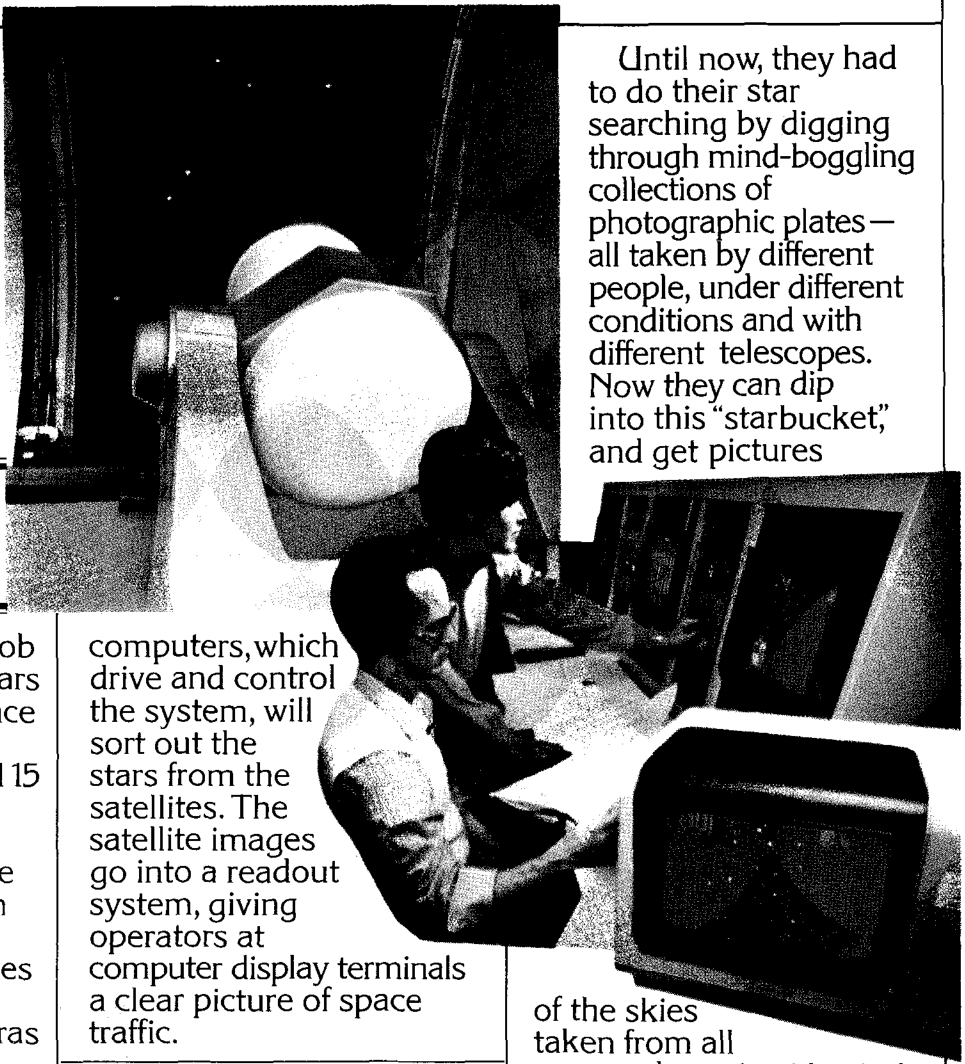

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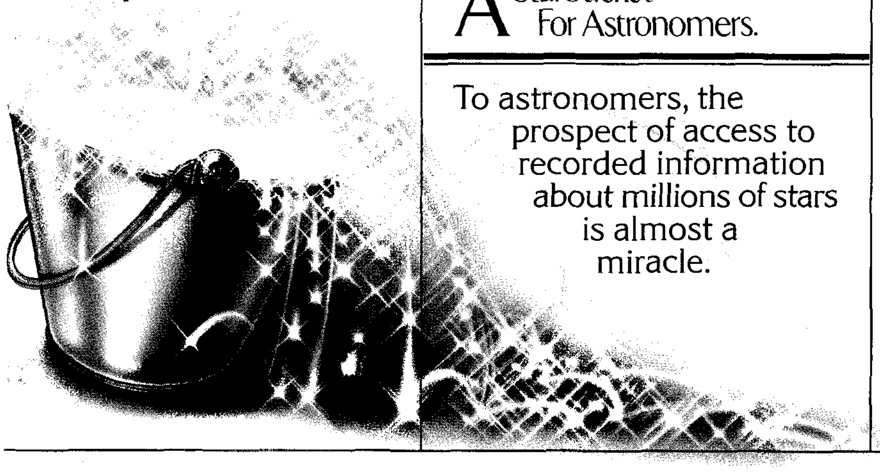

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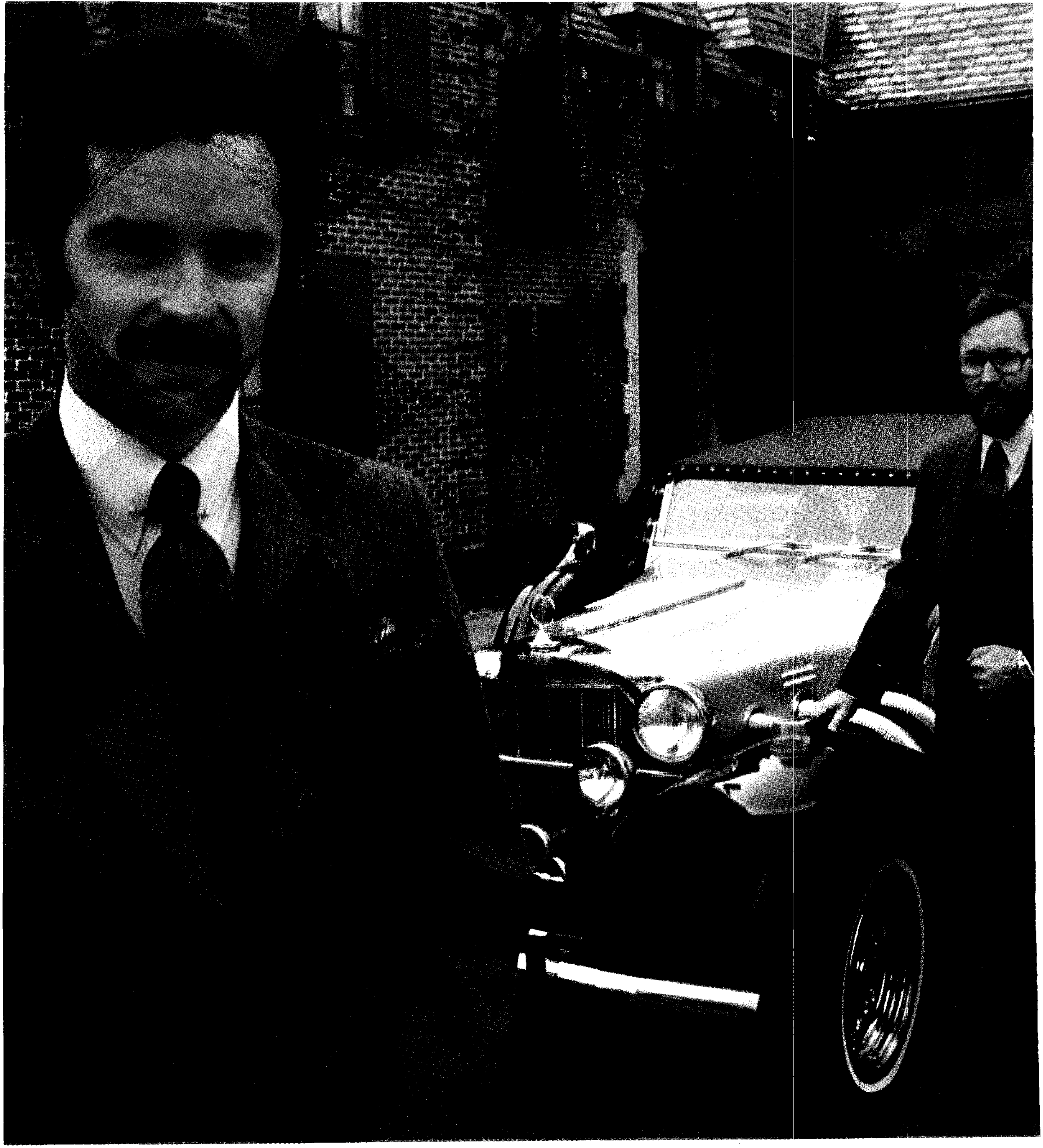


Impeccable styling, fine craftsmanship, and uncommon value are tailored into Imperial by Haggar. David Stevens (left) wears a charcoal three-piece herringbone suit of Dacron® and Australian Merino Wool for added comfort. Suggested retail prices: Coat, $85. Vest, $25. Slacks, $37.50. About $147.50, the suit. William Stevens (right) wears a gray Imperial suit of 100% worsted wool. Suggested retail prices: Coat, $90. Vest, $27. Slacks, $38. About $155, the suit.

BOOKS

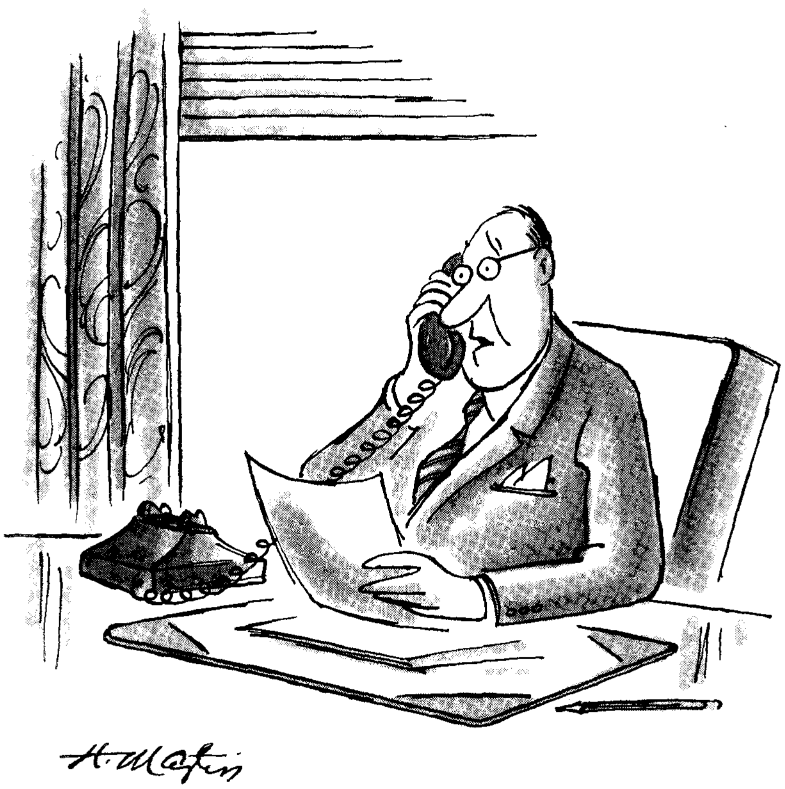
Superlatives

AS a native, if expatriated, Missourian, I have long been comfortably aware that the best iules in the world are bred in Misouri, that Shaw's Garden, in St. ouis, is the finest botanical garden in ie United States, and that the best alami and prosciutto made in America re produced by John Volpi & Company, Inc., also in St. Louis. I was ierefore favorably impressed upon pening "America's Best! 100," a ompendium of superior goods and ervices written by a widely travelled oston publicity man named C. Paul uongo and published (at $9.95) by ie Sterling Publishing Company, of lew York, to find that the Missouri iule, Shaw's Garden, and Volpi's alami and prosciutto all were listed iere. I would, to be sure, have been ven better pleased if Mr. Luongo had een able to acknowledge that the best nglish muffins baked in the United tates are baked in the ovens of Wolfman's Original English Muffin ompany, in Kansas City, Missouri. ut since he sensibly refrains from elebrating any other English muffin, o matter.

Mr. Luongo's preference for quality ems to have been acired from his father. he book's jacket ives us an example of is father's teaching— I would rather have ie beer at the [Boson] Ritz than five at ie nearest saloon"— id the elder Luongo's ste for high-toned rroundings is fully anifest in "Ameria's Best! 100." Its ests" include all maner of superior environments, among iem the city of Honolu, which is "the nly one of 105 urbaned areas in the U.S. ith a population great- than 200,000 that an boast that it has tained the Environmental Protection gency's national air andards for each of ie five pollutants condered most dangerous to human health." The younger Luongo is, however, a far more demanding perfectionist than the elder. That is to say, Mr. Luongo (if I read him right) would not be satisfied with just any old beer at the Ritz. He would insist upon —well, it's hard to say. Beer (perhaps significantly) does not appear among his tabulations of the best. He might, instead, choose wine. He might have a bottle of Martha's Vineyard Cabernet Sauvignon (which "has won comparative tastings against Château Lafitte-Rothschild"), produced by Heitz Wine Cellars, Saint Helena, California. Or a bottle of Schramsberg's Blanc de Blancs, produced by Schramsberg Vineyards, Calistoga, Napa Valley, California ("A very dry wine, of complex flavor and medium body, which develops greatly with added bottle age . . . Approximately $18 in restaurants"). Or he might prefer a cocktail. But in that case he would have to travel to New Orleans, to Le Petit Bar of the St. Louis Hotel, whose Fresh Fruit Frozen Daiquiris (watermelon, honeydew, banana, strawberry, and cantaloupe) are "the closest thing to ambrosia on earth."

Mr. Luongo would seem to differ from his father most in his imaginative reach. He no longer shares his father's simple reverence for the Boston Ritz. I take it that his native Ritz is too obvious, too conventional in its luxury for his maturer taste. Indeed, he finds no one hotel in America that is preëminently superior. He is able only to recommend an excellence here, a supremacy there, a matchless service, an unexpected perfection. Thus, he designates the St. Louis Hotel ("Giscard d'Estaing . . . stayed there during his Bicentennial visit") as the Best French Quarter Inn—a qualification that suggests (correctly, I would say) that New Orleans may have a better hotel elsewhere in the city. The Hyatt on Union Square in San Francisco has, he declares, the Best Hotel Butlers. The Barclay Hotel, in New York City, has the Best Hotel Concierge, one André de Beauharnais. The Waldorf Towers, the loftiest aspect of the Waldorf-Astoria, has the Best Hotel Suite: the Royal Suite (42-R), at thirteen hundred dollars per day. The Mauna Kea Beach Hotel in Kamuela, Hawaii, is the Best Resort Hotel, but "N.B.: This is not a 'swinging singles' resort; don't come alone!" The Best Summer Hotel, on the other hand, is the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island, Michigan, which opened its doors in 1887 and still has its original eight-hundred-and-eighty-foot front porch. He selects, from the many, the Rancho de los Caballeros, Wickenburg, Arizona, as the Best Dude Ranch and, from the few, the Kachemak Bay Wilderness Lodge, China Poot Bay, Alaska, as the Best Wilderness Lodge ("Occasionally, a black bear will mosey by the [dining-room] window").

Food is what really interests Mr. Luongo. He doesn't say as much, but it is a safe assumption. Foods of one sort or another ac-



"Oh, Miss, in lieu of 'hold music' could I just be alone with my thoughts?"

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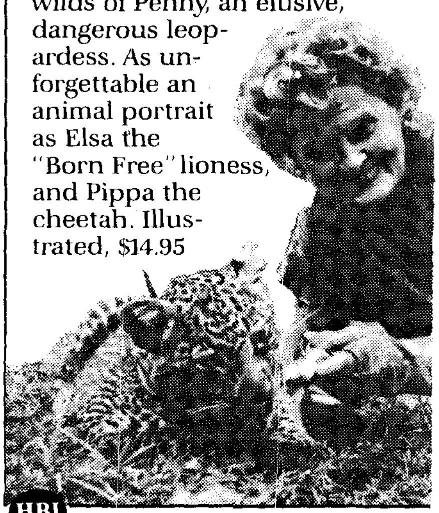
count for thirty-six of his hundred "bests," and a photograph of Mr. Luongo that serves as the frontispiece of the book shows him biting into a pizza. He is seated, wide of eye and plump of jowl, at a booth in the European Restaurant in Boston, which makes America's Best! Pizza. As his taste for pizza suggests, Mr. Luongo is a comprehensive gourmet—a gourmet in the modern, eclectic manner. He guides us to the Best Beaten Biscuits (Maryland) and to the Best Brownies (Massachusetts), to the Best Jelly Beans (California) and to the Best Veal (Wisconsin), to the Best Appetizers (Louisiana) and to the Best Hot Dogs (New York), to the Best Crabs (Washington) and to the Best Chili (California), to the Best Shoo-Fly Pie (Pennsylvania) and to the Best Barbecue (Texas), the Best Sopapillas (New Mexico), the Best Steaks (Minnesota), the Best Grocery Store (Texas), the Best Blueberries and the Best Lobster, both, unsurprisingly, from Maine. There is also a Best Special Dining Experience (the Palace Restaurant, New York City), which also has the Best Prices: "Guests each pay a $95 prix fixe for the twelve-course meal."

Special experiences, or the means of experiencing special experiences, figure largely in "America's Best! 100." Mr. Luongo has run down the Best Roller Coaster (the Beast, Kings Island, Kings Mills, near Cincinnati, Ohio): "At the end of one long drop you fly into a dark passageway that twists 540 degrees on a 628-foot helix." He has turned up the Best—or, at least, the most luxurious—Bus (Executive Suite, Keeshin Charter Service, Chicago): "Rental: 5 hours (minimum), $500." He has found the Best Personal Submarines (Kittredge Industries, Inc., Warren, Maine): the "basic one-man sub . . . the K-250 model ($16,000)." The Best American Airport is Tampa International Airport. The Best Melodrama is performed by the Imperial Players (the Imperial Hotel, Cripple Creek, Colorado): the works of Dion Boucicault (1820-90) a specialty. The Best Octopus-Ink (sepia) Paintings are those painted, with the secretions of octopuses of her own catching, by Diana Tillion (Halibut Cove, Homer, Alaska). Mr. Luongo has also evaluated college classrooms, symphony orchestras, banjos, cheerleaders, herbal-medicine men, tramways, and specialty cement.

I turned the last page (254) of

JOY ADAMSON'S
Queen of Shaba
The Story of an African Leopard



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America's Best 100" with nothing at admiration for Mr. Luongo's in- astry and taste. I found none of his oices in matters with which I had y familiarity unacceptable. But more an that, I found his omissions—his laringly obvious omissions—an even ller measure of his discriminatory owers. He found, as I noted earlier, o Best American Beer. And no Best merican Automobile beyond—tell- gly—an anachronistic hybrid sports r of European ancestry.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

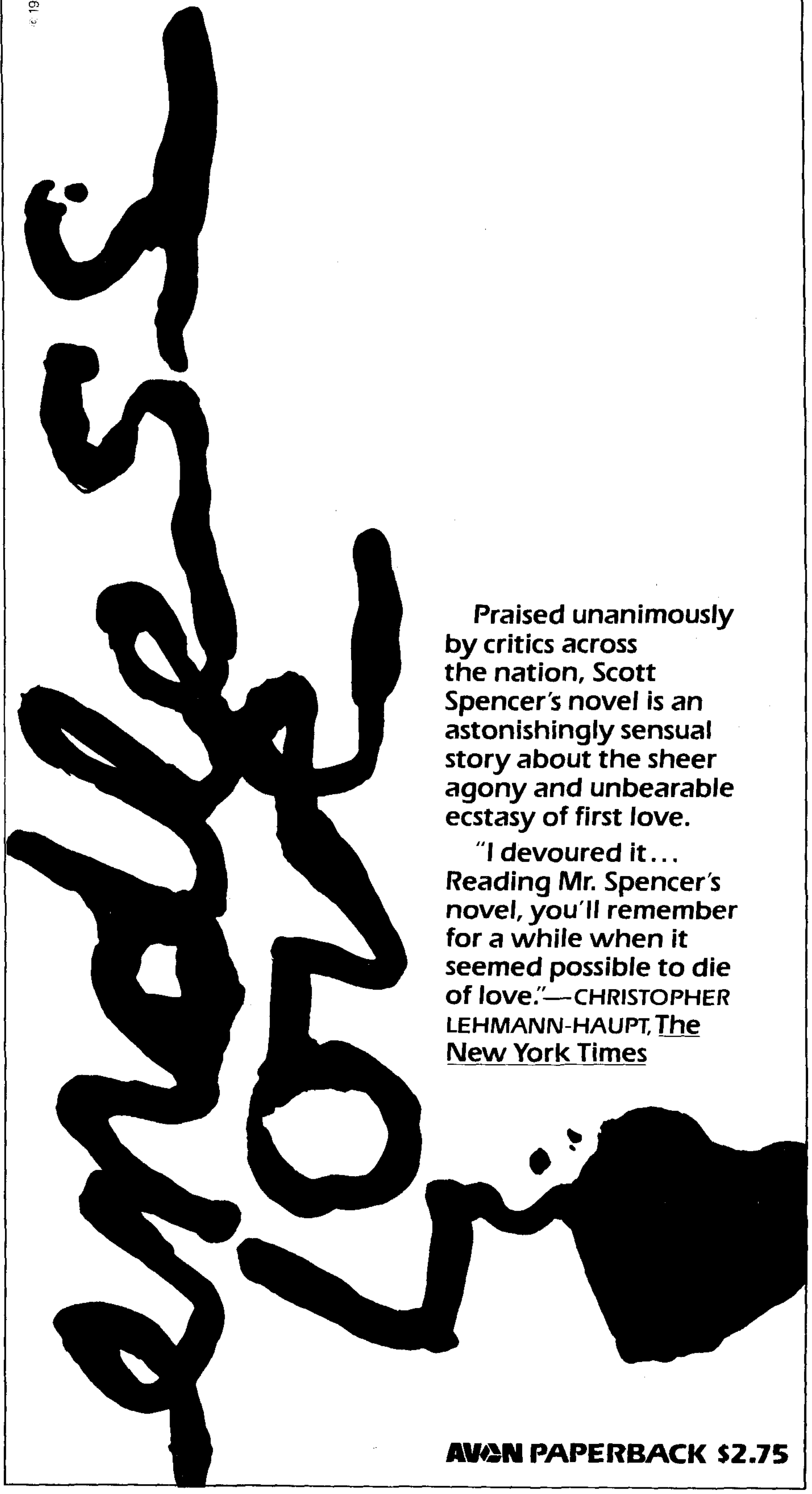
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ONFEDERATES, by Thomas Keneally (Harper & Row; $12.95). Inasmuch as Mr. Keneally is an Australian (born in 1935) and his subject is the American Civil War (1861-65), his new novel is something of a tour de force, but it is also something more than that—much more. It is a serious work of fiction and a war novel that can stand comparison with "The Red Badge of Courage"—itself, of course, a tour de force. Its characters include (in the currently fashionable manner) such historical figures as Lincoln, Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson, but the novel centers on a group of young Virginian recruits and conscripts of Jackson's ragged, barefoot, diarrheic Stonewall Brigade. We meet them—six or eight innocent country boys who have become experienced soldiers—on the eve of Second Manassas, and see them through that stunning Confederate victory, through the next few weeks of struggling for food, clothing, and shelter, and, finally, through the bloody stalemate of Sharpsburg. Mr. Keneally knows his people—knows their language and their geography and their concerns—and they emerge fully drawn, fully understood in bivouac and in battle, and, heartbreakingly, doomed. And the contemporaneity of his writing is little short of brilliant: "Ahead the Texans had chased those Yankees clean out of the corn, but as you stepped into the crop you could hear all these hidden groaning and pleas for mothers and water and for God. . . . Usaph trod on a mat of Christian boys." Endpaper maps.

GENERAL

LL THINGS TO ALL MEN: THE FALSE PROMISE OF THE MODERN



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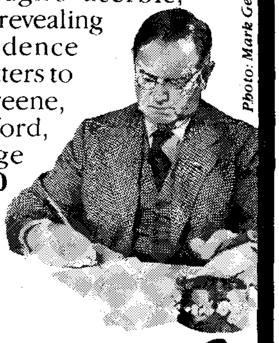
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American Presidency, by Godfrey Hodgson (Simon & Schuster; $12.95). At the listless conclusion of a Presidential campaign in which the quality of the candidates has been deplored by voters left and right, wry consolation is offered here by a British journalist, who argues that the job itself is impossible in any event, and that what we ask of our Presidents simply cannot be accomplished. "In the whole of the twentieth century," Hodgson writes, "there have been only three relatively brief periods when the government of the United States . . . worked sweetly to produce rapid and necessary change." These were the first months in office of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and Lyndon Johnson. "You've got to give it all you can that first year," Johnson said. After that, there is no overcoming the inertia imposed by the Constitution and by what Hodgson sees as our chaotic freedom from party responsibility. The charismatic, extra-party leadership of F.D.R. gave the Presidency great power—culminating in the hubris of Nixon at Watergate—and led inevitably to the assertion of countervailing power, notably in Congress. Each reform, according to Hodgson, only leaves our government less able to act. Riding his thesis hard, the author spurs off down some dubious detours and dead ends, but, as in the past, a British visitor's special mixture of kinship and objectivity can provide valuable insights. Hodgson quotes Lord Bryce, writing in 1888: "What a party wants is not a good president but a good candidate. The party managers have therefore to look out for the person likely to gain most support and at the same time excite least opposition."

Note: "Pussycats Need Love, Too," a collection of cartoons by George Booth, nearly all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Dodd, Mead ($8.95).

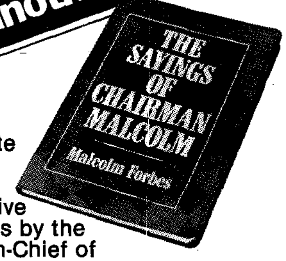
•

"A lot of spear shaking and saber rattling goes on about how shale is now clearly economical," Mr. Loper said. "It's absolute balderdash. Nobody has proven we can do this, and a lot of blood, sweat and tears have to come down the river and go over the dam before we can be sure."
—*The Times.*

Why don't you try putting shale on some troubled waters?

"Those who enjoy responsibility usually get it; those who merely like exercising authority usually lose it."
—*from The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm*

Yet another printing!



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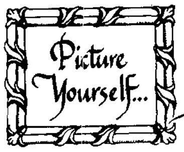
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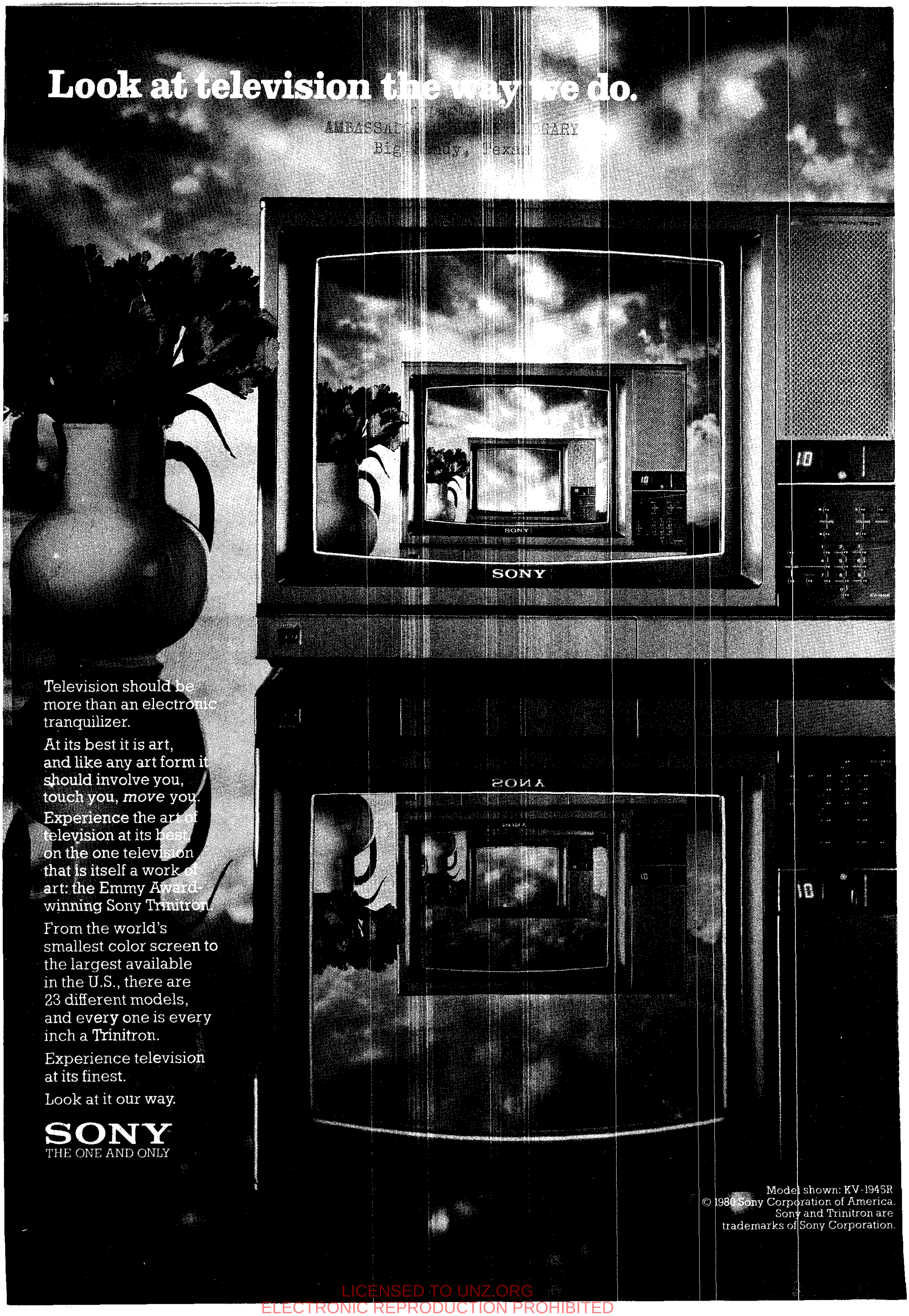

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